

# The Elks

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## Magazine

APRIL, 1927



IN this Number—  
Stories and Articles  
of Sport, Business  
and Adventure by  
Well-Known Writers



The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building  
Chicago, Ill.

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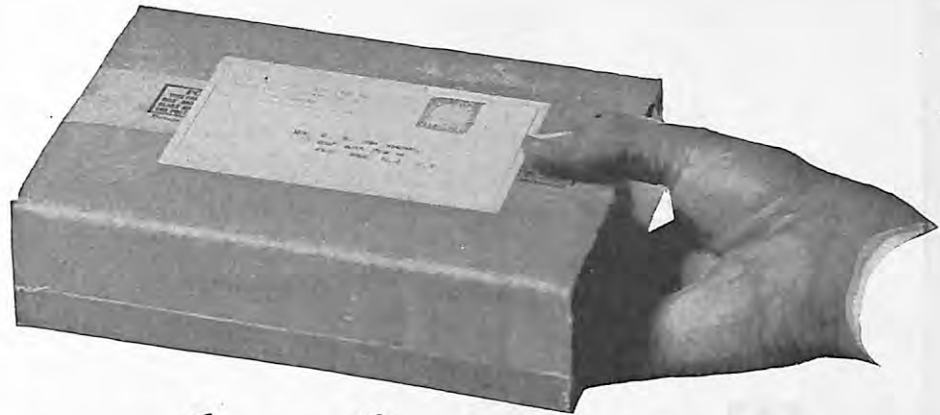
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OVER 40,000 of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it still seems to be misunderstood.

The average person *fails to read* most of the important books, because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that book!*" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

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How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? The Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a majority vote, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five

individuals of such good judgment and such differing tastes, is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

Subscribers, however, are not obliged to accept the choice of the Committee. Tastes vary greatly. Before the book comes to you, you receive a carefully written report, telling what sort of book it is. If you don't judge that you will like it, *you specify that some other new book be sent instead*, making your choice from a list of other important new books, *which are also carefully described to guide you in your choice.* On the other hand, if you let the "book-of-the-month" come to you and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for any other book you prefer.* In other words, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with any book you obtain upon the recommendation of the Committee.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five  
 Number Eleven

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*Much better taste than his father has the young man of today. And he gives much more attention to the many details, large and small, that make for distinction in his appearance*

# This young man is more fastidious



*Compare his watch with the one his father carried at his age — both cased by Wadsworth*

*Wadsworth Cases led the styles when these were the fashion*

It shows in everything he wears. In the cut of his clothes, freer, more comfortable, and smarter, too. In the courage of his necktie, selected with easy sureness for its harmony with the rest of his attire. In the modest dignity of his jewelry.

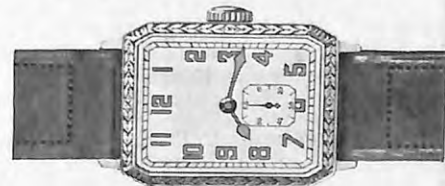
And, of course, in his watch. Gracefully slender, light in weight, elegantly simple in design. Compare it with the ponderously ornate watches of a generation ago!

And, note, by the way, that he owns two, a strap watch and a watch for his pocket. He knows that one is often



appropriate where the other is not. He would no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater in the evening than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

Decidedly, he is more fastidious than his father was. That is why, now even more than ever, the leading watch makers and importers turn to Wadsworth for the encasement of their finest



movements. For Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches for more than thirty-five years.

When you buy a watch, therefore, you will probably find that it already comes dressed in a case by Wadsworth. If not, ask that it be so dressed. For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the movement.

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

# WANTED—Your Services

## As a Real Estate Specialist

**Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.**

Are you in the same hole I was in?  
 Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work and poor pay*?  
 Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects*?  
 Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?  
 Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake*?  
 Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!  
 When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.  
 I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.  
 I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.  
 In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity*.

### Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into, it is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there

are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashions—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy



Put your name before the world

occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

### What Others are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"I have been helped a great deal by your system. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my

own efforts and without any capital to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would still be making \$35 a week instead of around \$200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

### Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men. So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is *here* and *now*. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to the President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33DD, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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*Office of the*  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
of the United States of America*

## Roll-Call

*Memphis, Tennessee  
March 7, 1927*

*Greetings to Exalted Rulers and  
Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

During the past few months it has been my pleasure and privilege to visit hundreds of subordinate Lodges, throughout the country, and to address thousands of the officers and members. The enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of these visits and the optimistic reports submitted to me cause me to predict that, if I read the signs aright, our Order will show a substantial growth this year.

To make this result more certain, won't you please call together the officers and members of your Lodge, including, of course, the membership committee, and stress the fact that only three months remain before we meet in Cincinnati, and that an active interest in lapsation and membership work will positively insure our having the record-breaking year we have all been looking forward to.

I have asked the District Deputies to press forward toward the goal of an increase of 20 per cent. over last year. Our country has a population of one hundred and twenty million people. Our Order has a membership of less than nine hundred thousand. There is plenty of good material still outside the fold. Quality need not be sacrificed in obtaining this increase. If our Order is to play in the future the important part in the affairs of the communities which it has played in the past, its development must keep pace with that of the nation. Everything points to a marvelous year. Your intensive activity within the Lodge and in your own locality will make it absolutely assured.

The Grand Lodge Reunion at Cincinnati, under the able leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, will be the greatest in the history of our Order, and you, of course, as an energetic Elk worker, will attend. Can you think of a more pleasing feature, in connection with the wonderful program, than to learn that through your efforts our Order has recorded the greatest year in its history! Appoint your committees immediately, follow them through and you will achieve this splendid result.

I thank you now for the success your efforts will surely bring.

Appreciatively yours,

*Chas. H. Gabelow*  
Grand Exalted Ruler





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- NEBRASKA**  
Omaha, No. 39
- NEVADA**  
Elko, No. 1472
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**  
Concord, No. 1210  
Rochester, No. 1391
- NEW JERSEY**  
Bridgeport, No. 733  
Newark, No. 21  
Passaic, No. 387

- Haverstraw, No. 877  
Hempstead, No. 1485  
Kingston, No. 550  
New Rochelle, No. 756  
New York, No. 1  
Norwich, No. 1222  
Patchogue, No. 1323  
Poughkeepsie, No. 275  
Queens Borough, No. 878  
Rochester, No. 24  
Staten Island, No. 841  
Troy, No. 141

- NORTH CAROLINA**  
Winston, No. 449
- OHIO**  
East Liverpool, No. 258

Sacramento, Calif., No. 6

Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2

Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13

Newark, N. J., No. 21

Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46



A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it without charge.

Office of the Chairman

# Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare and Ritual

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
of the United States of America*

## Regalia

632 Commercial Place,  
New Orleans, La.

*To the Exalted Rulers, Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of the  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:*

MY BROTHERS:

By the unanimous vote of your own representatives at the Chicago Grand Lodge session last July, the Committee on Social and Community Welfare and Ritual has been charged with the conduct of an investigation whose results will be of the utmost importance to you, and every other Lodge of Elks, when these results are being considered at the next session in Cincinnati. The resolution of the Grand Lodge directing this committee to make its investigation, and to follow this investigation with a special report, reads:

**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 to be decided offhand, 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.**

(Page 182, Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, 1926)

Your committee feels that the question of robes or regalia is so important that you and every other Lodge should be kept informed as to the progress the investigation is making, so that your representative will be in possession of full information even before the Cincinnati meeting, and should not have to make his decision on voting one way or another solely on the basis of what he hears just at the moment. Your committee has therefore authorized me as its Chairman to submit to you at this time the first of these preliminary reports.

At the outset, the robe or regalia question formed the principal topic of discussion of the committee's first meeting held in Chicago. All members were unanimously agreed on the following points:

(I)—That any robe or regalia whose official adoption the committee might recommend to the Grand Lodge, should not be of the gaudily jeweled and highly ornate type, but should be extremely simple and dignified.

(II)—That if a certain type or design of robe were found by the committee to be suitable, the use of such robes should not be made mandatory upon the subordinate Lodges. In short, that the action of the Grand Lodge with reference thereto should be of the sort that would say, in effect, to the subordinate Lodge: "We do not command the use of robes or regalia for all Lodges. However, a number of Lodges have brought up the subject. What we are doing is to decree that, if your Lodge wants to use robes at funerals, initiations, and other formal occasions, you shall use the one official type that is to be selected by the Grand Lodge, and no other."

(III)—That any robe that would be selected should be of an all-purpose type; that it should be so constructed that it could be worn closed to cover an ordinary business suit completely or could be worn open with evening dress.

(IV)—That the color scheme should be purple and white, or purple and white on a background of black, so that it could be used at lodge-room funerals as well at other times, since purple, which is one of the colors of the Order, is also a recognized hue of mourning.

With these various points taken up and fully discussed, the committee, by special motion, authorized me as Chairman to secure from manufacturers and designers of regalia, robes, lodge costumes and the like, designs and samples, all without cost to our Order, and to have these ready for tentative discussion and selection at the committee's next meeting in February at New Orleans. This was done. Some sixty manufacturers, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf—manufacturers who represented every part of the United States, and every branch of their industry—specialists in costumes, lodge regalia, and in the manufacture of uniforms—all these were invited to prepare and submit designs through the medium of preliminary sketches, provided they cared to do so at their own cost, and without the expenditure of a penny by this committee.

When the committee was convened on February 18th at New Orleans, designs from more than a dozen manufacturers were on hand. Three firms had in addition sent their personal representatives to meet with the committee, and to show samples of made-up robes.

The various data were closely examined in every detail, and the discussion by the committee, with Brothers Robertson, Brown and Barrett present, and myself in the chair, developed the following thought:

What seemed to be the most suitable design for our purposes was a robe of semi-judicial cut, of purple satin, with a turn-down collar that could be tied snugly about the throat; the trimming to be of white piping; the sleeves to have long, flowing tabs; the emblem of the officer's station (star, Bible, antlers or flag) appliquéd to the cuff of the left sleeve, an American shield embroidered and appliquéd over the left breast (the jewel worn by all officers supplies the emblem of the Order itself); the gown to be very simple, but of fluted design, to give the effect of richness.

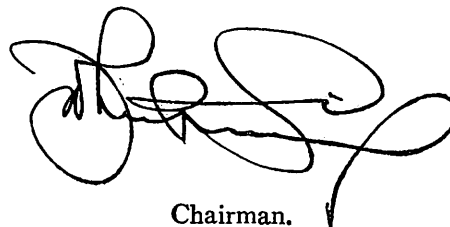
No costume corresponding to these specifications in every detail was included either among the sketches or the samples submitted to the committee. The committee outlined this particular type of gown on the basis of what seemed to be the desirable features of each of the sketches and samples they saw.

On the basis of its examination, the committee further decided that all the manufacturers who had shown a willingness to cooperate in bringing about a successful design, should be furnished at once by letter with a statement of the committee's views, and that all of them who cared to do so—again solely at their own cost—should be invited to make up sample robes along these lines and submit the same to this committee at its next meeting in Chicago, either during the latter week of March or the first week of April.

It is for this reason that this communication is being addressed to you, and, though it is a printed circular, I should like every one of you who hears or reads it to consider it with the same interest you would give to an important personal letter. First, I should like to know whether the action the committee has taken up to date meets with your approval; Second, I am more than anxious to have you write me ANY AND EVERY SUGGESTION that occurs to you along any line that has any bearing on the robe question, so that the other members of the committee and myself may have the benefit of your views at this time. When the Grand Lodge goes into session next July, our labors on the regalia matter will have been completed. At that time they will be submitted to you for your action. Suggested modifications made then will merely have the effect of delaying the work for a year. But if you write NOW, the committee will take full cognizance of and give consideration to your views and suggestions, whether they be important to the work as a whole or merely matters of detail.

Hoping that I will be able to have some sort of communication from every Lodge in the Order to lay before the committee when next it meets to consider this question, I remain,

Sincerely and fraternally,



Chairman.



## The Irish of It

By Herbert L. McNary

*Illustrated by George Giguère*

**A**LTHOUGH the "Irish Terrier" received his share of publicity in that most balmyhood of sports, the ring, there existed an inside story that never crept into the sporting pages. If in this story that involves the "Irish Terrier" and two of his compatriots the rewards and punishments do not appear justly distributed—well, that's the Irish of it.

All three came from Roscommon, but at different times, and the first of these was Terrence O'Connor. As a mere slip of a lad he landed in Boston with the wealth of him wrapped in an old shawl of his mother's and placed on the end of a blackthorn. With only the strength of his muscles to win him favor, it was not long before his hands fondled a pick. The job agreed with him, for he never stopped growing until he would have to pull in his head to pass under a bar six foot two from the ground. He had the jet black hair that goes with the round-headed Gael, and blue eyes that smoldered to black in moments of passion, heavy brows,

snow-white teeth, and a complexion a girl might envy.

O'Connor was a man to stay on a job until he saw it completed, and he remained at construction work until he could walk the length and breadth of a lot where steel skeletons sprouted into the air amidst an orderly confusion of shrill whistling and groaning crushers, and while a procession of trucks with his name on the green sides passed to and fro like tireless ants, he could shoot questions and corrections at trailing engineers.

At the age of forty, O'Connor appeared to have all a man could desire. He was big in every sense of that paradoxically small

word; big in physique, big of heart and big in influence. His charities were numerous and unheralded, such as donations that only a police captain or two knew about, or the financing an invalid's novena to Saint Anne de Beaupré. But in the realm of sport, in which, as in politics, he played an important but obscure part, he had one great disappointment. He had come to this country in the day when John L. Sullivan was the hero of his race, and a neighbor of John L.'s from Roxbury had told O'Connor he was "the spit of the Strong Boy at the same age." As wealth and leisure came, and he saw the title pass to such "forruners" as Fitzsimmons,

## Some Men Fight for a Woman and Some Fight to Possess Her



It was a voice that usually set a man to trembling like a clothesline, but this red-headed young Irishman turned casually. His face was long where O'Connor's was round. The frayed fringe of a sleeveless shirt encircled arms whose size O'Connor did not note at the time; they were long and hairy and freckled as if all the iron of his system had sweated out and rusted there. Just now a twinkle flashed in the hazel-flecked eyes.

"Shure no one taught me—it's me own invention."

O'Connor crimsoned. "You're fresh with your lip. I've a mind to close that trap for you."

"An' maybe ye'd afther be thryin'."

O'Connor's open hand shot out and caught the man across the face, knocking him back so that he had to take many quick steps to retain his balance; but he kept it. Then those broad shoulders drooped forward.

"Put up y'r hands—Oi'm comin' for ye."

"You're what?" asked the amazed O'Connor. Weighing nearly two hundred and twenty; he had almost forty pounds on this youth, but as the latter persisted, O'Connor stepped forward. He had a faint recollection of a right shoulder drawing back. The

next he knew he was sitting on the roadway while Mike, the excited Italian foreman, was throwing water in his face, and far down the road he could see his late employee with coat tucked under his arm and walking as if he might be whistling the Kerry dance.

O'Connor banished the Italian foreman and summoned his chauffeur with the same roar. The car tore down the débris-littered street and stopped with a grinding of brakes. As O'Connor sprang out, the red head deposited his coat in a businesslike manner.

"What's your name?" demanded O'Connor.

"David Horgan," answered the red head after a hesitation.

"And where are you from?"

"Roscommon."

"I might have known. Back to work with you—and remember it was with my open hand I hit you."

THE gray eyes twinkled and the two from Roscommon stared at one another. Something passed between them; but they did not shake hands. That's not the Irish of it at all—not subtle enough.

O'Connor carried a sore chin and a glad heart around with him for several days while he buttonholed every sporting writer in Newspaper Row, for he knew them all intimately.

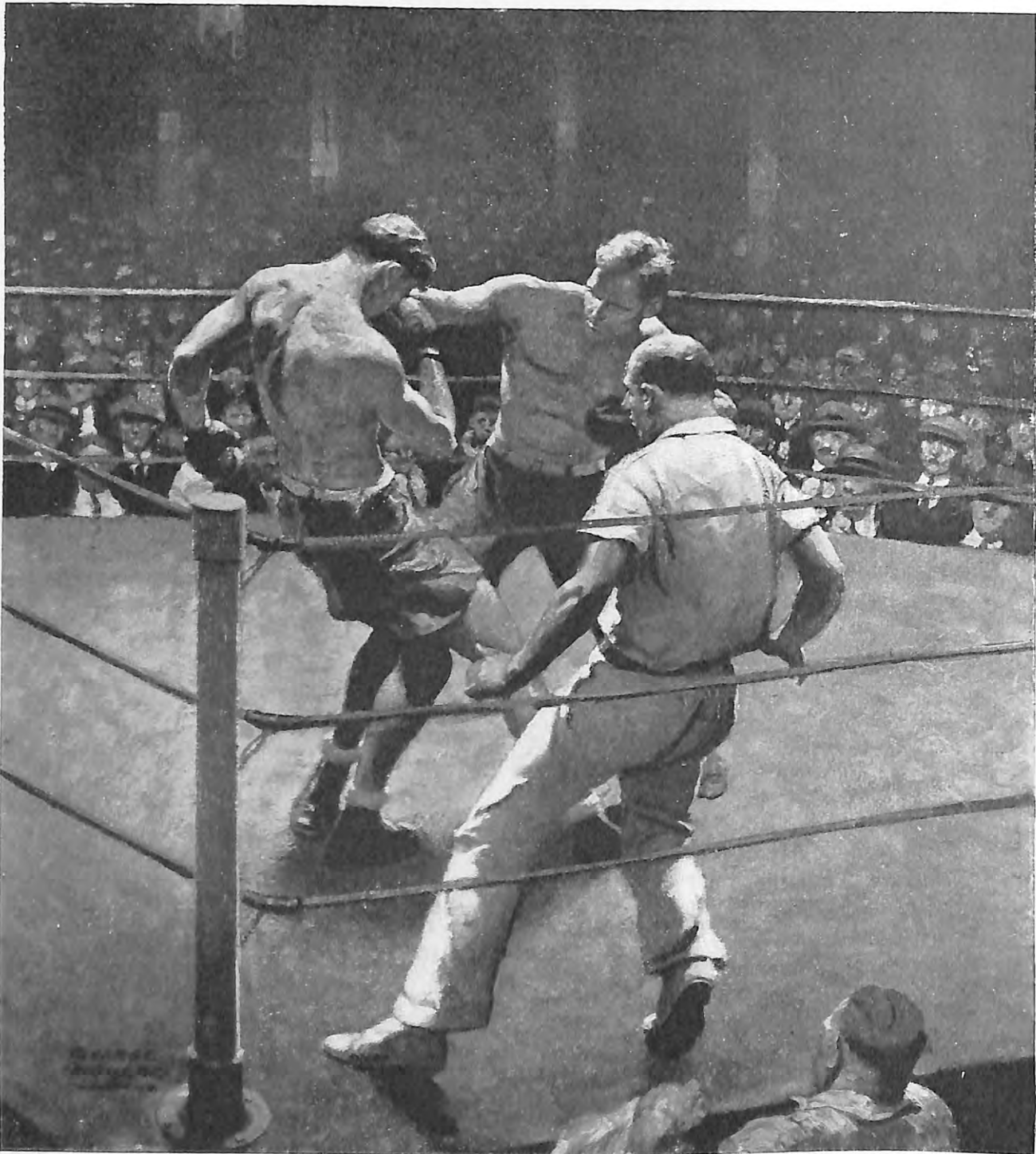
"The best piece of fighting flesh since the big fellow himself," he boasted, and all listened with that respect always accorded O'Connor.

O'Connor arranged for one Biff Sullivan to be Horgan's ostensible manager, and used

Jeffries, Johnson and Willard, O'Connor cherished the ambition of finding a second John L.

O'Connor first encountered David Horgan one hot June day when O'Connor drove on to one of his jobs and his vigilant eyes noted a lone laborer at the far end who seemed to be working a tamping bar, but in a fashion that intrigued the contractor. He did that which was unusual, approached a man from behind, and found that this laborer was not lifting the iron at all but merely sliding his hands up and down the iron in perfect similitude of earnest labor.

"And who taught you that manner of tamin'?"



*The resin-powdered ring danced to pounding feet as two fighting fools slammed toe to toe, red from their trunks to their soaking hair*

that influence of his "on the hill" to bully promoters into promising him bouts. But Horgan only needed his first bout to establish himself.

He was first on the program—the least important position on the bill. The patrons were still seeking their seats when he climbed into the ring wearing his robe of shamrock green and slumped on to a stool while gloves the color of his own thatch were forced on his huge, taped fists. He grinned at the sallies his personality immediately inspired. But on the bell there came a psychological change that stilled the house. He came weaving from the corner with the grace of a panther, and at once lashed out with snapping fists that drove his two-hundred-pound opponent into the ropes. A snakelike left pierced a desperate cover up, and the man went down to stay.

Horgan had fought less than a minute, but that minute was the chief topic of conversation as the fans milled from the arena following a tame final. The next day a paper referred to him as the "Irish Terrier," and the name and the man caught on.

It was about his tenth battle that he fought a sluggish bout and lost the decision. O'Connor was heartbroken until he read the papers the following day and found Horgan alibied. The public accepted the same view, and O'Connor discovered that Horgan was one of those rare individuals who could retain the public's fancy despite defeat. He had the punch and he had the color.

In his joy at this discovery O'Connor rushed to Horgan with the explanation, which in view of what followed was a serious mistake. O'Connor did not know David Horgan at all. He forgot that he had first found Horgan faking with a tamping iron instead of laboring with it as he should have done. In addition to fistic ability a man to scale champion heights must possess industry, self-denial and ambition. None of these found favor with Horgan.

Like his famous compatriot, he could "resist everything save temptation," and a popular fighter encounters great temptations. Horgan could deceive the conscientious O'Connor, for at heart he was a rogue, the Conn-the-Shaughran type of Irish lad, if you know that Boucicault character.

There came a series of impressive victories over good fighters and inexplicable defeats from third and fourth raters. Eventually the busy contractor got wind of some of the things that his protégé had been doing between sunsets and sunrises.

O'Connor locked himself in a room with Horgan and removed his coat and vest; but there was no need of his using his fists as he first intended to do, because Horgan meekly accepted the tongue-lashing the contractor administered.

"It's ashamed of yourself you ought to be," concluded the panting contractor after many minutes of vituperation, "to be drinking and carousing and to be playing around with women——"

"Oi'm not playin' 'round with women,"

protested Horgan, flicking his sandy brows. "Oi go places with only one."

"Well, one is enough. You that could have the best of 'em to be fooling 'round with some dirty old—"

"Hold on," cut in Horgan sharply, and he looked again as he did that day he had crashed O'Connor on the chin. They stared at one another, and O'Connor left his sentence unfinished, although the man was without physical fear.

"Don't say something you'd be regrettin' atherwards. She's not the kind y're thinkin' at all. Oi'm not that fit to look at her."

"What is she?" asked O'Connor without once having taken his eyes off Horgan's.

"She's one of us, if that's what ye mane. From Roscommon, too. She works for some swell folks out in Milton."

"I'd like to meet her," said O'Connor and the skepticism of the remark was lost entirely upon Horgan. He straightened up in his chair and a beam of happiness suffused his face.

"Would ye now? Oi've been manin' to ask ye, but Oi couldn't get up the courage. Would ye be goin' to the Roscommon Reunion at Hibernian next Wednesday?"

"WELL, I've bought a raft of tickets, so I ought to use at least one of them."

"Oi'll have her there that night."

Terrence O'Connor, the wealthy contractor, met Brenda Costello, just outside the lower hall where the Irish dances were in progress, and not up-stairs where the flappers were sneaking in a few Charleston steps whenever they could escape the watchful eyes of the aids; and as he held her hand overlong in mute astonishment, he looked at Brenda, who for all her early twenties was no girl at all, but a beautiful woman. As she stood there straight and not too slender in evening dress of white, she appeared equal in height to the proud and grinning David.

"I'll have my hand, Mr. O'Connor, if you're through with it. It's a strong grip you have." The smile was more in the voice than on the features, a voice as sweet as a song with its soft brogue. O'Connor flushed and released her hand, but continued to regard her. There was a hint of Castilian in Brenda Costello—perhaps in the name. It manifested itself in the black hair pulled back and caught at the white neck; in the long-lashed black eyes and the full red lips.

O'Connor had formed the politician's habit of not staying long at any one function, and so he carried Horgan and Brenda away with him. Over a snow-white table-cloth in the city's best hotel Horgan wore a happy smile while Brenda and O'Connor talked earnestly on subjects out of Horgan's reach entirely.

Gradually the smile faded from Horgan's face and his expression became set. His eyes lingered on each of his companions; and his brow wrinkled as if he might be wrestling with deep and painful thoughts.

He maintained a studied silence as the three rode in O'Connor's expensive car, and when Brenda was deposited at the servants' entrance of a Milton estate, he

merely said "good-night" to the girl when she looked at him long and questioningly.

O'Connor, wealthier than the owner of the estate, drew in his breath and exclaimed, "And to think she is a servant. A queen she should be with servants of her own."

Horgan said nothing from the depths of the cushions, and merely looked over the light-jeweled harbor through whose waters ploughed the ships that came from Ireland and other places.

THE silent mood persisted when O'Connor followed him into his room, unaware of any strangeness on Horgan's part, because of a complete absorption in his own thoughts.

"David," he began in a paternal tone, "I was hard on you the other night for wasting your God-given talent, and I appealed to your respect for yourself and your friendship for me—and all the time there was this beautiful girl you have been sinning against by your unworthiness. David, for her sake, can't you try to keep straight?"

"Can't I thry?" exploded Horgan as his pent-up emotions found vent. "It's easy for you to say that—you that have the strength of will an' ambition an' intilligince, an' none of the temptations, an' none of the weaknesses that Oi have. What do ye know about thryin' that don't have to thry at all? What do ye know about goin' through the hard thrainin' whin ivery bit of ye's cryin' against it, of get-

tin' y'rself unpopular by avoidin' thim that wants to be frinds, by refusin' a loan an' y'r pockets full or a drink that's only offered in sociableness? What do you know about always thryin' to do the things ye don't want to do an' refusin' to do what ye want—whin ye haven't a mind of y'r own?"

O'Connor licked his lips. Strong-willed himself he could not fully appreciate another's weakness.

"But in her love you should find strength. A girl like that deserves only the best—"

"Then why don't you marry her y'rself?" exclaimed Horgan, a trifle white about the lips. As for O'Connor he stood with mouth agape, and the cold perspiration beaded his forehead as if his soul had been exposed and a great treachery found there.

"No," said O'Connor after he mopped his brow, "she cares for you."

Horgan laughed bitterly. "Could Oi iver talk to her the way you did t'night? I amuse her, that's all. She as much as told me so. If you don't belave me, ask her."

O'Connor did ask Brenda as to her interest in Horgan, for he had come to the conclusion that he could not put the girl out of his thoughts. Brenda may not have known her mind, but, womanlike, she gave him an uncertain answer. O'Connor, whose spirit revolted at anything that might be construed as underhanded, next sought Horgan. He found him in a Bowdoin Square gymnasium where Horgan was preparing for his most important fight to date, a bout with Tommy Lowery, a top-notch light heavy-weight.

Horgan had been working diligently at the weights when O'Connor entered, and now he threw a towel over his bare shoulders and stepped behind a green curtain with O'Connor.

"I never took advantage of an enemy let alone a friend," began O'Connor, "no matter how much I wanted something; and I never wanted anything so much as I want Brenda Costello."

The two looked at each other.

"SHE likes the both of us," stated O'Connor, "for she told me so. But it's up to either one of us to win her."

"You have iv'rything to give her," said Horgan quietly.

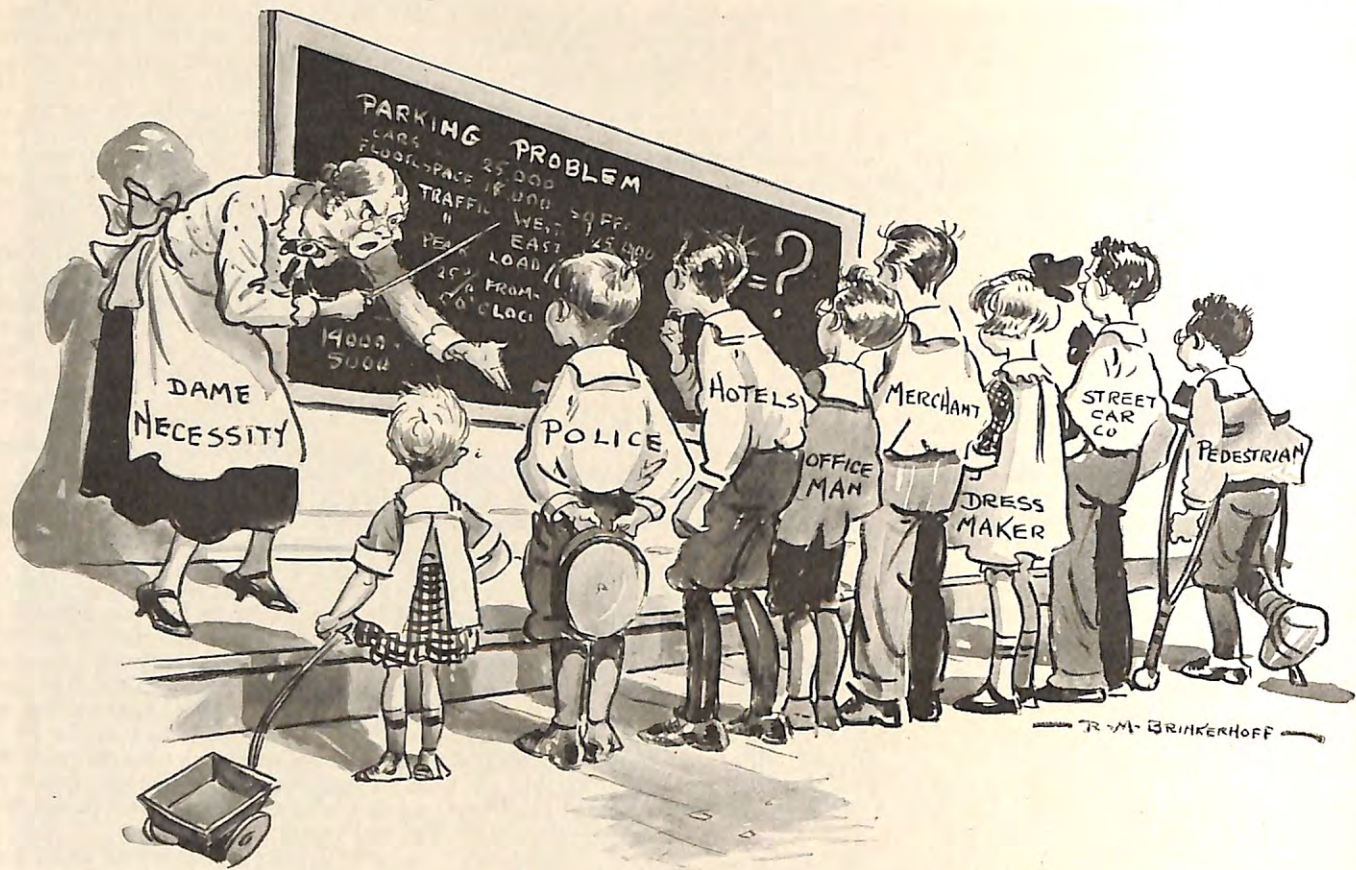
"Not so much as you have," answered O'Connor, looking at him directly. "My possessions would be shared by any woman I married, but she could only take my word that I love her. You can prove your love by renouncing all your bad habits and by keeping straight for her. There's no greater gift a man could bring to Brenda. I'm tellin' you that because, although I mean to have her for my own, if I can, I'll take no advantage of you. It's a fair fight for her, and I've shown you the way to win her. Prove your love for her."

"So that's the way you'd have me prove my love for her," mused David Horgan, leaning against the liniment-scented table, his bare arms folded across his muscled chest. And long after

(Continued on page 48)



"You're fresh with your lip. I've a mind to close that trap for you"



## Yes, Parking!

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

ONE of my friends told me recently that he had solved the parking problem. Undeniably his car stands all day long at the curb in the congested side street near his office.

That office is on the nineteenth floor of a New York building with a resident population during office hours of about four thousand men and women. Not long ago I went to see him there shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon. Something like a tidal wave of humanity was pouring through the entrance doors, as stenographers, filing clerks, office boys, executives of high and low degree, grumpy people, cheerful ones, the lazy and the energetic, began their journeys home from another day of work.

In the lobby every one of the battery of elevators was emptying again and again a freight of assorted sizes of men and women into the torrent that scraped its shoes along the ground-floor corridor. It did not require much imagination to picture that scene being repeated in thousands of other office buildings all over the city, and in all American cities, as millions of human stomachs announced even more reliably than clocks that it was after five.

"Come in," roared my friend genially as I opened the door of the deserted outer office of his suite. "Come in and see my solution of the parking problem!"

On a long oak table were plates of sandwiches and a coffee percolator bubbling over the flame of an alcohol lamp.

"A satisfactory parking guarantee," said my friend, indicating the coffee and sandwiches.

"But how does it work?"

"Be patient," he said, "and you shall see

everything. Wait! The explanation has arrived."

Someone was knocking at the door.

"Come in, Sergeant," said my friend, and into the room strode a big policeman, a friendly soul who seemed slightly embarrassed at my presence until he had been reassured that I was discreet. Then he helped himself to a sandwich and poured out a cup of coffee.

"Looking at you," said the policeman. He devoured a couple of sandwiches, glanced futilely out of the window into the deep canyon of brick and steel and glass, and then departed.

"You made him nervous," chided my friend.

"Is that your solution of the parking problem?"

"That's it," he boasted. "And I give you my word I've never once said 'parking' to him. Sometimes I caution him to see that no one steals my car; but I never embarrass him . . . he's a good fellow."

Well, beyond question my friend has solved the parking question for himself. The privilege for him is unlimited. Whether his sedan stands in the street one hour or ten he never is penalized with a summons to court. As to the ethics of his scheme not so much can be said.

There are no less than 25,000 men and women who come to work in the buildings in the block in which my

friend has his office. Probably 5,000 of them—very likely more—have automobiles in which they would like to ride to work. But that law of physics which prohibits two objects from occupying the same space at the same time certainly would serve to prohibit more than a few hundred of them from parking against the curb line of that block even if the police sergeant and the other policemen of the region were inclined to suspend the parking regulations. Those regulations are supposed to prevent parking for more than an hour. Obviously my friend's system won't do for everybody.

There are literally millions of Americans whose rights are being interfered with because of a variety of such solutions of the parking question. These millions have to leave home earlier in the morning and they return home later at night because of the traffic congestion in American streets; and it has been proved in New York not so long ago that when there is no parking at the curb there is almost no congestion.

A few months ago there was a strike of subway employees. In New York such an occurrence creates a real emergency for hundreds of thousands of people. Instead of living a half hour distant from their jobs they suddenly find themselves two hours or more away from the tasks that mean food and clothing, fun and security.

The first morning the subway workers left their jobs





swarms of people who normally rode underground tried to get to their offices and their work benches by means of some surface transportation system. The street cars, normally crowded, were hideously packed with people; the elevated trains were in a like state and every avenue was massed with slowly moving and frequently halted lanes of automobiles. Those who set out to walk to work made better time than those who relied on taxicabs or other automobiles. There were so many automobiles trying to use the streets that wheels turned slowly, if at all.

**B**UT the next day, although the strike was still in effect, there was a magical change in street traffic. The avenues were like swiftly flowing rivers and the change was due to a single order issued from police headquarters and that order was:

"No parking."

Parking was prohibited under that order in all north and south streets from the lower end of Central Park to the Battery between the hours of seven and ten in the morning and between the hours of four and seven in the afternoon and evening. At police headquarters the men responsible for that order were delighted with the effect of their command until they began to hear the roar that went up from New York's retail merchants.

Buying in the shops sank to a level so low as to frighten the owners of those stores. A part of the falling off in business, they knew, was due to the fears of shoppers of becoming involved in the swirling crowds, of being made uncomfortable. Through their trade associations the merchants made their own traffic checks and counts, and they discovered that the first north-bound wave of heavy automobile traffic did not occur in Fifth Avenue until about five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour after the "no parking" regulation became effective.

"Look," insisted the committee of merchants who went to police headquarters, "twenty-eight per cent. of the business done in our stores is transacted between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. That is the time when the women of the Stuyvesants and the Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Sweeneys and the Murphys buy their furs and their perfumes and the rest of their finery. It is the hour when the carriage trade does its shopping."

"But," retorted the police official with whom they dealt, "see how freely the traffic is flowing."

"Sure," agreed the merchants, "but what is the use of traffic if there is no business? This town is here for the purpose of buying and selling. We are in entire sympathy with that 'no parking order' except that it goes into effect too early in the afternoon, earlier than is necessary or desirable. If we are permanently deprived of any considerable part of that twenty-eight per cent. of our sales which occurs between four and five we shan't survive. It's a life and death matter to us."

The result of that experiment tried in an emergency was that at the end of the strike the no parking regulation was made permanent in all north and south bound streets from seven until ten in the morning and from five until seven in the evening; and given that precious hour between four and five in the afternoon the merchants were appeased, even pleased with the new regulation. They

have found that more business can come through their doors when traffic flows steadily than when it is congested. But they still insist that some kind of parking is vital to them during the hours when women come out to spend.

Traffic congestion, it has been estimated as a result of a study made under the direction of the government, is costing the people of the United States more than \$2,000,000,000 a year. Two billions of wasted dollars. A staggering sum, difficult to visualize.

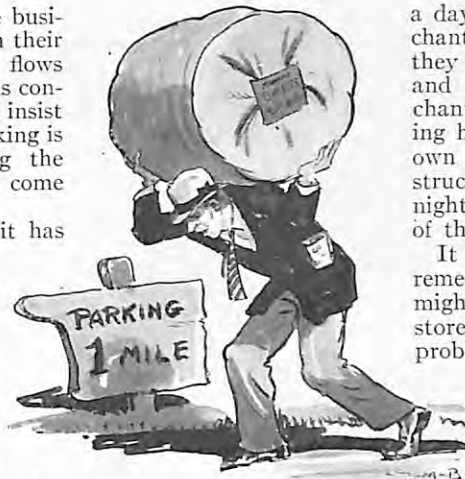
One Fifth Avenue merchant thought about his share of those wasted dollars for a long time. A large share of his patronage, he knew positively, would be lost unless he could devise some convenient method of enabling his carriage trade, his most valuable customers, to drive up to his door and come into his store without worrying about their automobiles or having to circle the block several times in search of an opening. In every town in the United States the merchants have a term for that worry which afflicts customers who do their shopping in automobiles. They call it "parking blues," and it is known to be a factor that prevents the sale of millions and millions of dollars' worth of merchandise.

"If I had a near-by garage in which I could park the cars of my customers free of charge I could get more business and help reduce traffic congestion at the same time," said this merchant one day to an associate.

"It would cost too much to provide our customers with any such service."

"It won't cost me a cent," boasted the merchant.

About a week later the New York newspapers carried advertisements announcing that thereafter a certain department store would provide a free parking service for any persons who drove up to the store and requested it. Chauffeurs, good ones, it was explained, would be on hand to take charge of the cars and drive them to a shelter to be provided by the store. All automobiles would be fully covered by insurance during the period the cars were in the custody of the store. In view of the fact that the normal charge made by garages in the vicinity of that store is a dollar for any part of



A vacant lot on the outskirts of town does not offer much relief to the farmer-shopper who wants to buy a spool of barb wire

a day some of the rival merchants were astounded. Then they did a little investigating and learned that the merchant in question was parking his customers' cars in his own empty garage, the same structure that was crowded at night with the delivery trucks of the establishment.

It was a real discovery, a remedy for parking blues that might be adopted by any large store in the country. The problem is, after all, not peculiar to New York, but is found in every city, town and village. One of Boston's large stores is giving its customers a similar service, and out in Seattle, Washington, four

stores grouped themselves for the purpose of providing parking facilities for customers. Together they arranged for the erection of a six-hundred-car garage near their stores.

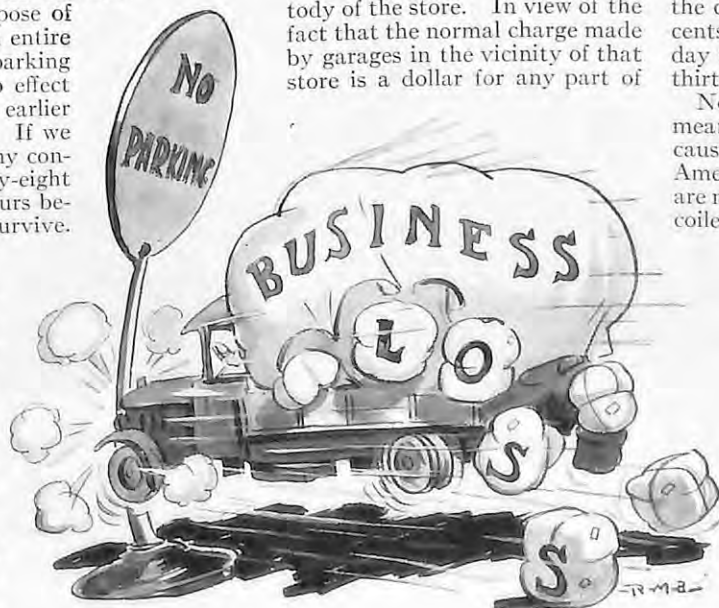
In Philadelphia twenty-five stores of the Chestnut Street Association evolved a scheme for providing free garage parking for their customers. This arrangement utilizes forty garages. The driver of an automobile goes to the most convenient garage in the area in which the garage and the twenty-five stores are situated. When the driver makes a purchase at any of the stores associated in this plan he displays the claim check for his car and the sales clerk gives him (or her) a ticket, stamped and dated, that is accepted in lieu of payment of the parking fee when the patron goes after the car.

**T**HERE are ninety retail stores in Boston enlisted in a slightly different scheme which provides free parking for the customers of those stores during the hours of nine and eleven in the morning which are valleys, and not peaks, on the chart of the day's business. The free parking is an inducement that is helping those stores to flatten their peak loads in the late afternoon shopping hours.

Customers of any of those ninety stores who wish to avail themselves of the free parking arrangement simply request an automobile pass from a floor-walker and show him a sales slip by way of establishing their identity as real shoppers. One of the garages serving those stores has facilities for 1,500 cars. After the free hours have elapsed, the customers are charged at the rate of ten cents an hour, but the charge for an entire day to a retailer's customer does not exceed thirty-five cents.

No parking, it may be perceived, really means, therefore, no curb-stone parking, because there are being created in every American city vast parking garages which are nothing less than tributaries of the streets coiled inside of masonry shells. Recently I was shown through one of these buildings, going from the street level to the sixth floor in a car traveling in "high."

Traffic congestion is not merely a problem of the large cities; it is an acute question in villages and in the towns of from 2,500 to 10,000 population. Those small communities, the sum of which is America, are as much concerned with one-way streets, with no parking or limited parking, with traffic bottle necks, with "no left turns" as Chicago or San Francisco or Boston. In some ways their concern is greater.



The bulk of the shopping done in American villages is by shoppers who are farm dwellers. They come to the stores nowadays in automobiles instead of in horse-drawn wagons as of old. Now shopping habits are as deeply ingrained in mankind as any other kind. Country dwellers have never relied, have never been able to rely, on any sort of public utility; nor have they had the advantage of the excellent delivery systems that are a part of the big city retail stores. When any one whose address begins R. F. D. No. — goes shopping he or she is obliged by habit and necessity to take either a wheelbarrow, an automobile or a wagon in which to bring home everything on the shopping list. That shopping list frequently includes such articles as tractor wheels, kegs of nails, hog-scalding kettles, radio receiving sets, new sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and articles of similar bulk. It is never a matter of merely bringing home half a pound of salami from the delicatessen store.

THE country shopper brings a peak load of business to the small town and village store between three o'clock and closing time, and that is a period of traffic congestion in almost any village you care to name that will give Fifth Avenue's problem a hard tussle for the attention of any convention of experts now that the lords of American industry have made the interesting discovery that there is no such thing as overproduction; that overproduction is merely a misnomer for underdistribution. Anything that hurts the retail selling activity of American small towns hurts all of us, and hurts us quickly, in the pocketbook.

A vacant lot on the outskirts of town does not offer much relief to the farmer-shopper who wants to buy a spool of barb wire. He wants to drive up to the door of the hardware store so that his difficult burden can be deposited in the tonneau of his car. Obviously, a no-parking rule would hit the country store a wallop quite as severe as such a rule applied to Fifth Avenue.

The recent government survey, however, indicated that the merchants of many small towns were striving to flatten the afternoon peaks by offering inducements to customers for shopping in the morning. There are several advantages in that system. Salesmen who are not hurried can take the time completely to sell every customer, and customers who are not rushed can take the time to ruminate about all their needs. Leisurely selling helps business. And the customer who completes his shopping in the morning is not usually hanging about to clog the heavily burdened streets in the afternoon. Some of the small town merchants are beginning to make use of their own garages in the manner of the bigger city establishments of

New York; others are joining forces with other merchants to provide a big plaza near the center of town in which all, or nearly all, of the shoppers' cars may be parked. In some places this space is being provided by the same agency that sweeps the streets and polices them. Chicago is one of the cities that is doing that.

Grant Park on the lakefront of Chicago has during recent years offered an open air refuge to some 3,000 automobiles every working day.

This parking problem, after all, is really a revival of the old hitching-post question which would have been infinitely more troublesome if it had continued—and been dealt with as we have been dealing with the matter of where to leave our automobiles. There is not an American city that does not have among its ordinances regulations governing the hitching of horses. They had to have weights slung from their bridles when left standing on the streets so that if they started to run their progress would be hampered; but since they had to be fed there were of necessity boarding stables into which these animals were driven.

The automobile inherited those old stables. They were transformed into makeshift garages. Many of them are still in use in crowded places. Only one car can be taken in at a time. That car must be run onto a huge freight elevator, costly to operate and tedious in its performance. The work of getting one hundred cars into such a place is a wearing task for both employees and customers. In a large measure it serves to explain why so many persons are willing to risk a summons or a savage bawling out from a sorely-trying policeman under orders to prevent curbside parking. Besides, who is rich enough to afford a dollar fee every time he wishes to get out of his automobile?

Two factors have hampered the development of anything like an adequate number of parking garages in American cities. One of these has been zoning ordinances which are so drawn in many cities as to discriminate

against garages. The other hampering element has been a perfectly good economic law, and the wise capitalist would rather violate a hundred ordinances than a single law of economics, for the penalty of such violations is bankruptcy.

One of the largest hotels in New York City is losing money every day on the garage it must maintain as a shelter for the automobiles of its transient guests. The hotel does not suffer, however, because it spreads that loss onto the bills it slips into the mail boxes of all guests. The hotel is unable to make money on its garage directly because that garage was built before the modern garage had been invented. Space for a few additional cars on each floor would mean the difference between profit and loss.

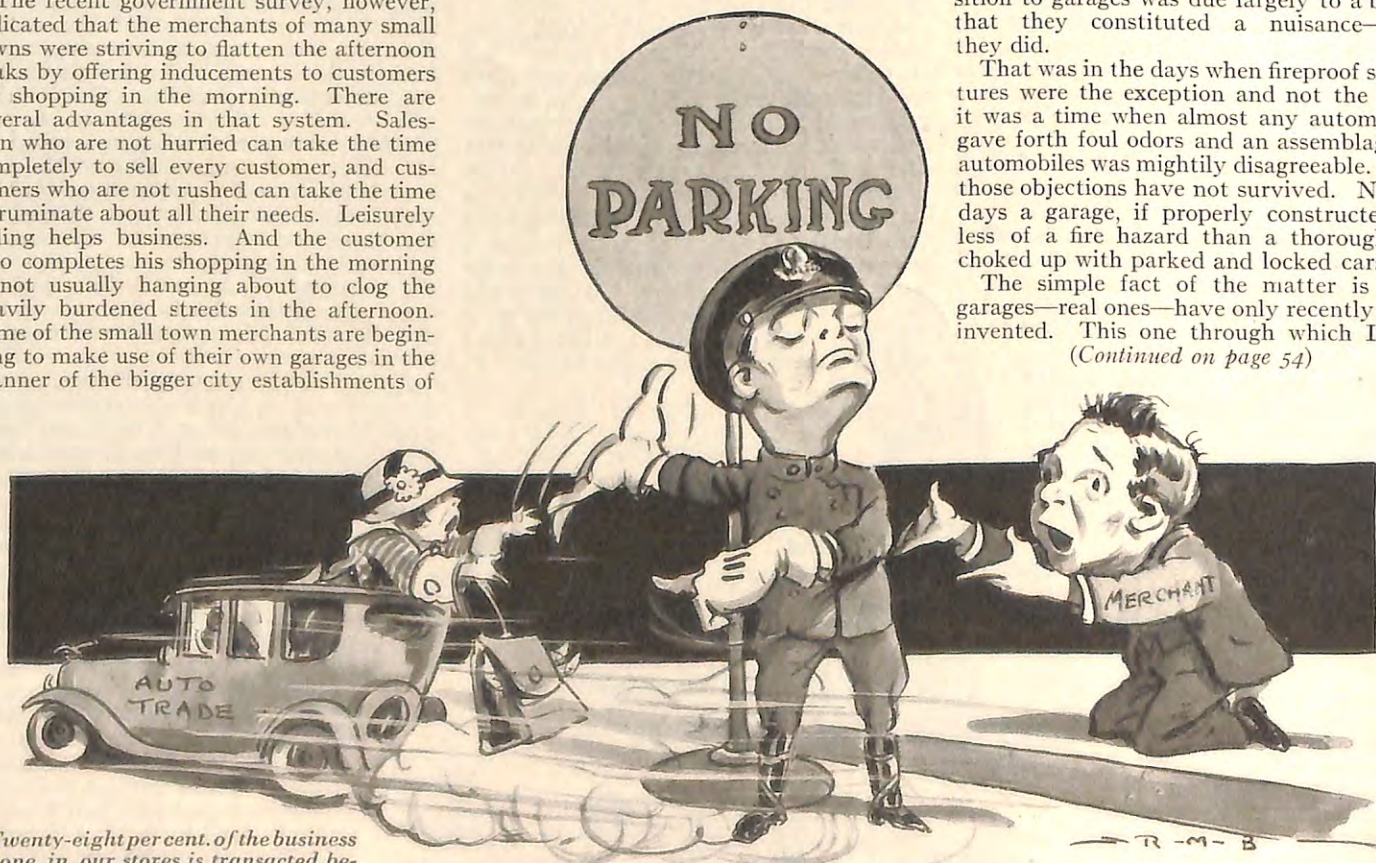
That difference still menaces the parking garage as a business institution just as it always has and always shall menace every kind of business: but skilful management watching with eagle eyes for every evidence of waste can make big garages pay dividends just as readily as it can make storage warehouses pay dividends, or banks or railroads. In more than a hundred large American cities that special form of skill which knows how to operate parking garages is being developed, and as it develops it is becoming a sound answer to the melancholy cry of the automobile drivers, singing, "Where do we go from here?" Zoning ordinances, a recent study shows, are being passed in more and more large cities. But those ordinances are designed in many instances to help solve the traffic problems and in an increasing number of cities there seems to be a tendency to treat the garage as a necessary institution.

IN SEATTLE, Washington, for example, garages are now permitted in the residence districts to the extent that any apartment house is permitted to erect a garage large enough to accommodate all the cars of the tenants. San Francisco also is showing a more favorable attitude toward new garages. As a matter of fact the early opposition to garages was due largely to a belief that they constituted a nuisance—and they did.

That was in the days when fireproof structures were the exception and not the rule; it was a time when almost any automobile gave forth foul odors and an assemblage of automobiles was mightily disagreeable. But those objections have not survived. Nowadays a garage, if properly constructed, is less of a fire hazard than a thoroughfare choked up with parked and locked cars.

The simple fact of the matter is that garages—real ones—have only recently been invented. This one through which I was

(Continued on page 54)



Twenty-eight per cent. of the business done in our stores is transacted between four and five in the afternoon

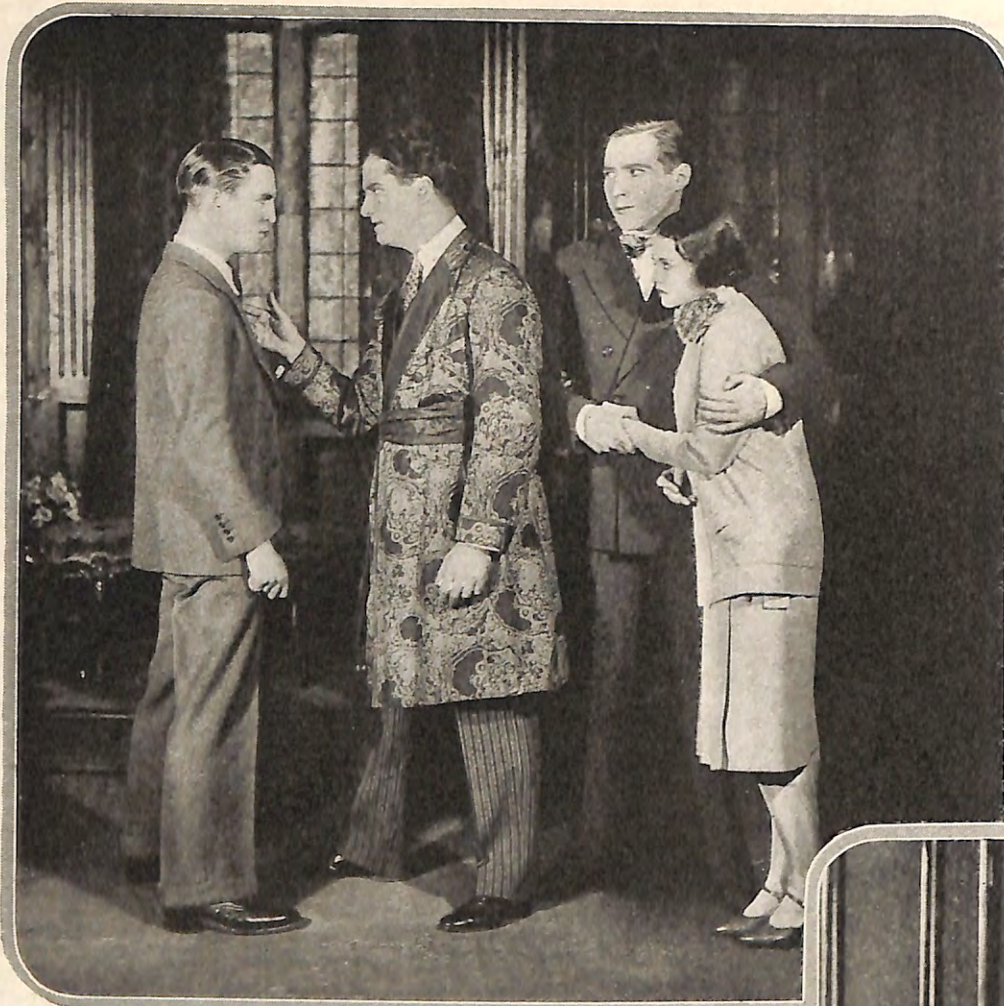


*Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and O. P. Heggie*

*"TRELAWNEY of the 'Wells'" was a sprightly comedy in the days when Arthur Pinero wrote it. But to-day it creaks and rumbles in a bygone idiom except in the last two acts where pathos and humor ring true in the scenes in which Rose Tre-*

*lawney finds that not alone has she lost her lover but her means of livelihood through her sojourn in polite society. The thing that packs the houses to-day is a cast bristling with bona-fide stars—John Drew alone is worth the price of admission—E. R. B.*

WHITE



FLORENCE VANDAMM

The beginning of the season was unusually barren of mystery and crook plays, but the last month has brought a fair crop of them. One of the best is "Crime" by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. This tale of New York's underworld presents James Rennie (in the dressing gown) as a most gentlemanly, efficient and engaging master mind, and introduces Sylvia Sidney, a very promising ingénue, to her first leading rôle

Some years ago Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra wrote a touching, wistful drama of a foundling left on the steps of a convent. For eighteen years the nuns mothered the adopted girl and then she left them and went out into the world to marry. That is the simple story of "The Cradle Song", but as staged and acted by the Civic Repertory Theatre it is a beautiful and glowing drama, and Josephine Hutchinson (below) is perfectly cast as the foundling, Teresa



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Dorothy Francis (above) has very little scope for her talents in "Criss Cross" beyond an occasional song and lovely costumes. The piece belongs to Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy, and even Fred Stone rather effaces himself and beams proudly. Her dancing is a thing lovely and flashing to watch, very well worth beaming upon



WHITE

*It is an historical fact that Hannibal camped at the gates of Rome for a time and then went away without sacking the city. In "The Road to Rome" Robert E. Sherwood explains this phenomenon. There lived in Rome a lovely lady of Greek birth, married to a senator of great forensic ability, but in private life just a tired business man. Fired with tales of Hannibal's daring she determined to visit his camp. She went, she saw, she conquered and then convinced him that his real greatness lay in leaving Rome to its natural fate and conquering himself. Then she returned to her husband. A delicious, witty satire with Philip Merivale and Jane Cowl (right) as Hannibal and the lady*



WHITE

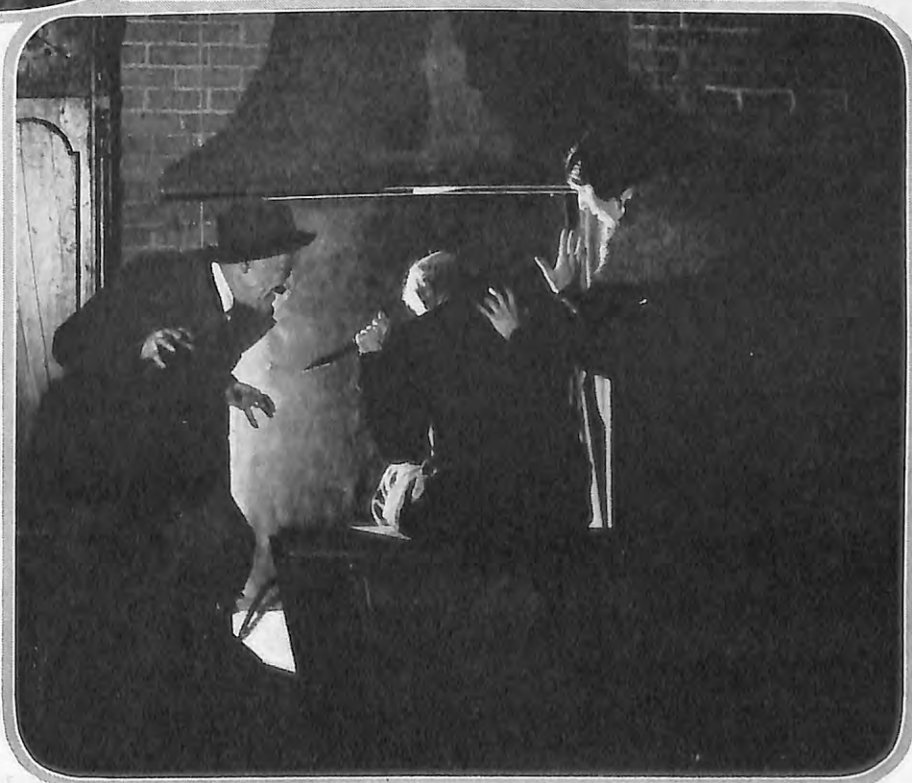


MISHKIN

*Edward Johnson (above) has been, for some seasons, one of the leading tenors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but he recently enjoyed the distinction of creating the leading rôle in "The King's Henchman." This is the unique, lovely opera with book by Edna St. Vincent Millay and music by Deems Taylor, which they were commissioned to write by the director of the opera, and which merits its great and immediate success*

*Captions by  
Esther R. Bien*

*"Wooden Kimono" by John Floyd is just one surprise after another and would be spoiled by any clue to its plot. The scene to the right, showing Worthington Romaine, Sam Coit and Leonore Harris, is a sample of what you may expect in the way of hair-raising suspense*



FLORENCE VANDAMM



### Leon Errol in "Yours Truly"

"TRULY", as Mr. Errol's really intimate friends call him, and that includes just everybody in the cast, is good for a whole-hearted laugh every time he reels across the stage. He might be a fashionable man-about-town but he prefers slumming in Mission

Square where he can safeguard Mission Mary from the machinations of Chang, a restaurateur and dope peddler. This musical piece not only has plenty of comedy, but a bit of genuinely creepy melodrama and an exceptionally well-trained dancing chorus—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDAMMI

# Adventures in Biography

As Mr. Pope Once Remarkd, "The Proper Study of Mankind is Man"

By Claire Wallace Flynn

## Napoleon—The Man of Destiny

By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.)

NOTHING like this has fallen into our hands in years! Here is history, melodrama, burning romance, inextinguishable genius—served up in a most gorgeous life story. It is a book whose very first page forms a fateful and exciting prologue, a page that sounds a note—low, warning, dynamic, with a sort of high heart-beat in it, that promises a full measure of drama later on.

So vivid is Ludwig's presentation of the image of Napoleon, that to quote his own words, we "feel as if we were standing in front of the iron door which guards a glowing human heart and looking through the key-hole into the fiery furnace of a soul." It is the picture of a super-man.

The race of hero worshippers has always been divided on the subject of Napoleon. Some indeed holding him to have been little above a cheap but amazingly lucky adventurer, or a devouring scourge. Yet who can read this book and not admit that the world has never beheld so dauntless a spirit, so "hell-bent" a dreamer, so tireless an energy!

"Happiness," said Napoleon, "is the development of my talents;" and it is in tracing the development of these talents, from the hours of brooding little boyhood in Corsica, until doom falls upon him, and he, an eagle in shameful fetters, is borne on a British ship to the rock of St. Helena, that Mr. Ludwig's volume owes its special strength.

Back of all the history that was made during the life of this Emperor of France, we are shown the processes of mind and heart that animated the dramatic deeds resulting in the subjugation of nearly all Europe. And the story of the conquest has never before been so brilliantly reported. Enough kingdoms and duchies and states fall before his marching armies to furnish crowns for the foolish and arrogant heads of all his brothers and sisters, for Corsican as he was, Napoleon's Italian blood ran hot with family pride, and his kin must rise with him. Indeed, at an age when our boys are thoughtless, irresponsible, high-school youngsters, this lad made himself head of his clan and assumed the rôle of philosopher and critic.

As we read Ludwig's book we marked certain passages more often than wisdom advised us; we turned down the corners of pages with total disregard to the ultimate appearance of the handsome volume, and—

"We'll tell the folks about that, and that, and that," we said, as we found ourselves engrossed in the narrative, but now we discover with dismay that we would be compelled to quote nearly the whole book if we followed our first impulse.

For instance, we wanted to call your attention to that sensitive illuminating glimpse of Napoleon in school—"A taciturn boy, small, shy, and lonely, sits reading in the corner of the garden." Reading and brooding furiously over his poverty, and scorning scions of the French nobility, his schoolmates.

Then there is that clearly etched picture of him as a young lieutenant in Paris, horrified at the standards that he finds. "No one seeks anything but his own advantage, and every one tries to push his way into the first rank. . . . Ambition undermines everything. To lead a quiet life for one's self and one's family, that is the only lot worth having, with a fixed income of four or five thousand francs—if imagination would but cease to torment one, would quiet down!"

But behold this strange, early longing for a simple life fast blown away by the hurricane winds of his mounting success. He soon feels that he is a tool, an instrument of fate. Ludwig tells us that he begins to believe in his "star." The wedding ring that slips over the finger of Josephine when he becomes a general has engraved in it "To Destiny." His confidence was colossal and the author points out that Napoleon failed to conquer England because "this was the one matter in which he was not confident of victory. Failure was inevitable . . . because his belief in his own powers was weakened by his want of expert knowledge and by the inaccessibility of the foe."

Then comes the famous *coup d'état*, which is recounted by Ludwig in magnificent and conspiratory style. No sense of the dangerous and dramatic hazards is overlooked by the historian. Napoleon, plotting with his brother Lucien, with Talleyrand and a handful of others, achieves a victory over the Jacobin Deputies, routs the Council of Ancients, is saved from assassination and made First Consul of the Republic.

Little now deflects the great plan which the Fates have forecast for Napoleon. The upward flying line of his career follows upon his own guiding principle—"He will go far who knows from the first whither he is going." From a Dictatorship to an Imperial Throne is but a step. The French loved monarchy, Napoleon felt. It was the only form of government that suited their temperament. The soldiers were his "children." The populace basked in the light of his heroic deeds. "A man who could not rule under such conditions would be an idiot!" he says, and henceforth signs his name, "Napoleon I, Emperor of the French."

Other Emperors bow to him; his family, in many cases making themselves ridiculous, assumed the airs of those born to the purple. They become kings and queens in half a dozen countries. He who had a world to give away tossed it into the hands of his own people. "He who does not soar with me ceases to belong to my family," cries the greatest war-lord of them all, and disappointed in his hopes for an heir, he divorces Josephine and marries the daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

Then, after a short time, the "star" begins to set. Destiny draws a thin veil of mist over its bright face. We feel the chill of impending disaster creep into Ludwig's pages, and tighten into words of ice and iron hereafter. One can not but be steeped in compassion as one reads. Follows the Russian disaster, the chaos of Europe, the Emperor's abdication, Elba! He is not so much beaten by fortune, he exclaims, as by ingratitude! A cry not only uttered by Napoleon, nor a fate endured only by the

once exalted. It is because even from his place in the sun he felt the universal joys and sorrows of mankind so poignantly, that Emil Ludwig has made so human a hero of him.

It is Ludwig who rejoices on hearing Napoleon's bold defiance ring forth again, when leaving his place of exile, he once more lands upon French soil and begins his historic march to Paris, drawing the army to him at every step. His generals, some of whom to save their skins have allied themselves with the Bourbon cause, receive word from him that he loves them and will see them to-morrow. They come, drawn by an inexplicable magnet.

Dramatically, Ludwig paints the picture of the brief return to glory, and then the final blow. St. Helena is all that is left, the great saga is ended.

"Napoleon" is necessarily a record of events, but the author's whole aim, it seems, is to show the innermost moods behind the scenes of Napoleon's life. It is an explanation of the man's "resolves and refrainings," the reconstruction of a great personality and a strange soul. The result is an epic of unusual richness, in which imagination, though used to its fullest, has stood aloof from history and not meddled with facts.

A fine air of enthusiasm and a love of truth sweep through the pages of this book; a light of true artistry beats upon it, and a continuous pulse of deepest excitement animates it. In brief—it is great stuff.

## John Wanamaker

By Herbert Adams Gibbons. (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

TO MOST people a store is a store. To John Wanamaker it was an empire, a thing to be advanced and developed to its last iota of capacity. It was an affair meant to serve the citizens, an enterprise not only to provide the mercantile necessities of life, but also one where those of the spirit might be found. Amusement and education crept into the great system that he toiled over. Founding and managing the Wanamaker "new kind of store"—those great department stores composed of innumerable specialty shops housed under one roof, meant the training and handling of an army of co-workers. Here indeed was human material for a great organizer. Wanamaker's relations with his employees set a new standard in business. "No man can be expected to work with his whole heart except for a friend," he said, and forthwith proceeded to be friends with all who worked for him. This, of course, is sound business, yet such principles and policies in Wanamaker were not so much the outcome of acumen as they were the results of his deeply religious tendencies.

We gather from Mr. Gibbons that life taught the merchant much philosophy, so much so that a Japanese visitor witnessing the calm handling of a trying situation in a Wanamaker store one day, remarked that he had better visit the Far East where "he would be appreciated as a philosopher."

In turning from the heights of the Napoleon story to the level tale of this "pioneer

(Continued on page 76)

*While the Search  
for the Elephant of  
Elephants Goes on,  
Treachery Stalks  
Nearby—*



## Shadow River

By Walton Hall Smith

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

### Part II

FORTUNATELY the steamer ran against a fresh-fallen tree, one that had toppled from the bank and spread its leaves and branches half above the surface of the river. The *Alda* brought up against this springy buffer first, and then swung slowly out and settled gently against the big sunken logs below. So no holes were punched and there was nothing to do but get up steam. Two hours later they had the pressure, but the paddle rested in among the sticks and they were afraid of damaging it by turning it over. There was nothing to do but warp the steamer out into the middle of the stream. It was three-thirty when they started to work. They led out the bowline and tied it to a stanchion in Davy's baleinière, and the paddlers started out with it, paddling up and across the river. After the line was finally made fast to a tree, all the boys who could get a purchase on the winch did so and the others pulled directly on the line. It was the first time Davy had heard the blacks working together in time; their voices were subdued and it sounded like a big trained male chorus in the distance. The steamer moved by little jerks and the lock on the winch kept her from falling back.

But the tree on the other bank gave way, and they were back where they started from. This happened three times before the *Alda* was in the stream, and it was day-break when she came in front of the village of Lotoko.

She pulled up, vengeance-bent. Out went

the planks and out walked Fernandez, armed with a shotgun; and Davy, revolver on hip; and off the barge and up onto the beach swarmed the steamer boys, who had been made to work in the night by a prank of these Bassengi bush niggers. Feeling was running high as they entered the first few houses of the village. Davy caught the spirit too, and rushed angrily in to find the niggers.

But there were no niggers there. Nor were there any in whatever spot they searched throughout the village. There were no babies, no women, no old people, no halt, no lame, no sick. There was not a dog nor a cat nor a chicken nor a duck. There were no stools, no bunks, no kitchen utensils. There was just a village of empty palm leaf houses, and back of that the forest wall. Davy and Fernandez couldn't have found a villager in the forest if they had searched for a month. Furthermore they couldn't have found their way to the river alone if they had searched for fifteen minutes. Their boys, being black, could have found the villagers, or some of them, but it would have taken considerable time. Djoli came up to Davy with an announcement. Bopio, he said, had run away with the villagers.

"Run away? How could he run away? Did he swim ashore?"

"He stayed ashore last night, Mondele. Bopio is clever; he had a sharp knife."

"Oh—! Say, look here, Fernandez, perhaps it was one of my boys who did this. I guess I had a bad one—you know, the one that yelled—"

"Doesn't matter. The villagers have run away, haven't they?"

"They were afraid you'd blame it on them."

"Never mind! It's my boat that was cut adrift. I know how to handle this business."

So they simply set fire to the village and burned it to the ground. Then they went back to the ship and proceeded, having lost an hour of sailing time. And the villagers came back and rebuilt the village complete before nightfall. The *Alda* didn't stop at Lotoko again for a long time, and when it did Fernandez had forgotten the episode. In fact he probably never thought of it again and no one thought to remind him. . . . Djoli, of course, did not say, "I told you so." Djoli was black. But more than that, he didn't look as though he wanted to say it. He was only glad that Bopio had gone. Davy did not refer to the incident. He would have liked to acknowledge his mistake in some way, but he didn't know. He was too uneasy, however, to think much about it. Conjecturing on other ideas his three Belgian friends might have had was not quieting.

THE *Alda* slept that night at Bokote, the next at Bokuku, and the next at Boende, the home of the Commissaire of the Equator District. Davy went to call to thank him for granting the elephant license which Franck had taken in Davy's name. But he was away on safari, inspecting his Administrateurs and Agents Territoriales. Davy met some of the other State men attached to the office there, but he did not find them unusually cordial. One man asked if he had brought any mail and when Davy said





The huge bull, bel-  
lowing, kept com-  
ing at full gallop.  
Davy dropped his  
useless rifle and be-  
gan to run again

that Fernandez was attending to it, he immediately lost interest and went back to his desk. Another did not rise to shake hands but merely bowed and asked if Davy intended to buy other produce to augment the profit on his ivory kills. Davy said he hadn't decided on anything yet, and that he didn't expect to shoot any ivory the first six months, since he had to look over the ground and get a little experience in the habits of elephants first.

Davy left the office a little disgruntled and went back to the *Alda*. Fernandez was having dinner ashore with friends. Davy wrote to Franck and went to bed early. Fernandez woke him up at midnight when he came aboard, stumbling and giggling from cheap champagne.

They made Yongo the next night, and the following afternoon at three they tied up at Isambo, and Davy's men started to off-load his gear. Isambo was just an ordinary river village, about half the size of Lotoko. It was the first spot Davy had seen where the people wore no clothes at all. He didn't put up his camping outfit that day. It is a law in the Congo that all native villages over a certain size must have one house, empty and clean and ready at all times for a traveling State man, and if not occupied by a State man it may be used by any white man. The State house was in pretty bad shape at Isambo, but the chief, hoping for a matabische, sent some women to clean it out and Davy had his equipment moved inside.

Then the *Alda* whistled and shoved away, and Davy was alone.

It was an odd feeling. Davy stood at the river's edge and watched until the *Alda* disappeared around the next bend, and then he still stood there, trying to analyze it. Primarily there was a sensation of self-consciousness. He had nothing to do to occupy himself—nothing except to stand the strain of being on display. Apparently none of the natives had anything to do either, for they simply stood there in large groups, quietly watching him. He decided that if he stood still long enough and did nothing but gaze out over the river they would lose interest and go away. But they didn't. The Congo native can outwait anybody on earth.

HE FINALLY concluded to go and super-intend the cleaning out of the State house. There was only one room to it but the women were far from finished. And his own men, even including Djoli, simply stood and waited. Davy remembered Franck's telling him of the change that came over all niggers when they got into the bush. "Don't let them forget you are there," he had said. "They'll slump back and do nothing if you do. Keep up the discipline."

Davy ordered his men—cooks, personal boys, hunters, paddlers, Djoli, everybody, to fall to and help clean up the house. He had stood for a moment planning how to give the order best to have the greatest

effect. When he spoke it was not in a loud voice but it was sharp and quick. Once delivered he turned away and walked back to the river without waiting to see how it worked. He wished it seen that he *knew* they would do it and that there was no necessity to stand there and watch them or to repeat what he had said.

"All you men," he said, "go in there and help clean up that house. Clean it quickly." He looked at Djoli as he spoke and pointed to the house. That was all, and they all did it. In ten minutes the place was ready and Davy went inside away from the throng of eyes.

He lay down on his cot for an hour, smoking, and mapping out his immediate plans. Then he called Djoli and told him to get a few boys to paddle the pirogue up to the elephant bath that lay above Isambo, as he wanted to study it a little by daylight.

"It is the right time of day for birds, Mondele," Djoli said. "The monkeys are in the river trees now and antelopes come down to drink. Will you take your shotgun?"

"Suppose there are some elephants back in the forest a little way. If they hear me they may not come down to the bath to-night."

"They are not near the river so early, Mondele."

The sun was red now and Davy went down to the river barcheaded and stepped into the canoe. Tumba came along with his Mauser and shotgun. One of the village men paddled in the bow and acted as guide; the rest of the boys were Davy's. They paddled along near the forest wall, chanting softly to keep time, sinking the paddles on one beat

and withdrawing them on the next. For a half-hour they moved slowly up-stream, until the sun had slipped into the forest on the west. Then all at once the line of jungle they were following changed appearance.

There was no more green. The trees were naked, white, and dead. Many were broken and the rotting trunks lay everywhere, fallen in the river, onto the swampy ground, and leaning up against other trees. The bark was heavily worn on all the trees, and polished like a veneered table.

Now the boys' paddles struck sand and they began to pole along. "This is the bath, Mondele," Djoli said. "The elephants come down out of the forest here and bathe in the river on this sandbar. When it is very dry this bank is all the way out. They go to the middle of the stream."

Davy looked again at the broken trees. "There must be a great many here, Djoli."

"There used to be many. There were several herds that stayed part of the year here, and there were elephants in the river nearly every night. But the big ones have been killed."

THE bar was about a half-mile long. Almost at once after the paddles dipped clear again the forest had regained its normal appearance. They turned and coasted down-stream to an enormous tree that lay in the water just in the center of the bath. The heavy roots had pulled out as the tree fell and they formed a semi-circular blind about eight feet above the water in the center. The sand and mud had silted up around the roots, making a little island. It was here, the village boy said, that the white men stood to shoot as the elephants came out of the forest. Davy stepped out of the canoe—and in the little patch of dirt back of the roots he saw a circular impression in the mud twelve inches in diameter. It was the first elephant track he had ever seen.

"It is not a big elephant," Djoli told him.

"It wouldn't be good to be standing here," said Davy.

"You would have your gun, Mondele."

Davy examined the track carefully and noticed how the marks of the three toes in front were depressed deeper than the rest. "It is a front foot, isn't it?" he asked.

Djoli nodded. "The back feet are like this." He drew an oval in the air.

They paddled back to the village. Davy was lying down when Djoli came in to put the guns away. He went over the blue barrels with an oiled rag to take off the rust-gathering fingermarks, and put them in their cases.

"Is there a moon to-night?" Davy asked.

"There is a small moon until ten o'clock."

"What time do they come down to the water?"

"Sometimes at sundown, but oftener about eight-thirty or nine. If there is a big herd in, they sometimes come and go all night. I don't think there are many elephants here now."

"What does the chief say?"

"They always say there are many elephants. Even in villages where there aren't any at all they say there are big elephants near."

"Why do they do that?"

"I don't know. They always do it."

"Then there's no use talking to the chief to ask him if anyone has seen very large tracks. I'm talking about Londelengi."

"It would be of no use. He would say yes. If anyone here had seen Londelengi or his tracks they would all be talking about it."

"I hope we are the first to see him, then."

"Yes," said Djoli.

"Have you told Tumba?"

"No, Mondele."

"Is it safe to tell him?"

"It would be safe, Mondele."

"There would be four people who knew then, instead of three."

"No, sir, seven people instead of six."

"Oh. You're right; I'd forgotten those others for a moment, Djoli."

It occurred to Davy with some satisfaction that Franck had not been far wrong in his estimate of his former capita.

"But it is safe to tell Tumba."

"All right," Davy said, "I want you to tell him to-night. I want you to explain it all to him, and be sure he understands how serious it is. Because tomorrow the hunters have to start out to look for tracks, and he has to be in charge of them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mondele. Are you going to send me with a party to the other side of the river so that we can cover that at the same time?"

"I don't want you away two or three days."

Djoli said nothing.

"But it's true I ought to save the time. How can we work it?"

"One day is enough, Mondele. Hunters on this side and hunters on that—we will know by sundown whether Londelengi is in this part or not."

Davy reflected. "In that case," he said, "I think I'll go along with you. I'll go with your party across the river."

Djoli was silent again and this time he looked uncomfortable.

"What's the matter?"

"If you go with us—"

"Well?"

"We won't cover the ground because the boys can't go fast carrying a tipoy."

"Tipoy? I'm not going to ride: I'll walk with the hunters."

Djoli looked at him curiously for a moment. "I'll get two extra men to carry your guns and food and water," he said.

Davy nodded and the matter was settled. "Now about Tumba. I think it's better



for him to know. He will work more intelligently and with more interest, and then there might be a pinch sometime where he would give it away if he didn't know. These boys are certain to wonder why I don't shoot elephants when I see them. He can help to stop them talking about it. He and his men might run into a curious white trader some place later on. You can't tell."

"It is better to tell Tumba," said Djoli. "If I am sick, he is there."

Davy looked up at the pair of honest eyes looking out of the welted face above him. "I hope you won't be sick," he said, smiling. Djoli grinned. "You see, we have to work fast, Djoli. We can never forget what I forgot a moment ago—the other three white men. . . . Have the boys ready in the pirogue in an hour and come and get my guns."

They set off about seven-thirty and paddled up to the bath. The boys pulled the pirogue around so that it lay flat against the up-stream side of the tree trunk, and then they promptly went to sleep in the bottom of it. Tumba had stayed in the village to look after Davy's equipment, and Davy and Djoli made themselves as comfortable as possible in among the roots. The forest was quite still—not even a bird-call came from the darkness. White night moths were troublesome, flickering up against face and neck and into nostrils and ears. The mosquitoes were moderately bad and seemed worse because there was no diverting excitement. Djoli said they would probably hear trumpeting in the jungle if the elephants were in the vicinity or coming down. But several hours passed and nothing happened. After the moon set it was very black, and they went back to the village. Davy was a little disappointed. He told Djoli he had missed a good chance to see the animals without shooting, since they would likely have been too small.

ESOKO called him, according to instructions, the next morning at daybreak, and he went out in his pajamas to see Tumba's party start away. Tumba showed no sign of having learned anything from his father the night before. He was a beautiful physical specimen; Davy watched him with admiration as he moved in and out among the others. They appeared small beside him. He was as tall as Davy, which is unusual for a Congo native, and was muscled like a Colossus. In the bush again now, he wore nothing but a grass-cloth breech-clout; his body gleamed in the first morning sun as he slipped away into the jungle with his men.

Davy ordered breakfast and a shower. And he thanked God for Franck and his bath tent. It was the first time he had used it. Four walls of green canvas just big enough to stand in, a six-gallon collapsible bucket fitted with a shower arrangement, a mirror and a little canvas shelf for his shaving things—it suddenly represented all civilization to Davy. When he put on his wrapper and stepped out of that bath tent, bathed, shaved, ready to dress, he was a white man. The line of demarcation was as sharp as though he were about to dress for a walk down Fifth Avenue. He felt a sudden urge to write Franck and apologize.

Djoli and his hunters appeared to be ready and waiting so Davy hurried his dressing and breakfast. He put on his high laced hunting boots and strapped on his holster and pistol. He lay back in the pirogue as they paddled across the stream and smiled. He felt exceptionally well this morning. It was to be a good day, plenty of exercise, which he needed, perhaps a shot at something or other, and another hunt



at the bath that night. The elephants would probably come down. He felt lucky. He thought of Djoli's suggestion about his being carried in a tipoy and his smile widened. Thoughts of long all-day tramps in the Jackson Hole country came back to him.

The canoe touched the other bank and they all got out to form the order of march. Djoli was stripped down now to a loin-cloth,

*Davy docked the deserters a week's pay, put them on short rations and ordered each to receive ten chicotee lashes from Bolenge*

and Davy was surprised to see that his body was practically the same as those of the younger natives. He was lithe and strong, with a flat, muscled abdomen, and long legs, tapered like a runner's. He went first with one of the villagers; Davy was next,

followed by two gun-bearers carrying food, water, the shotgun and the small Express; the others brought up the rear. They set out at a brisk pace into the forest, following what seemed to be a path. They had gone about a hundred yards when they came to water. Djoli and the Isambo boy entered it without turning around and waded ahead. Davy halted involuntarily and watched them going along at the same speed

thigh-deep in swamp. The others came up behind him at once, so he waded in. In a few moments they were on land again, but Davy had the unpleasant thought that no matter what happened his feet would be wet for the rest of the day. Presently they came to more swamp, somewhat deeper this time, and passed through that.

They settled down and walked for two and a half or three hours without sound except for one of the boys in the rear who chanted a rather mournful little melody over and over in time to the noiseless steps. Then Djoli and the villager stopped for a minute and talked in Lonkundu, and everybody else, including Davy, sat down at once. Davy swallowed a large drink of water to take the cottony feeling from his mouth and lighted a cigarette. He was soaked through from perspiration, and almost at once his clothes felt cold against his body.

"Where does this road go, Djoli?" he asked.

"To a village in the interior, Mondele, a long way. We leave this in a little while."

They started again. Davy had to admit that his feet were already in trouble. They felt puckered from the water and were chafed. He could count his pulse in his right calf where the boot was laced too tightly.

In a few minutes the village boy, who carried a hand-made knife in one hand, sliced off a piece of fern about a foot long and dropped it across the path. Then he and Djoli abruptly turned off the path. Up to this point the walking had been like floating down-stream to what it was then. The villager went in front of Djoli and cut the larger hanging vines and lianes to make locomotion possible. Underfoot the ground was brown and spongy and a sharp odor of mould which was sometimes almost suffocating, came up from it. It was hot and wet. There were trees and trees and trees of all shapes, colors and sizes. Ferns, creepers, and hanging things occupied half the space between them. Insects of an assortment of sizes rose or descended in clouds. . . . It was the jungle.

They moved through this with almost the same speed they had made on the path. They were all as silent as ever except for the boy chanting. To Davy, things came in fits and spurts—fits of stumbling, fits of coughing, fits of sneezing out flying things, fits of slapping his face and neck to remove insects or brushing vegetation, he couldn't tell which.

**A**FTER a time it appeared to Davy that Djoli and the village boy were steadily increasing their gait. He fixed his eyes on their black backs, which were as dry of perspiration as when they started, and he watched their swinging legs. Their legs certainly seemed to be moving no faster than before, yet it was harder and harder to keep the gap between himself and them as small as it had been. Just then he fell prone, very hard, and struck his nose against a root. In falling he had grabbed at a vine and it turned out to be one of the kinds with prickles on it. He rose, cursing and bleeding, and had to run to fill in the gap again. Thirty minutes more passed; his nose started to throb and the palm of his hand burned as though he were holding a hot poker.

He was tired and growing more so. The revolver at his side was like carrying another man. He said under his breath to himself, "I am tired, very tired, very tired." He continued to say it, keeping time with his feet. He wondered if he could hold his

rifle on Londele, if they should run into him. He decided he could. Then he was surprised to find himself walking out into an open space, on the edge of a wide swamp. Djoli and the villager stopped in the mud beside the water and began examining the ground. It was nearly covered with circular tracks of various dimensions.

Djoli walked over to where he sat and started talking. Davy was astonished and disgusted to see that Djoli appeared to sway before his eyes. Back and forth he went, leaning out at impossible angles. Davy resisted with difficulty the temptation to tell him to stand still. Djoli was explaining that it would be necessary to go through the swamp, which he said was wide and deep, but suggested that inasmuch as they had to pass this spot again to go in the other direction Davy might as well stay here and have his lunch. They would pick him up here in an hour and a half.

**D**AVY nodded assent and Djoli said something to the two gun bearers, who sat down forthwith. The rest of the party proceeded into the water and so on into the forest out of sight. For quite a while Davy sat staring dully after them; then he began the business of pulling himself together. He took off his shoes and socks and shirt, and had the last two put on a stump that was in the sun. He had a fire built. The food was wrapped in one of his khaki coats. He put the coat on but his undershirt was soaked too, so he sent that to the stump and put the coat on over his skin. He drank some water, ate some tinned biscuit and cheese and some milk chocolate. One of the boys cut some dry banana leaves and made a bed of them a few yards from the fire. Davy lay down on this, smoked a cigarette, and went to sleep. He slept like dead until Djoli called him.

"There is a herd in there, Mondele, but no very large bulls. Shall we go on now?"

Davy got up, feeling a little sick and very stiff. He put on his clothes with misgivings for the rest of the afternoon and they took up the march. This time they walked in an elephant trail. It was wide, and while not as comfortable as the path, certainly much better than cutting through the bush. Davy forgot himself for a while in his interest in the trail. Djoli told him that not more than three or four beasts had passed through here, yet there was a hole nine feet high and five feet wide cut through the densest jungle, as easily as passing a gunrod through butter. Trees of surprising size had been knocked aside, and others, smaller, were broken off altogether and lay here and there across the trail. Vines and lianes, wrist-thick, were snapped in two, with the upper halves hanging in the air and the rest lying in the trail. They passed one palm tree entirely topless, and found the top despoiled of its fruit, a half mile further on. Djoli explained that these elephants had been grazing through this place, and said that a large herd of fifty or more would sometimes go through the jungle on a forced march and leave almost no trail. They could go without sound as well, he said.

Pretty soon they turned from the path, for no apparent reason, and cut through the forest again. Davy's distress of the morning had been returning for the last half hour, and in a little while he found that the gap between him and Djoli was widening in spite of all ordinary effort. He swung along, trying to imitate the native method of walking and to conserve his strength as much as possible. He gave his pistol to one of the bearers. They came into another trail, followed it a while, then left it. Then

they hit another one, and left that. Davy's resistance was less than it had been in the morning. It was not very long before he felt faint. He never forgot that afternoon. It left a mark on Davy's soul.

They walked and walked and never stopped. They went through mire and through swamp, they stepped in holes of muggy water over their heads, they went through thorns and brambles and thickets of underbrush such as Davy had never imagined, they coursed for miles through a trackless plant kingdom. Davy fell a score of times and his clothes were ripped and torn in a dozen places, while not a single native had a scratch. His nose bled spasmodically and his hands and arms were covered with open scratches into which the heavy, misty air poured poisons that caused almost insupportable stinging. He stopped twice to vomit, and emptied his stomach, after each time having to run to overtake Djoli and the Isambo boy. Time after time he felt his manhood slipping away from him; he wanted to call Djoli or to simply lie down and forget it all, but he recalled each time that they were working for him and doing his bidding, that he was the one who was going to get something out of this, not they.

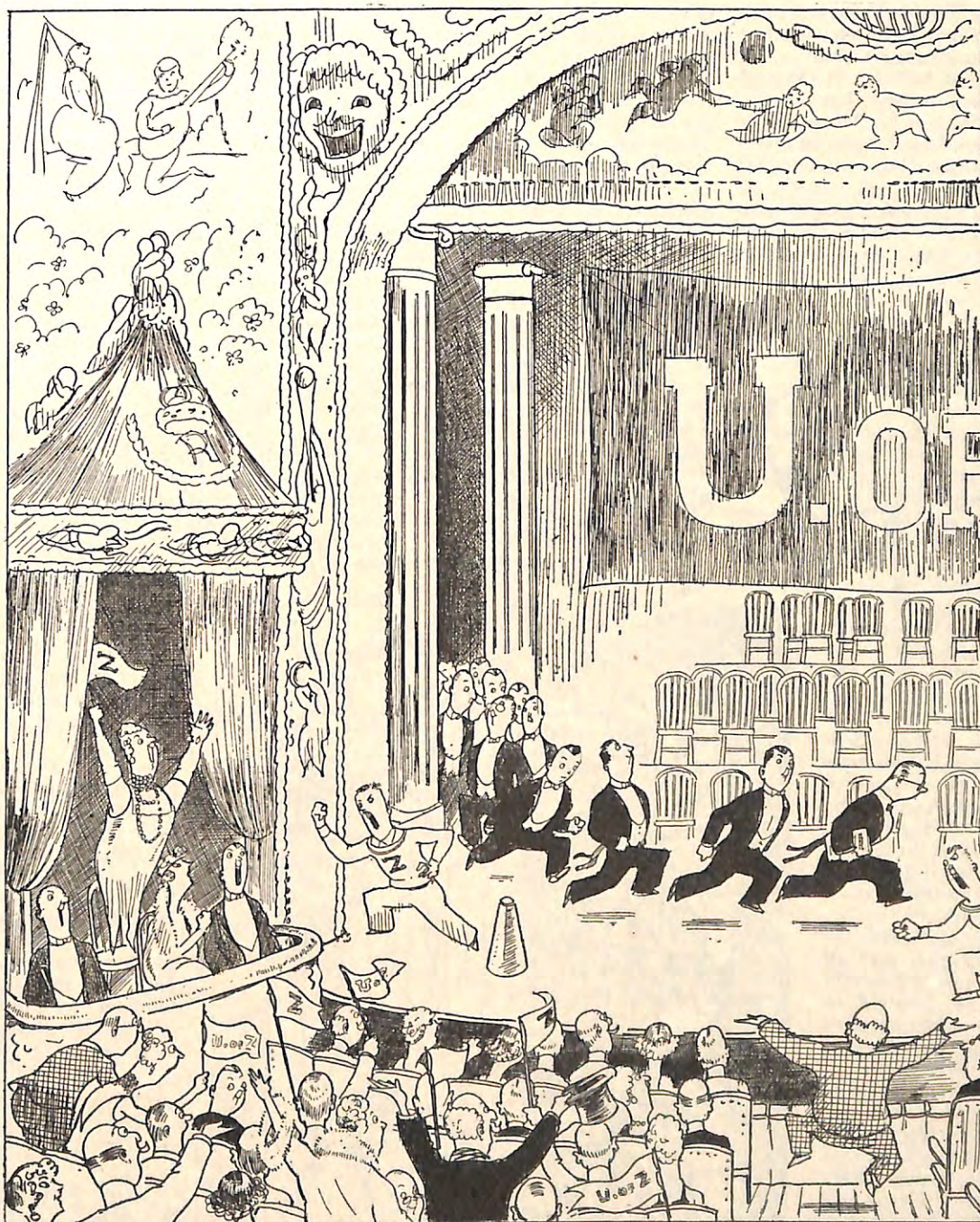
Just after sundown the Isambo boy stepped out into a little path and picked up at his feet the sprig of fern he had cut that morning to mark where they went into the jungle. Numb and exhausted as he was Davy could not withhold a little exclamation of astonishment. He had thought they were miles in the other direction, in fact he had not the slightest idea where they were, or on what point of the compass they were going.

He realized that they had two hours and a half more at least. It was getting dark and going was difficult. But at least it was something definite to work for. Davy handed his helmet to a gun-bearer with a sigh of blessed relief. Then he set his jaw and settled down and walked to the river. He didn't go to the bath that night. He lay in his cot, full of quinine, with a fever of one hundred and two, while outside, the villagers, including the hunters who had been with Djoli and with Tumba, danced until the moon set.

**D**AVY stayed in bed the next day and the next evening, and until afternoon of the day following. He had lived much in the open in his life and he was young and strong far beyond the average, so with the exception of the smears of iodine on his face, hands and arms, and a white, drawn look under his eyes, there were no outward signs of his long walk. But he had learned something about the Congo. Under this hot dome of sky lay a land of burnt green and brown, a languorous, drooping land, where all either stands in ageless sleep or flows away in centuries of coffee-colored eddys. But it was a deceitful land, for invisible and married to it was a thing of strength—something that leered and ran poisonous fingers over all with white skins; a ubiquitous, unconquerable ogre of hate and power. . . . He had learned something, and it was just as well he had learned it early.

After five, he strolled through the village with Djoli, and told him they would leave for points higher up the river the next morning. According to Franck's marks on the map, which Davy had been studying in bed, their next stop would be Bokungu, from which they would trek into the interior for three days to a large plain. The idea was to cover all the best spots for

(Continued on page 57)



Glee clubs vie with the football teams in fostering "college spirit"

# Why Not Form a Glee Club?

*It Will Do Much to Promote Good Fellowship*

By Arthur Chapman

Drawings by George Shanks

**T**HERE is no doubt that a New York gunman was spoiled when Tony dropped in on the glee club in Orchard Street.

Tony had made a start along the path of crime. He was an Italian youth, short and stocky and with a breadth of shoulders that told what a fight he could—and did—put up against any cop. He was a gang leader, and he and his fellows met at a so-called athletic club in the basement of an Orchard Street tenement and plotted things which meant no good to society in general.

Just about the time when Tony was ripe for "something big" in a criminal way, a glee club was started in the building adjoining the athletic club. The glee club was a neighborhood affair. It was started by some glee club men who had a shrewd understanding of the humanizing effect of music. The club held rehearsals every Sun-

day afternoon at 2 o'clock. Pretty soon it had thirty members, including some of Tony's gang. Then it had fifty and finally sixty young men who were eager to learn to sing. The glee club organizers did the instructing without charge. Before long the club could do well in the common glee club songs. Concerts were given, with printed programs, and occasionally a dance.

Tony concluded to see what it was all about. He was nineteen when he slouched into the glee club rooms. He looked tough, with his peaked cap pulled down over his eyes, and he *was* tough—a New York gunman in the making. But Tony had a good voice and a love for music. He sat in regularly at rehearsals. Even in the glee club

his natural genius for leadership asserted itself and soon he was president of the club.

That was ten years ago. Last winter one of the organizers of the glee club in Orchard Street—who is now President of the Associated Glee Clubs of America—was coming out of Carnegie Hall, after a Philharmonic concert. He felt some one touch him on the arm.

"I turned," said the glee club official, "and there was my friend Tony of Orchard Street. I greeted him with delight, and asked him if he was still a music fan. 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'After the glee club disbanded, I joined Mr. Damrosch's class at Cooper Union and then started private lessons, which I still continue. Meet the wife. She's a professional pianist.' 'Well, that's great!' I said. 'Hope you are doing well in business.' 'Fair,' said Tony. 'We haven't much money, but we have enough so that we never miss a Philharmonic concert.'"

It was not alone Tony who was in luck when he drifted into the glee club instead of into the so-called athletic club in the basement of the next building in Orchard Street. The city was in luck that the glee club happened to be there for Tony to drift into. Such a club offers the sort of crime insurance which harassed judges in criminal courts find very desirable—and very scarce.

Glee clubs, which are coming more into the national life every year, are demonstrating in many ways that music is not all they have to offer. They are increasingly important factors in the great fraternal societies. They vie with the football teams in fostering the "college spirit." They are recognized as forces for good in high schools and boys' clubs. In industry they are being established and encouraged because they make for a better spirit of cooperation. Officers and workmen meet on a common level in the glee club, where distinctions are forgotten and everybody works according to the slogan of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one."

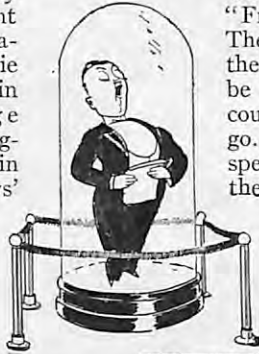
Where did glee clubs start? Nobody knows. When a dozen or more boys meet of a summer evening, under the arc light at the street corner, and "get their heads together and sing close," they are following an ancient urge which may culminate in the organization of a glee club. Polyphonic singing, in which the voices are rather independent of each other and all are of equal importance, is as old as the Greeks. The madrigal, or part song in general, irrespective of contrapuntal qualities, appeared in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century and soon spread to Italy, Germany, France and England. Wales took it up in early days and this form of singing has been highly developed among all classes of Welshmen. Germany's devotion to its glee clubs is well known. Some of the best glee clubs in the United States are heirs of the old Saengerbunds, only their songs to-day are in English and the works of German composers are not given their former exclusive place. Italy, where singing is encouraged as nowhere else, can mass its thousands. Great choruses are frequently heard in England, and now Canada is taking up the work.

IN THIS country the term "glee club" was for many years associated with college. The boy with a good voice who went to college and got on the glee club was naturally proud when the organization went on tour and he came back to the old home town and sat on the platform in the glory of evening dress and sang the college songs which were akin to those of the nursery. The college glee club has made tremendous strides since those days. I asked Arthur D. Woodruff, who has been conducting glee clubs in the metropolitan district for fifty years, about the improvement in college music. Mr. Woodruff is conductor emeritus of the University Glee Club of New York, composed of college graduates from all over the country.

"There is no comparing college music of

to-day with that of a few years ago," said Mr. Woodruff. "At first the college glee clubs sang songs of mediocre quality. Today they are singing music by the best composers. With the improvement in composition has come insistence on better quality and style in singing. Forty or fifty colleges now take part in competitions for the University Glee Club cup, and the requirements are most exacting."

Where do the best glee club singers come from? The question was asked of Mr. Woodruff, who unhesitatingly replied: "From the so-called uneducated classes. The best singers in grand opera come from the poorer classes in Italy. The same will be found true of glee club singers in this country. Such people let their emotions go. The trouble is that many of our respectable middle-class people seem to have the imagination educated out of them. When a conductor pleads with such people to let themselves go and 'sing their heads off,' he finds that there is a hanging back. Perhaps it is a foolish fear that such singing will 'look silly.'



The madrigal or part song in general first made its appearance in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century

It won't be 'nice.' But there is no such trouble with those who still have imagination, even if they are lacking in education. They throw themselves into song in a whole-souled way that is a delight to any conductor."

First tenors, as in grand opera, are glee club prizes because they are so hard to get. This is explained by the fact that the male chorus is basically artificial. The mixed chorus is the natural vehicle, the sopranos easily carrying the high notes which the tenors sometimes have to force in the male chorus. But mixed choruses are hard to organize and still harder to keep going, for several reasons which seem obvious when explained.

"Men don't like to be called down before women," said one veteran conductor. "They don't mind criticism when there are none but men to hear, but it seems to ruffle their feelings or hurt their pride to be criticized when there are women present.

Then, too, the men like a more or less free and easy atmosphere. They like to smoke and to take things easy generally, which they would not feel free to do if women were present. And then some old bachelors seem to dread the idea that perhaps there will be some young woman whom they will have to take home after rehearsal."

WHEREVER men get together in great numbers, it is found that glee clubs strengthen fraternal bonds. The Elks, Masons, and all other great organizations based upon fraternity, find the glee club an inspiring force. These societies have a long list of glee clubs of the first class, some of which have been organized for years. Every business men's organization—Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and so on—makes a feature of songfests at its weekly meetings. Such singing has done its part toward "loosening up" the average American who has been too much inclined to leave song to others. From it springs a natural desire to learn more of singing—and particularly of part singing. When a man aspires to graduate from unison singing to part singing, he is inevitably headed toward a glee club.

The glee club fan, like the golf fan, never loses his devotion to the cause. He continues to sing until he becomes old and bald and loses the tones of which he was once proud—and then the big problem is getting him out of the club without hurting his feelings. Even after they have stepped aside for men with younger voices, the "old boys" get together for a "big sing" and a new cementing of ancient friendships.

Any good glee club does a lot for its community, but the case of Little Jim may be cited as an example of the more personal benefits.

Little Jim was a hunchback in a small town on the eastern seaboard. He was not known as Little Jim until the glee club took him up. For years he had gone his unobtrusive way, living alone and working alone—for nobody paid much attention to him in the office where he filled a small clerical position.



Tenors are very rare

The glee club was something more than a good club musically.

It was one of the prominent social organizations of the town, and to belong to it was no small honor.

One day the hunchback stopped a glee club member on the street and asked point-blank:

"Say, do you think I could get in your glee club?"

"Why, I guess so," said the member dubiously. Then came the return question: "Can you sing?"

"Give me a tryout," said the hunchback. "All right," said the glee club member. "Come to our next rehearsal and the director will find out what you can do."

The applicant was given his tryout and proved that he had a very fair tenor voice. His name was put up for membership, and it is to be said to the everlasting credit of the glee club that there was not a dissenting vote.

*Music breaks into the fatigue of the day and provides a tonic which results in better workmanship*



The new member attended rehearsals faithfully, and it was not long before he acquired the affectionately-bestowed sobriquet of Little Jim and he was the pet of the club. Nobody could do too much for Little Jim, who was elected to one office after another and took part in all the club's social affairs. When the glee club's baseball team played during the outing season, Little Jim acted as umpire. When the big concerts were held, Little Jim was provided with a box in the back row. He perched there, with his head as high as anybody's and his voice rising clear and strong.

Little Jim sang with the glee club for several years, and he became so much a part of the organization that the members often wondered just how they ever got along without him.

The time came when the burden of life was too great for Little Jim's frail body. Word was passed around the glee club that Little Jim was sick and would never take part in any more concerts or umpire any more ball games. Before he died, Little Jim sent for one of the leading members of the glee club.

"I WANT to tell you," said Little Jim, "what belonging to the glee club has meant to me. Before you let me into the club I just wore a path from my hall bedroom to my work. I had few friends and no amusement that I cared for. Since I've been singing and working and playing with you fellows, life has been a thing of joy for me."

None of the club members sang at Little Jim's funeral. They couldn't have done it without breaking down. But the influence of Little Jim has always been with the club in these later years.

"Little Jim made us realize that there is no more humanizing influence than music," said the glee club member who told me this story. The only comparison I can think of is to take two blocks of ice and put them together. As long as the atmosphere is frigid, they remain blocks of ice, but let them be touched by a warm current of air and they are merged. That's what music does to

people who are thrown under its warming influence."

War always stimulates singing, and the World War was no exception. The boys abroad and in the training camps found inspiration in the songs which they were taught by trained instructors. When they returned to industry, these men were not inclined to drop singing. Music in industry has received its greatest stimulus since the war. Employers not only encourage "sings" among their employees at lunch hour, but in many cases such singing is done on corporation time. Music breaks into the fatigue of the day and provides a tonic which means better workmanship. Many great institutions have choruses which are supported out of the company treasury.

A short time ago a glee club man was looking at a picture of a male chorus in the office of the Goodrich Tire Company at Akron. The company discovered among its employees and officers ample talent for a glee club which has grown to one hundred members. Two thousand dollars was appropriated to buy evening clothes for the singers. Absolute democracy prevails in the club. In its ranks are officers, clerks and workmen. A director, pointing out different members in the picture, said: "This man in the shop is known as a 'Wop' and this one a 'Hunkie,' and this one a 'Polak,' but in the club they are all fellows who sing well. And here is one of the directors of the company, who sings with them."

Swift & Company of Chicago has a male chorus, which has been doing notable work for nine years under the directorship of D. A. Clippinger. This company also gives a prize of \$100

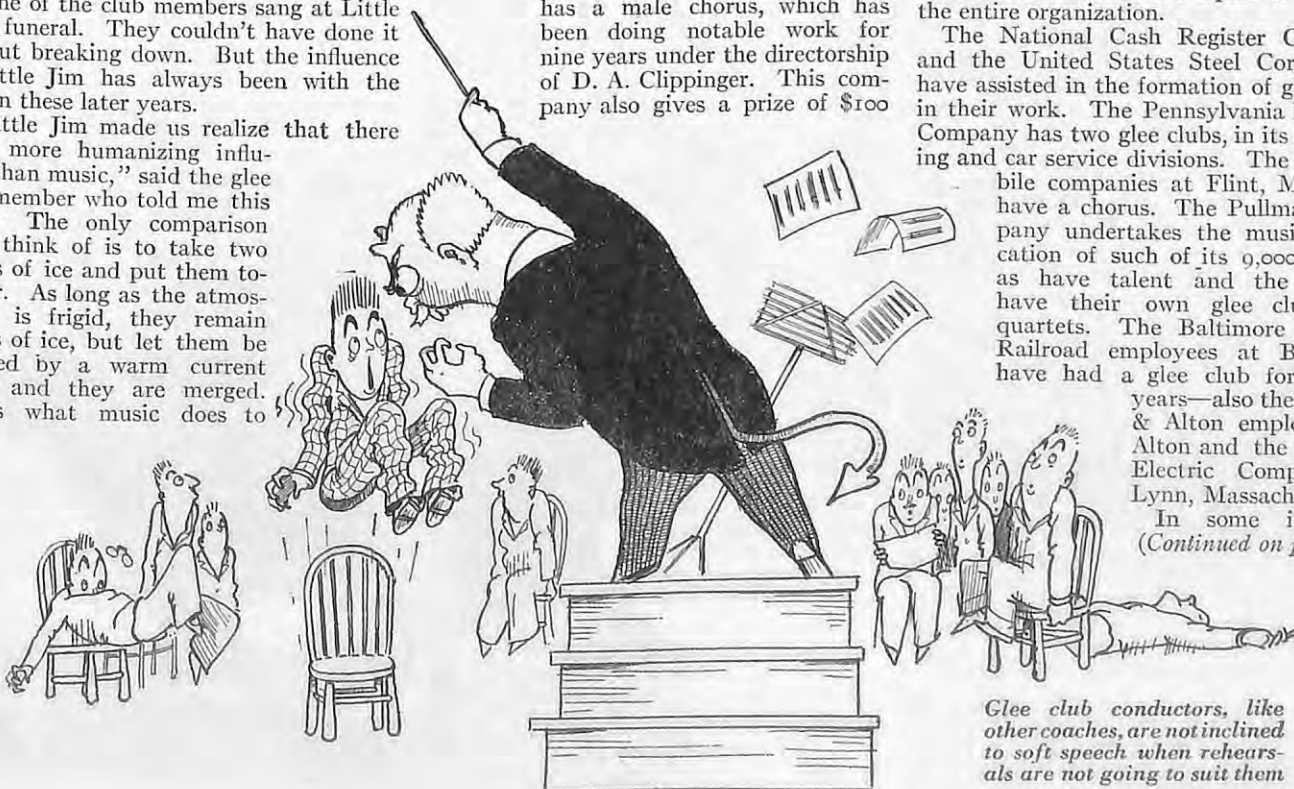
annually for the best American composition. The chorus is selected from the administration department of Swift & Company. Several of the members are heads of departments and many others hold important positions in the company. Rehearsals are held weekly. The company has bought a grand piano for rehearsals, and at the end of every rehearsal the members have supper which is furnished free. Every year a concert is given in Orchestra Hall, at which the club has the assistance of the best artist that can be obtained. Tito Schipa, Edward Johnson, Claire Dux, Charles Marshall, and others have assisted as guest artists. Several men in the Swift & Company male chorus have good church positions and a few do considerable concert singing as a side issue. In addition to its annual concert, which usually raises a considerable sum for the treasury, the chorus gives concerts in and about Chicago, usually to help some church raise funds for a new organ or other church activities. In such cases the club charges nothing for its services.

**T**HE Strawbridge & Clothier chorus of Philadelphia is composed of 150 employees of the store. The chorus is trained and conducted by Dr. Herbert J. Tily, vice-president and general manager of Strawbridge & Clothier. Dr. Tily is widely known as a merchant, being president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. He is president of the Philadelphia Music League and of the Musical Art Club and was appointed by the Mayor as chairman of the Sesqui-Centennial music committee, in charge of all the musical events during the exposition. A male contingent of sixteen voices, apart from the chorus, has achieved considerable fame. Dr. Tily is a believer in the cultural influence of music in store life.

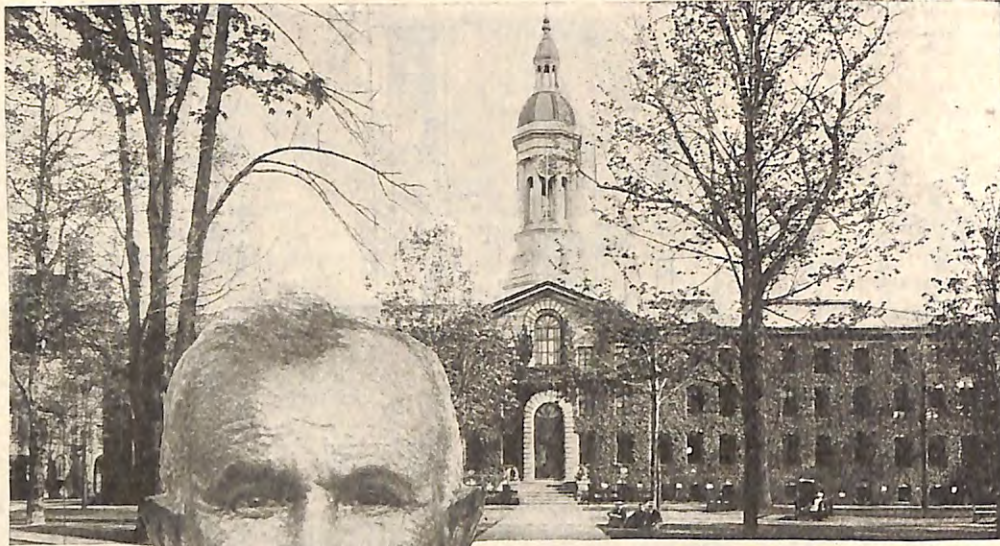
Several insurance companies have found glee clubs indispensable in their welfare work. The Metropolitan Life Glee Club has existed for twelve years. It is made up of about fifty employees. The company gives its aid and approval because it finds that the glee club exercises beneficial effect on the members and the esprit de corps of the entire organization.

The National Cash Register Company and the United States Steel Corporation have assisted in the formation of glee clubs in their work. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has two glee clubs, in its accounting and car service divisions. The automobile companies at Flint, Michigan, have a chorus. The Pullman Company undertakes the musical education of such of its 9,000 porters as have talent and the porters have their own glee clubs and quartets. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad employees at Baltimore have had a glee club for several years—also the Chicago & Alton employees at Alton and the General Electric Company at Lynn, Massachusetts.

In some instances  
(Continued on page 44)



*Glee club conductors, like other coaches, are not inclined to soft speech when rehearsals are not going to suit them*



*Year after year the Princeton football team astounds the early-season croakers, but how many ardent fans ever heard of Keene Fitzpatrick?*



## The Men Behind the Stars

By J. C. Kofoed

Drawings by Blum H. Rosenbaum

**T**HE Woolworth Building is the song of songs done into stone and steel and shining glass. No other structure can match its beauty against the sabre blue of the New York sky.

Of the millions who pass in its shadow, how many know that it was in Cass Gilbert's golden dreams that the masterpiece was born? Gilbert is one of the most renowned architects in the world, but for every man in the street who knows his name there are a thousand who know that of Woolworth.

So it is with the great athletes and race-horses and auto-racers. They are known, but behind each is a man—often an unknown man—who is responsible for his greatness.

Take Man o' War as a case in point. There never was another horse like him. He was beaten only once, and that was in the nature of an accident. He was so incontestably the best thoroughbred in the world that his owner took him away to a Maryland stud farm while he was still at the height of his career.

"I'm retiring Man o' War for two reasons," Sam Riddle said. "One is that I'm not a hog. The old boy has won everything in sight, and there isn't a horse alive that can beat him. The other reason is that I want to put him to stud while he is still at his best. I want his breed to be unmatched, and it won't be if he is raced to death."

Riddle was offered \$500,000 for the wonder animal, but refused it offhand. Since that time Man o' War has been bred to sixty mares for a stud-fee of \$5,000 each. His sons and daughters were the biggest winners among the two-year olds last year, so he is as great a champion at the stud as he was on the track.

There is something intensely human in Man o' War's remarkably intelligent eyes. When he was in competition, he was not running with his great stamina and thirty-foot stride alone. He was running with his head.

Man o' War always sized up a situation like a careful general, and then stretched out to the task in hand. When he really set out to run away from another horse it was a

discouraging task to try to keep up with him.

No one who stood by the judges' stand after Man o' War had come from behind in a thunderous rush to coast by John P. Grier in the stretch, will ever forget a certain little by-play. John P. Grier was a great finisher. In this instance he had given everything he had, only to see a brown shadow flick by him on the rail.

Now, blanketed and ready for his stall, John P. Grier couldn't get over it. He kept cocking his head around so that he might fix his wise eyes on Man o' War. Quite apparently he was trying to decide what stuff had been built into that marvel.

He must have decided, for that race broke his great fighting heart. No horse, I think, was ever quite as good a runner after Man o' War had driven home the measure of his superiority.

Race-horses are as delicate as Sèvres china, and as temperamental as prima donnas. Though Man o' War is more intelligent than any other horse I have ever seen, he has his weaknesses, too. For one thing, he is vain, and demands the limelight. If you are near, but pay no attention to him, he immediately begins to "show off," so that you will notice him.

*For twenty years George Conway was an assistant trainer. Then Samuel Riddle promoted him—for he had developed the great Man o' War*

A horse like this must have a sympathetic, understanding trainer. Louis Feustel has been generally credited with handling Man o' War, but the one who deserves the real applause is George Conway.

Never heard of him? Neither have lots of others, but he is coming into his own.

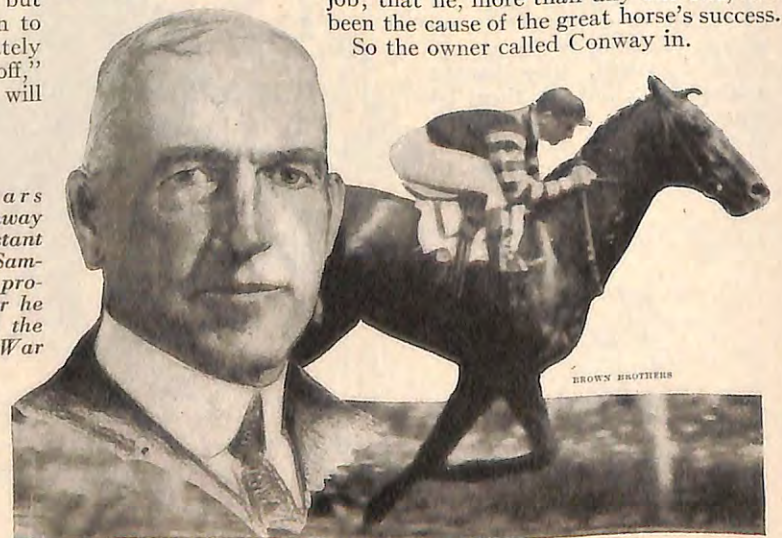
Conway was in Sam Riddle's employ as an assistant trainer for twenty years. He is mild and soft-spoken. He makes no mystery about his profession.

It's just a knack, he says, this of knowing when a racer is "ready"; a knack that any one who is with horses constantly ought to be able to pick up.

It sounds easy, but it isn't.

**T**HIS unobtrusiveness; this inherent modesty in the man prevented him from being recognized long ago. When Feustel left the Riddle employ, "Uncle Sam" was casting about for some one to replace him.

Then, Albert Johnson, one of America's greatest jockeys, who had ridden Man o' War in some of his most important victories, spoke up. He told Sam Riddle that George Conway was the one and only man for the job; that he, more than any one else, had been the cause of the great horse's success. So the owner called Conway in.





"George," he said, "from now on you're my trainer. I'm going to give you \$15,000 a year and 10 per cent. of the purses."

Conway, in his characteristic way, said, "Mr. Riddle, it seems like to me that you're takin' an awful long chance. I'll do my best like I've always done, but you could have easily got some one better known than I am."

But, Riddle was buying achievement and not reputation. George Conway is his chief trainer now, but if Albert Johnson had not spoken up when he did the veteran might have gone his way to the end of the path without having his wonderful handling of Man o' War appreciated.

**L**AST year Princeton had quite the most astonishing football team in the East. At the start of the season the critics were not enthusiastic. As a matter of fact, they were cold. This condition of affairs is chronic at the New Jersey citadel. Year after year the same old doleful plaint rises, and year after year the team does much more than is expected of it.

Thick-chested, deep-voiced Bill Roper gets credit for it—Roper, who finds time to be a success in law and politics and on the gridiron. There is no doubt but that he is one of the best coaches in America. He is a student, a strategist and a driver of men. Bill Roper can put the fear of God into the hearts of his players, and flay them verbally until they tear an opposing line to pieces in order to escape his wrath.

But there is another man back of Roper and the Princeton team. He is known only casually to the public, but is as great a factor in football success there as the head coach himself. That man is Keene Fitzpatrick.

Technically, he is a trainer. Actually, he is much more. Condition is just as vital—perhaps a shade more so—than knowledge of the fundamentals. Fitzpatrick is not content with keeping his boys fit during the football season. He is after them during the balance of the collegiate year, and when



*But for Constant Titus there might be no Princeton shells cutting the waters of Carnegie Lake*

they go off on summer vacation they carry dietary lists and instructions from him. The trainer writes to them, checks them up, encourages them while they are away.

Consequently, Princeton gridiron candidates come back to college in good condition. There is a precious week or two saved—a week or two that other coaches must give to hardening their men.

I have said that Keene Fitzpatrick is more than a trainer. He is as intelligent a teacher of kicking as you could find by currycombing the university football fields. Princeton has had some noted booters in these past twenty years, and they were all graduates of the Fitzpatrick methods.

You wouldn't know it from the newspapers.

"It's Roper this and Roper that," with never a line for the man who plays as big a part in the making of Princeton football teams as the coach does.

Fate sometimes twists men and things around into surprising situations. Do you remember Joe Scheerer, who was in the Princeton backfield as a substitute several years ago? Scheerer was drilled as a drop-kicker by Keene Fitzpatrick. He was built for booting, and little attention was paid toward developing him along other lines.

Yet, it was Scheerer, the kicker, who recovered a fumble, and ran for a touchdown that defeated Yale.

You can, without injustice, number Fitzpatrick among the unsung heroes—the maker of champions, whose fame is swallowed by his own Franksteins.

Wander off into the field of golf. What names occur to you when the game is discussed? Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans, Walter Hagen, Glenna Collett, Alexa Stirling.

Stewart Maiden's name isn't on that list. As a competitive star, Maiden is unknown. He is never entered in the national tournaments, and seldom in ones purely local to him. Yet, this Scotchman has accomplished a deed—or a series of them, it

would be more proper to say—that should never be forgotten.

It was he who took hold of Bobby Jones, when that greatest of all medal players was a sickly youngster, banging a ball aimlessly around with warped clubs, and made him into one of the most marvelous players that ever lived.

It was Stewart Maiden who took Alexa Stirling in hand, and made her a champion. The present Mrs. Fraser dominated her field more completely than any woman champion save Suzanne Lenglen has ever done. Had it not been for the war that prevented tournament golf during 1917-18 she would have set a record of consecutive victories that no one would be likely to equal in the future.

**I**N a recent national amateur golf championship the biggest sensation of the tournament was nineteen-year-old Watts Gunn, utterly unknown and unheralded, who crushed the veteran Clarence Wolf by winning twelve consecutive holes—a record in itself—and inundating Jess Sweetser under a flood of pars and birdies. Gunn was Bobby Jones's friend and pupil, but he had learned the game from sharp and crusty Stewart Maiden.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me that the development of these three players is a feat far more important than the winning of a national title. Maiden would be the first to admit that his pupils were peculiarly endowed by Nature; that they had the knack before they touched hand to shaft, and needed only proper instruction to bring it out.

That is true enough, but Maiden brought it out as few other instructors could have done. Don't forget that Bobby Jones was only fourteen when he played in his first national championship, and won two thunderous victories before being eliminated by Bob Gardner, the defending champion. Gunn was eighteen, and fair Alexa was a youngster when they slashed their respective ways to the top.

Maiden is in the background, and he'll stay in the background. He has shaped many other fine players, including Perry Adair, and will polish off a good many more before he quits the game o' gowf. But the



*Bobby Jones, Alexa Stirling and Watts Gunn win Stewart Maiden's titles for him*

rays of the calcium pass him as they pass George Conway and Keene Fitzpatrick, and other men who are behind the champions.

While on the subject of Princeton, it would be a grave error not to mention the name of Constant Titus. Years ago Titus was the greatest of all single scullers. He proved his superiority here and in England so convincingly that there was never any question as to his standing among the great watermen of all times.

Titus and Princeton?

You probably never heard those names linked. Titus did not graduate from the New Jersey college, and in the discussion of Princeton crews, Dr. Spaeth and Chick Logg are the only ones mentioned.

Yet had it not been for Constant Titus there might be no shells cutting the waters of Carnegie Lake.

**W**HEN the champion decided that he had enough of competition he turned his mind to coaching. To him it seemed that Princeton offered an ideal spot, for rowing was unheard of there.

Titus went to the Athletic Committee and offered his services, and the use of his own shells gratis. Every day he made the trip from New York to give hours of his time to building crews. It was a hard and thankless job, but the sculler stuck to it for three years, and laid the foundation for whatever success the present Tiger crews have gained.

He never received anything for it save the satisfaction of having done a good job. Titus expected that, when the time came for a paid coach to be appointed, he would be given the honor. He wasn't, and though time has eradicated the sting that neglect brought, time can never wipe out the memory of what he did for rowing there.

I have been with Constant Titus in Princeton on Class Day when the alumni comes flocking back to pay its tribute to the memory of days gone by. I have seen old oarsmen come rushing up to him, and pump his hand. If he receives no credit publicly for what he has done he receives it in the regard of Princeton men who saw and recognized the great work he did.

Swing now to professional sport.

Fifteen years ago there was only one team in the big league—Connie Mack's flawless Philadelphia Athletics. Its pitching staff was one of the greatest of all time. Chief Bender, Jack Coombs, Eddie Plank and Cy Morgan, a bulwark of skill and power that had no match on either circuit.

A pitching staff, to reach the peak of efficiency, must have good catchers. Mack had two of them, poor Jack Lapp, who died as the eventual result of being struck in the throat by a batted ball, and Ira Thomas.

Lapp was the sensational performer. He was a terrific hitter, possessed one of the finest arms in baseball, and was the best maskman of all in snaring fouls. Mechanically he entirely outshone the drab and retiring Thomas.

Yet Ira's strategy and brains were the greater assets. There might be some who might say that with as brilliant a pitching staff as Mack had then a catcher's brains are as useless as imported coal in Newcastle, but this is not true.

Thomas, with Danny Murphy and Harry Davis, and later with Barry and Collins,



*Ira Thomas has a monument—it is Lefty Grove. But how often do you think of the builder when you read of his creation?*

constituted the players' Board of Strategy. He was of inestimable help to the pitchers and to the infielders, as well.

The younger moundmen profited immensely by his instructions. Finally time and prosperity wrecked the club. The players—among them Ira Thomas—drifted away, and Connie Mack started on his long task—a twelve-year task—of building a powerful new club.

During the course of time he had many pitchers with the natural ability to make success, Naylor, Hasty, Harriss, and others, but none of them climbed the grade because they had no capable coach to drill them.

Mack at last saw what his principal trouble was. He brought Ira Thomas back, and Thomas proved beyond a doubt what had been really proven a decade and a half ago.

Lefty Grove is his biggest monument. Mack had purchased Grove from Baltimore for \$100,500, the greatest sum ever paid for a minor-league player—a sum that would have bought an American League franchise and team not so many years ago. In the International League the tall south-paw had been the sensation of sensations. During his first year in the majors he was anything but a success.

Then Thomas came. He seems to have a knack of placing his finger instinctively

*Tom O'Rourke trained and tutored George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," into the featherweight championship of the world*



on the fault that is holding a pitcher back, and knows how to correct that fault. Grove has the greatest speed since Walter Johnson's smoke ball first blinded batters nearly twenty years ago. He has a curve that might be compared not unfavorably with that famous one of Rube Waddell's.

He lacked control, a change of pace and a knowledge of the batters. Lefty added those requisites to his stock in trade and

last season pitched as notably fine ball as any one in the game.

Lefty Groves' name is in the headlines nearly every day.

How often do you see that of Ira Thomas?

Yet had it not been for the black-haired coach, Groves' name might have gone down with these expensive failures, Marty O'Toole and Lefty Russell and George Boehler.

For thirty years Jim Corbett's name has been a synonym for speed and cleverness and ring knowledge. That cleverness was partly inherent, but it was developed, to a great extent, by an English boxer named Walter Watson.

Only the old-timers on the other side of the water, and those Argonauts who were in San Francisco in the late 'eighties, are likely to recall Watson. He earned a modicum of fame in his homeland, but never achieved the dignity of a championship.

Walter was brought up in the atmosphere generated by the old-time pugilists, who, when their active ring careers were finished, opened a "pub," and gave boxing lessons in the back-room.

Watson went that one better. He called himself, "professor," and the fame of his teaching ability spread to America. Eventually he was appointed instructor at the palatial new Olympic Club in San Francisco, where a seventeen-year-old bank clerk named James J. Corbett was a member.

**T**HE new teacher saw at once that the young Californian possessed an instinct for the game, backed up by a splendid physique and great natural speed. Yet it was not these things alone—interesting as they would be to an instructor—that prompted Walter Watson to make Jim Corbett his star pupil.

He used Corbett as a foil for his personal revenge, and in doing so developed one of the greatest of the world's heavyweight champions.

On the first day at his new post, Watson put on the gloves with the club's king-pin middleweight boxer, a chap named Eiseman. This fellow went at it hammer-and-tongs in order to show up the teacher, taking advantage of the fact that he was a younger and bigger man, and in much better condition.

This angered the Englishman so much that he declared he would develop a pupil in three months who would beat Eiseman—and he selected Corbett as the person to make.

That "Gentleman Jim" knocked out Eiseman in two rounds, and went on to win the heavyweight championship by knocking out the supposedly invincible John L. Sullivan is merely an incidental part of this narrative.

It was those months under Walter Watson's tutelage that changed Jim from a street slugger into a boxer.

He was then in an impressionable and formative stage. Had he come under the influence of a fighting man rather than a ring general, Corbett might never have reached the heights he did.

Even though liquor and loose-living had softened up the tissues of the mighty and blustering champion, Jim could never have stood toe-in-toe with him and slugged it out in those early rounds at New Orleans. It was by first wearing Sullivan down, and then administering the *coup de grace* that

(Continued on page 46)

# The Lighthouse and the Whistling Buoy

By Barbara Flaherty

*THE sea sand drifts about my feet and whitens  
on the dunes,  
While still complaining to the sky the rocking  
water croons.  
The salt, salt spray blows in by day, by night the  
breakers roar,  
The white sea-horses toss their manes all trampling  
on the shore.*

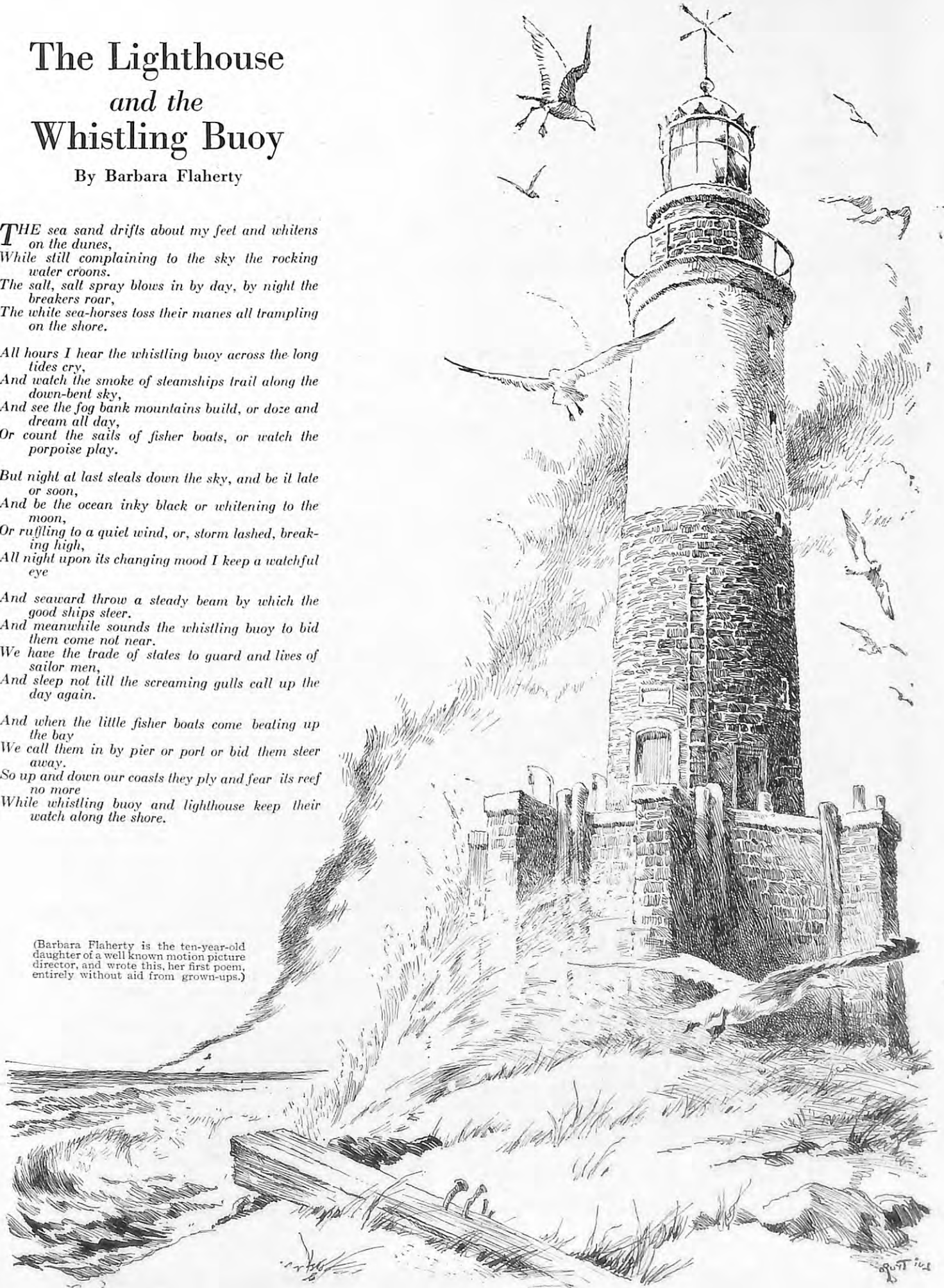
*All hours I hear the whistling buoy across the long  
tides cry,  
And watch the smoke of steamships trail along the  
down-bent sky,  
And see the fog bank mountains build, or doze and  
dream all day,  
Or count the sails of fisher boats, or watch the  
porpoise play.*

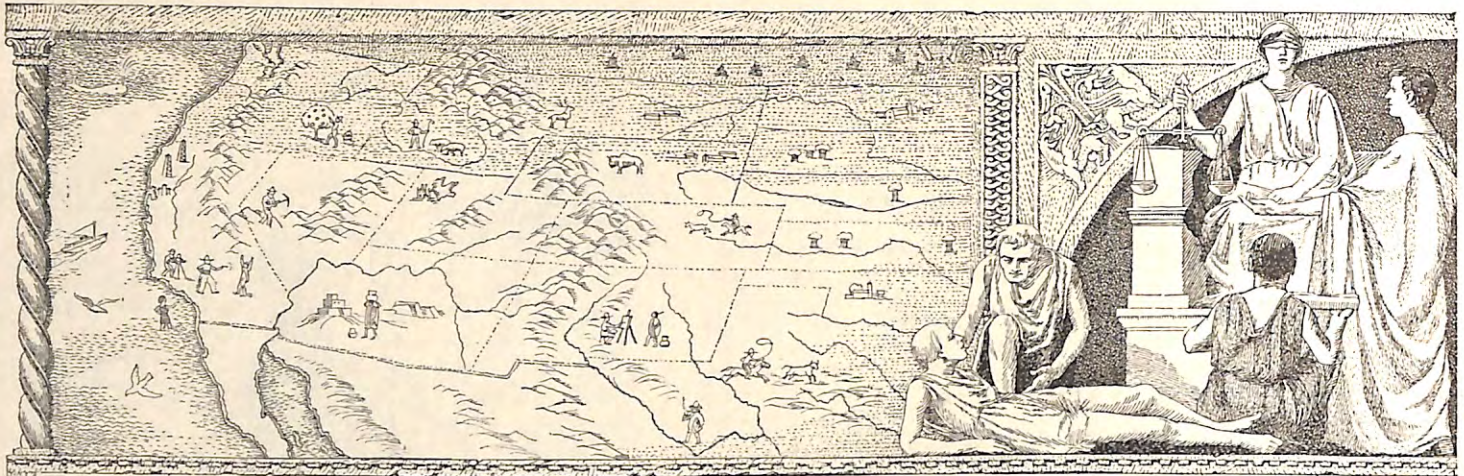
*But night at last steals down the sky, and be it late  
or soon,  
And be the ocean inky black or whitening to the  
moon,  
Or ruffling to a quiet wind, or, storm lashed, break-  
ing high,  
All night upon its changing mood I keep a watchful  
eye*

*And seaward throw a steady beam by which the  
good ships steer,  
And meanwhile sounds the whistling buoy to bid  
them come not near.  
We have the trade of states to guard and lives of  
sailor men,  
And sleep not till the screaming gulls call up the  
day again.*

*And when the little fisher boats come beating up  
the bay  
We call them in by pier or port or bid them steer  
away.  
So up and down our coasts they ply and fear its reef  
no more  
While whistling buoy and lighthouse keep their  
watch along the shore.*

(Barbara Flaherty is the ten-year-old daughter of a well known motion picture director, and wrote this, her first poem, entirely without aid from grown-ups.)





## EDITORIAL

### A SALUTARY PROVISION

IT IS provided by Section 183 of the Statutes that no subordinate Lodge shall adopt any resolution or memorial, other than one affecting itself or the action of its Representative to the Grand Lodge, without first submitting it to the Grand Exalted Ruler for his approval; and that no Lodge or member of the Order shall promulgate or circulate any resolution or circular, pertaining to any subject except that of candidacy for office in the Grand Lodge, without such approval.

This provision, which was definitely preserved by the Grand Lodge at Chicago against a proposed repeal, was enacted to cure a very obvious evil which had grown up in the Order. And it is one that not infrequently has to be invoked to prevent a recurrence of that evil.

Prior to its adoption in its original form, the subordinate Lodges and individual members were constantly being circularized, with invitations or requests to subscribe to this or that fund, to assist in promoting various suggested undertakings, and to express themselves upon various subjects. These requests almost invariably related to matters that were primarily of local or individual concern. All this was deemed by the Grand Lodge to be contrary to a sound fraternal policy and out of accord with the true purpose of our distinctive structural organization.

Subordinate Lodges are organized units of the Order. They are legislative and administrative entities empowered to deal with their own affairs and their own members, as they might deem proper, within the limitations of the supreme law of the Order. There is, of course, and should be, a community of interest in the accomplishment of the great purposes of our fraternity. But no Lodge has any control over, or direct connection with, any other. And no Lodge, or its members, should be importuned or solicited by another, or its members, upon the mere basis of common membership in the Order, to aid or support enterprises or purposes that are peculiarly local or personal.

It is well known that such solicitations often caused embarrassment, to Lodges and members alike, because of the generous disposition of Elks

to respond to every fraternal appeal, and their lack of opportunity in many such cases to ascertain the facts and circumstances which should properly determine their response. It is also well recognized that the reasonable limits of a Lodge's fraternal activities are almost always to be found within its own jurisdiction. And it is obvious that the unrestricted use of circulars for the purpose of broadcasting specious propaganda throughout the Order, on any subject and from any source, can only lead to certain confusion and possible injustice.

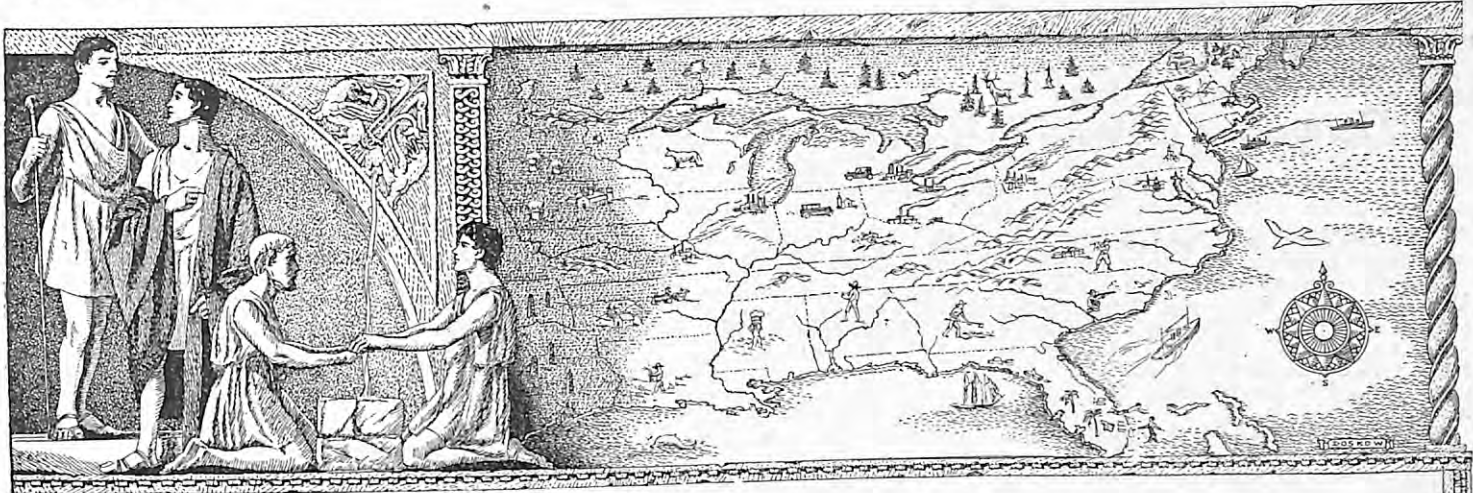
The Grand Lodge, therefore, adopted the statute in question to prevent the practices referred to, which had become all too general throughout the Order. But, to provide for exceptional conditions, the Grand Exalted Ruler was given authority to approve such circulars in cases where the established facts, and the character of the circulars themselves, justified such official endorsement. And the Grand Lodge has, on several occasions, indicated its confidence in the wisdom of the provision; and has declined to modify it except in a manner to clarify and render more certain its general purpose.

If there have been instances in which applications for the required sanction have been refused, the natural disappointment of those seeking the executive approval has been almost invariably accepted in a proper fraternal spirit, with confidence in the good faith and judgment of the Chief Executive, and with ready acquiescence in the recognized purpose of the statute. If there have been exceptions to this general rule, they but serve to accentuate the wise policy of the law.

Should the matter be again presented to the Grand Lodge, it is to be hoped that it will be most carefully considered before any modification of the section be adopted, for the history of the enactment indicates that the members of the Order generally regard it as a salutary provision.

### A FRIENDSHIP NIGHT

AMONG the items recently published in our "Under the Spreading Antlers" department, was one relating to an entertainment held by Tacoma Lodge, which it had appropriately termed



"Friendship Night." The spirit which prompted it, and its assured benefit to the Lodge, constitute it an example that might well be followed by other subordinate Lodges.

The Lodge provided a special program at its Home and invited as its guests citizens of its jurisdiction who were not Elks, but who were desirable prospects for membership. The opportunity was thus presented for them to become better acquainted with the members of the Lodge and with the attractive facilities of the Home. And they were given a clearer concept of the purposes of the Order, of the fine activities of the Lodge, and of the privileges of the fraternal associations incident to membership.

The distinctive feature of the occasion was the limitation of the guests to eligible non-members; and each member who came was required to bring at least one such guest. It would seem impossible for such an evening, properly conducted, to fail to attract desirable additions to the Lodge.

A "Friendship Night" is commended to the Lodges of the Order as an attractive and helpful addition to their calendars of fraternal events.

#### THE OFFICIAL EMBLEM

IT IS not so generally known as it should be, even among the members of the Order, that its official emblem is a patented design and that legal protection is extended only to that particular design. It consists of the combination of a dial showing the hour of eleven, with a white face and red numerals, circumscribed by a blue circle containing the initials B. P. O. E., on which dial and circle shall rest an elk's head and antlers, which shall be surmounted by a red star.

There are many thousands of our members who wear jewels consisting of an elk's head and antlers, of variant proportions and details of construction and arrangement, which do not conform to the prescribed design. There can be no possible objection to the wearing of such jewels, indeed it is specifically permitted by Grand Lodge Statute; and they serve the general purpose of attracting attention to one's membership in the Order. But it would be better if the use of any but the official emblem were discontinued as rapidly as possible.

No person other than a member of the Order has the legal right to wear the official emblem. In many States the unauthorized use of such

insignia is prohibited under severe penalties. But any one may, with impunity, wear an elk's head, or any unofficial Elk jewel; and many do so with the deliberate purpose to deceive.

If members would wear only the patented design the opportunities for such deception would be reduced to a minimum. It is a result much to be desired and one that every member should feel disposed to promote.

Many of the older members have a natural affection for the emblems they have worn for years. It would be a real sacrifice of sentiment for them to discard these cherished jewels; and that sacrifice is not suggested. But if the emblems hereafter acquired and used were restricted to the only design officially prescribed, in the course of time that would become, as it should be, the only one in actual use. It would then attain its full and distinctive significance, which it does not now exclusively possess.

#### NEW BROOMS

THERE is an old adage, born of human experience and full of meaning, to the effect that "new brooms sweep clean." It has often been applied to the enthusiasm and energy with which many of the newly elected officers of the subordinate Lodges undertake their new duties. And if there be in such application the usual imputation that the figurative new brooms soon lose their initial effectiveness, at least it might be replied that it is much better so than not to have the benefit of such efficiency even for a season.

This leads to the suggestion to the officers of the subordinate Lodges, who are about to assume their new honors, that enthusiasm for their prescribed duties, and their energetic performance of them, is justly expected by their fraternal associates. It is not only an obligation implied from their acceptance of their respective offices, but one definitely assumed in the installation ceremonies. And they should realize that they have undertaken such service for a full year, not merely for a few weeks during which its novelty may make peculiar appeal to their interest.

Every newly elected officer should be truly a "new broom." But he should endeavor to be one made of such durable fibers that it will retain its newness, or at least its capacity for effective use, during the whole, not merely for a part, of his term of office.

# Grand Exalted Ruler's Eastern Trip

## Banquet Celebrating Birth of Order, and Many Other Important Meetings Attended by Mr. Grakelow

**VISITATIONS** to Lodges in New England and to Lodges in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and to New York Lodge and Washington, D. C., Lodge formed an interesting series of activities for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party during the last two-thirds of February, following his return from the Western trip described in the last issue of the ELKS MAGAZINE.

As on the Western trip, the meetings were marked by well-attended sessions, large classes for initiation and general interest in the remarks of the Grand Exalted Ruler as he discussed patriotism, Americanism, work for children, setting the boy on the right track today that he may be the worth-while citizen of tomorrow, and other subjects which had featured the talks of the head of the Order on his trip over the Western part of the Continent.

Mortgage burnings in several places, and the dedication of the new Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, helped to indicate the increased prosperity of the Order as Mr. Grakelow made his Eastern trip. One of the unusual features was supplied in Trenton, N. J., where the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Senate and the House of Representatives of the New Jersey Assembly and was received, with his party, by the Governor of the State in the State House. At the Trenton meeting, also, those of the City Commission not already members of the Order were included among a large class initiated. Another initiate was former Governor E. C. Stokes of New Jersey.

Last recollections of the Western trip included a most enthusiastic meeting in the Home of Watertown, Wis., Lodge. Three hundred Elks from all over the State were present at the banquet and reception. The next visit was to Jackson, Mich., where the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined on February 7th by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain and Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch. A very enjoyable banquet was participated in, after which the tables were removed and a wonderful meeting was held. Leaving the next morning by motor, the party had lunch with the officers and members of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, arriving for dinner that night at the Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge. An address of welcome was made by the Hon. John S. Smith, Mayor of Detroit, after which there was a meeting in the Lodge room.

The Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visitation to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, on Friday, February 11th. A banquet in the beautiful new ballroom with hundreds of Elks attending, the marvelous decorations and music, combined to make a never-to-be-forgotten night. Among the noted guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, and William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, and a number of out-of-town guests. Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow was presented with a handsome bronze elk, an unusually fine bit of metal.

The next trip was to Erie, Pa., where the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived on St. Valentine's Day. The day was marked by the constant arrival of members from out-of-town Lodges. A banquet was held in the Scottish Rites Hall, opposite the Home of Erie Lodge, that night and then the diners adjourned to the Elks Home where a large class was initiated. The decorations in the ballroom were beautiful. The Ritualistic work was well rendered and further emphasized by tableaux which visualized for the candidate the work being done.

Pittsburgh, arriving there at noon the next day, was the next stop of the party, and they journeyed to the Home of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, where the Lodges of Southwestern Pennsylvania initiated a class and great enthusiasm prevailed. The building was crowded even though it was an afternoon affair. In the evening the banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler

filled the ballroom of the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. It was of the high standard that has always marked the banquets of the Elks of southwestern Pennsylvania. The music was especially good. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania, was toastmaster, and among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplin, who had joined the party in Erie. Furey Ellis, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was also in attendance. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs, and after the speech-making, the evening closed with a dance. The party left Pittsburgh at midnight and arrived in New York at noon the next day, February 16th, and New York Lodge No. 1 had one of the largest banquets in her history. A very representative body of men attended and great enthusiasm prevailed. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, William J. O'Brien, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Thomas B. Mills, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland and John G. Price, the Grand Lodge officers, Grand Trustees and many other out-of-town guests were present.

**L**EAVING New York the next morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Boston and attended the banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association at the Elks Home that night, February 17th. A reception was held in the Lodge room of the new Home of Boston Lodge, following which the banquet was served in the ballroom of this magnificent new building, one well worth visiting. On Friday, February 18th, a luncheon tendered by the Hon. Malcolm Edwin Nichols, Mayor of Boston, to the Grand Exalted Ruler was a most delightful affair. The mortgage on Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge was burned at a large banquet attended by its membership and the membership of surrounding Lodges that night. On Saturday morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the student body of Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, and placed a wreath at the memorial tree of the late Louis Eisenlohr, a great philanthropist of Philadelphia, and a life member of Lodge No. 2. Returning to Boston the party left immediately for Norwood. After luncheon at the Home of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, and a stop at Brockton, and at the Home of Taunton Lodge, the party arrived at Fall River, Mass., for a wonderful banquet and most enthusiastic gathering. The party then returned to Boston, this time in the face of a blizzard in the wee hours of the morning. Sunday morning at 11.00 o'clock, despite the blizzard raging outdoors, the Home of Boston Lodge was formally dedicated. The exercises were most beautifully carried through, and the musical numbers by the Glee Club and the marvelous organ added much to the occasion. Immediately after the dedication, Brookline, Mass., Lodge gave a luncheon in the same building to Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow. He and his party left immediately at the conclusion of the luncheon, stopping again at the Home of Norwood Lodge, which is peculiarly adapted for community welfare work by reason of seven and one-half acres which the members are making the city's athletic center. After a brief meeting, the party continued on to Providence, R. I., for dinner. After the dinner, a large record-breaking meeting was held at the Home of Providence Lodge. The next morning the party left by rail for Meriden, Conn., being met at Hartford by a delegation comprising the Exalted Ruler,

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Officers of the Lodge. The Fortieth Anniversary Banquet of Meriden Lodge was celebrated that night on an unusually elaborate scale in the City Hall. A large number of Connecticut Lodges were represented by their officers and many of their membership. A motor trip to Hartford followed, and the tourists left in the early hours of the morning, arriving in Philadelphia Tuesday morning, February 22nd.

A visitation to Washington, D. C. Lodge, was made the next day. Upon their arrival, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite were met by a delegation of Wilmington, Del., Maryland, and District of Columbia Elks. At the Lincoln Memorial a wreath was placed, and a similar offering was laid on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. At the conclusion of these exercises, a visit was made to the great cathedral being erected at Georgetown. The visitors and their hosts returned to Washington for dinner at 5.30, followed by a Lodge meeting that taxed the capacity of the Lodge room, which had been most beautifully decorated for the occasion with many flowers.

Back in Philadelphia on Thursday morning, February 24th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was visited the next day by a committee composed of Exalted Ruler Dr. A. Salison and Past Exalted Ruler Harry Jones of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge. They escorted him and his party to Atlantic City, where a banquet, attended by the Past Exalted Rulers, officers, distinguished guests in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, was followed by a wonderful meeting in the Lodge room of the beautiful new Home of Atlantic City Lodge. A wonderful demonstration took place when it was announced that a bed in the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children had been donated and named in his honor. The honor was feelingly acknowledged by Mr. Grakelow.

Returning to Philadelphia early the next morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler left in the afternoon for Paterson, N. J., being met at Newark by the Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey, William L. Dill, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and the other members, including the officers of the Lodge. The guests were conveyed by motor to Paterson, N. J., where the guest of honor addressed the members of Paterson Lodge at 5.00 o'clock in the afternoon, and later attended a banquet which taxed the ballroom of the Alexander Hamilton Hotel. Around the tables were to be found the most representative men of New Jersey, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler's party. The program was broadcast and it was an unusually delightful evening.

**TUESDAY**, March 1st, the Grand Exalted Ruler and party motored to Trenton, N. J. Following the talks to the Assembly and the reception by Governor A. Harry Moore, who is a Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, the party proceeded, in parade, to a theatre where a large class was initiated, the work being done by Ridgewood Lodge. The entire gathering formed in parade again, being augmented by nearby Lodges, among them Camden Lodge, which brought a special train of 450 men with their band and drill corps. The parade moved to the Home of Trenton Lodge, where the second mortgage bonds and the first mortgage were burned with appropriate ceremonies. Following that came a large banquet. Former Governor Stokes, Mayor Donnelly of Trenton, Thomas Mooney, Mayor of Burlington, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, and the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. Joseph G. Buch, of Crippled Kiddies fame, was toastmaster and discharged his duties in a most able manner.

During March and April the Grand Exalted Ruler was scheduled to visit many Lodges in the South and Southwest.





Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow breaking ground for the children's home to be erected by the "Bucks"

## A Worth-While Project

By Walter F. Meier

Justice of the Grand Forum

THOSE who are familiar with the activities carried on by Elk Lodges, know that they take a wide range. During recent years there has been a strong tendency on the part of many Lodges to assist in the reclamation of deformed and crippled children. A noteworthy example of such a movement is that carried on in the State of Washington under the supervision of the State Elks Association.

This movement in Washington had its inception in 1924, when the writer of this article was elected President of the Washington State Elks Association. His first official act was to request the Lodges to take a census of the crippled children of the State. After this census had been completed, the necessity of additional orthopedic facilities was so apparent that there was an immediate demand that steps be taken to furnish them.

The statutes of our Order prohibit an organization of any subsidiary association in which membership is limited to Elks, but there is no provision which prohibits Elks from sponsoring and assisting a great humanitarian movement. Consequently, there was incorporated the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddie Service, the initials of which give it the popular appellation of "Bucks," membership in which corporation is open to any person—man, woman or child—who is willing to contribute an initiation fee of \$1.00 and annual dues in the same amount, payable on his birthday.

In 1925 the Washington State Elks Association passed a resolution that it would encourage and assist in the acquisition by the "Bucks," of an appropriate site and the building thereon of a convalescent home for crippled children. Encouraged by this assistance, the organization acquired a 20-acre site overlooking Lake Ballinger, lying about six miles north of the city limits of Seattle, and has accumulated funds sufficient to warrant the taking of the initial steps toward the erection of the convalescent home.

When Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow was making his official visit to the Washington Lodges and was in Seattle on January 21, 1927, he took time to visit the site of the proposed home, and participated in the ground breaking.

On the afternoon of the ceremony, hundreds of Elks from various Lodges of the State came together at the home site. The celebrated band of Seattle Lodge No. 92 was also present and played several appropriate selections. The writer, acting in the capacity of Master of Ceremonies, made a brief speech, and presented to Mr. Grakelow the spade with which to turn the first shovelful of dirt. He was succeeded in turn by Mrs. George T. Myers, President of the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, Gus L. Thacker, President of the Washington State Elks Association, and C. W. Van Rooy, President of the "Bucks" and Exalted Ruler of Tacoma Lodge No. 174.

As a concluding feature to the ground breaking ceremonies, Mr. Grakelow delivered the following address, which, because of its brevity and effectiveness, is given in full:

Well Wishers of the Future of America:

It is, indeed, a great pleasure to be here to-day. I am sorry, however, that I have not a lot somewhere nearby, because I am sure it would be of great value to me in preparing myself for this occasion.

The Order of Elks has been connected with child welfare activities for many years, and the Order feels that one of the great reasons for its existence is the help it may be able to give those of our less

fortunate children, the crippled kiddies—who must, it seems, be always in our midst—that they may be able to enjoy in greater measure the equality that should be the right of all American childhood.

We are glad if we can aid and protect those children who are handicapped physically, and make it possible for them to reach majority as sturdy, useful, and self-supporting citizens.

In all sincerity, I can ask for nothing better than the success of this great work that you are undertaking here on this western shore, and I have abiding faith in the progress I know you are going to make here in the development of the future citizenry of America.

I only ask God's richest blessing upon you in this, your trust to America's children; and I am positive that in the future, as in the past, you will build for happiness and sunshine-creating influences for our unfortunate children, and for the creating of a high type of American citizens.

I know, in the years to come, that your reward will be more than ample in the knowledge that you have made these things possible.

I thank you so much, and I want you to know I am glad that it has been my privilege to be with you at such a time as this; and my prayers shall always be for the success of this wonderful undertaking that you have inaugurated to-day in the breaking of this ground.

The erection of this convalescent home will be rapidly pushed to completion, and it is expected that before the close of 1927 the home will be in full operation. In order to insure proper care for those placed in the home, it will be managed under the supervision of the physicians and surgeons constituting the staff of the Orthopedic Hospital, in connection with which it is to be operated.

Because of the popular interest that has been aroused in this movement, now being augmented by a weekly radio broadcast conducted by the Radio Broadcasting Troup of the "Bucks,"

membership in the organization is growing fast, and it is believed that what has already been achieved is but a forerunner of a great humanitarian work which will be accomplished through the encouragement given to it by the Elks of the State of Washington.



Architect's drawing of the children's convalescent home to be erected by the "Bucks"

## The Elks-Antler

Arthur C. Moreland Memorial Edition Marks Last Issue of Publication

WITH its January, 1927, issue—an Arthur C. Moreland Memorial Edition—*The Elks-Antler* ceased publication after a useful and honorable career dating back to 1895. Though never the official journal of the Order, *The Elks-Antler* for years exercised considerable influence among Elks and was considered one of the best of the several sectional magazines published with the sanction of the Grand Lodge and devoted to Elk news and to discussion of affairs in the fraternity.

*The Elks-Antler* was founded in June, 1895, not as a commercial enterprise, but as a means of reconciling two opposing factions in the Order, whose differences threatened to create a serious, if not fatal, schism in the organization. The controversy was settled at the Grand Lodge

Convention in that year, but at this time, its founder, Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, turned the magazine over to Past Grand Secretary Arthur C. Moreland, who had been stricken with blindness and was therefore unable to continue in the theatrical profession. Mr. Moreland found, in the publication and editing of the magazine, a logical outlet for his talent, his knowledge of the Order and his boundless energy. *The Elks-Antler*, in his hands, thrived from its third issue, until the time of his death, in 1915. Since that time it has been published by Mrs. Moreland, with the able assistance of Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, No. 1.

Arthur C. Moreland was one of that small

company who helped to build up the Order of Elks from a young and struggling enterprise into a great fraternity. Well-known on the legitimate variety and minstrel stages, he became an Elk March 20, 1877, while filling an engagement in San Francisco. The following November he was elected Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. When Mr. Moreland returned to New York, in 1879, he affiliated with New York Lodge and was elected its Exalted Ruler in 1881. Re-election kept him in the office until 1886. Meanwhile, also in 1881, he was elected Grand Secretary, in which capacity he served nine terms. It was during his term and due largely to his efforts, that the membership card now in use was introduced and adopted by the Grand

(Continued on page 79)



The handsome new Home occupied by the members of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, which was formally dedicated not long ago

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Illinois State Elks Association To Meet in August

PEORIA, Ill., Lodge, No. 20, will entertain the Elks of Illinois at their annual convention on August 9, 10 and 11. The dates were approved and preliminary program plans discussed at a conference of officials of the Illinois State Elks Association and Peoria Lodge held at Peoria recently. William Fritz, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 20, and a trustee of the Association, was chosen as general chairman of the convention committee.

On the afternoon of the second day of the convention, winners in the district ritualistic contests, which are now under way in Illinois, will compete in the finals for the beautiful Charles A. White trophy. This trophy was won at the La Salle convention last summer by Lawrenceville Lodge, No. 1208, with the remarkable percentage of 99.88, a figure which had never before been approximated in Illinois contests. A memorial service for Myron W. Snell, Past President of the Association, who died January 4, at Litchfield, Ill., will also have a place on the program. The Peoria committee plan to hold trap shoots, golf tournaments, a huge outdoor entertainment, a mammoth parade and various events of interest to the ladies.

During the first nine months of the current year Peoria Lodge has added 150 new members to its rolls, and the visit of the State officials to Peoria for the convention conference was made the occasion for the initiation of a class of 50 candidates. Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman, State President Eugene W. Welch and State Secretary George W. Hasselman were the speakers at the meeting.

### Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge Initiates Largest Class of Candidates

Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285, recently initiated the "William H. Reinhart Class" of 105 candidates. This, the largest class in the history of the Lodge, was named in honor of Mr. Reinhart, who is Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. The regular ritualistic work was augmented by special features elaborately arranged and excellently executed by the Lodge's officers assisted by a male chorus of twenty voices selected from the membership.

The class was obtained by a special committee of twenty-five working under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler M. R. Herb. Judge

Charles L. Justice, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, several other officers of the Association, and a number of prominent Elks from other cities were guests of Sandusky Lodge on this occasion. A banquet and entertainment followed the ceremonies.

### Past Exalted Rulers Meet in Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed recently by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194. A well-filled Lodge room greeted the old-timers. Past Exalted Ruler P. J. Snyder, acting as Exalted Ruler, initiated a class of candidates assisted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Paul P. Wells, E. H. Hatch and Henry W. Parrott. Interesting addresses were made by the Past Exalted Rulers and by several of the newly initiated. Music was furnished by the Lodge orchestra and an excellent lunch, served after the meeting, closed one of the best sessions of the year.

The evening before, the Past Exalted Rulers held their sixteenth annual dinner. Twenty of them were present on this occasion and a most delightful time was experienced.

Bellingham Lodge is now engaged in many Social and Community Welfare activities, chief among these being its work with the Boy Scouts and the State's crippled children program.

### Trapshoot to be Held for Lodge Charity Funds

The San Francisco *Chronicle* will hold a trapshoot this month at the Golden Gate Gun Club for the benefit of the charity funds of Oakland and Alameda Lodges, Nos. 171 and 1015. A similar affair held a year ago netted a considerable sum for the fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and this year's shoot is expected to be equally successful.

### Scholarship Foundation of the Iowa State Elks Association

Since the establishment of the Scholarship Foundation of the Iowa State Elks Association, there has been collected by donations from Iowa Elks over \$2,100. Of the above amount \$500 has been set aside as a nucleus for an Endowment Fund, and at the last State Convention a recommendation was made by the President and approved by the Association, that the Endowment Fund be increased to \$10,000 as soon as possible, thus ensuring the perpetuity of

the Foundation and enabling it to extend its range of usefulness. The sum of over \$1,600 is now available as a Loaning Fund, and out of this Fund a number of students have already received loans without interest.

### Brawley, Calif., Lodge Opens Its Handsome New Home

Cornerstone laying and dedication ceremonies for its new Home were recently conducted by Brawley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1420. The laying of the cornerstone was in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. L. Ault of Calexico, Calif., Lodge, No. 1382, who was assisted by other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Following this ceremony there was an inspection of the building. Later in the day there was a large banquet to the many distinguished visitors after which the formal dedication, conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis took place. The two events were attended by members of many Lodges throughout the district.

The new Home of Brawley Lodge is one of the most attractive buildings in this community and represents an investment of close to \$60,000.

### Delta, Colo., Lodge Members Have New Home

Members of Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, have now been settled some time in their handsome new Home and are enjoying to the full its excellent facilities and home-like atmosphere. The new building, which was erected at a cost of \$75,000, has a ground dimension of 50 x 80 feet, with a full size basement given over to a large banquet hall, kitchen and heating plant. The first floor contains the ladies' parlor, electric kitchenette, rest and dressing rooms, the pool and billiard room, and grill. The upper floor is given over to the Lodge room which has been decorated and furnished with great care and taste.

### Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge Instructs Newly Made Citizens

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, following out its program of Community Welfare work, recently instructed a group of newly naturalized citizens in the history of the Flag. The exercises, held in the Schenectady High School, included the new ritual for Flag Day, and the display of the numerous banners under which



the country grew up. Past Exalted Ruler John Alexander recited their histories, musical numbers were given under the direction of Organist James H. Stauring, and Schenectady Boy Scouts took an active part in the ceremonies.

**Enthusiastic Welcome Greets District Deputy Fallon**

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon to his home Lodge, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, was one of the most impressive celebrations of its kind in the history of the Lodge. Close to three hundred Past Exalted Rulers, representatives of the twenty-two Lodges in the district, and many distinguished members of the Order throughout the State, took part in the welcoming program. Among those present were James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past Presidents of the Association, Philip Clancy and Joseph Brand; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Hugh C. Harris, Henry Kohl, James A. Farley, William T. Phillips, Edward S. McGrath and August W. Glatzmayer. Following the large banquet Exalted Ruler Job G. Sherman of No. 756, welcomed Mr. Fallon who entered the Lodge room escorted by the Past Exalted Rulers and other prominent visitors, and the meeting commenced. There were interesting talks by several of the guests and the initiation of a class of candidates, the ceremony being conducted in an impressive manner by the Exalted Rulers of Lodges in the district. At the conclusion of the meeting a buffet luncheon was served and this was followed by a large and well diversified vaudeville entertainment in the Lodge room.

The gathering was one of the largest and most enthusiastic that ever filled the Home, close to 1,000 attending the festivities in honor of Mr. Fallon.

**Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Its Fortieth Anniversary**

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, in commemoration of its fortieth birthday, staged an interesting celebration in honor of the event. It was a combination of birthday party and Past Exalted Rulers Night. The features of the program were the initiation of a large class of candidates and the presentation of a surprise show toward the close of the evening. Close to 1,500 members attended the celebration, among the many distinguished guests being William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; Judge Charles L. Justice, President of the Ohio State Elks Association; and Judge Byron F. Ritchie, senior Past Exalted

Home of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674, now dedicated



SARGEANT PHOTO

The charming new Home enjoyed by members of Columbia, S. C., Lodge No. 1190

Ruler of Toledo Lodge and chairman of the meeting.

**Colorado Elks Fight Blizzard To Stage Special Initiation**

After battling a blizzard for twelve hours and forcing their way through drifting snowbanks, fifty members of Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, crossed Berthoud Pass, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, and initiated a class of 33 at the West Portal of the new Moffat tunnel, on the 16th of February. The date had been set for the 15th, but on that day when the Elks of Idaho Springs reached "the top of the world," they were confronted by a snow blockade that had filled the Pass to a depth of five or six feet.

When the party from Idaho Springs failed to arrive at West Portal, which is a distance of only 35 miles by auto, within a reasonable time, there being a blinding storm then raging, a rescuing party of 15 members employed on the tunnel construction, was formed, and with the aid of six teams of horses, succeeded in literally "digging out" the Idaho Springs members, and amid much jubilation, the rescued and the rescuers reached West Portal at one o'clock the following morning.

Notwithstanding the hardships of their perilous trip, Exalted Ruler Charles Detrick and the other officers of No. 607, put on the initiatory work in faultless style.

The episode attracted widespread attention from the newspapers of the West, as the Elks made their exercises a part of the program for the formal opening of the Moffat tunnel, erected at a cost of fifteen million dollars, and dedicated on February 18th by exercises in which the Governors of Colorado and Utah both participated.

**Muskogee, Okla., Lodge Visited By District Deputy Levy**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. C. M. Levy of Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge, No. 1118, recently made his official visit to Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517. Mr. Levy was accompanied by a large group of members from his home Lodge and from Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946. The meeting was marked by great enthusiasm and the attendance crowded the Lodge room to capacity. The District Deputy complimented Muskogee Lodge on its excellent growth and prosperity. Following the meeting the guests were entertained at supper, and a program of amusing vaudeville numbers was presented.

A few weeks later the Lodge observed Past Exalted Rulers Night, another event which was largely attended by the membership.

Carrying out its program of Social and Com-

munity Welfare Work, Muskogee Lodge recently donated the use of its Home to the Free Baby Clinic. Many crippled children throughout the county were examined and treated on this occasion.

**Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge is Active in Many Fields**

Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, continues to reveal an active membership interested in many fields. The minstrel show staged recently was highly successful, netting close to \$2,000 for charity. The Glee Club of the Lodge is carrying out its custom of previous years in putting on entertainments for local organizations, making its semi-annual visit recently to the Veterans Hospital at Northampton. The Entertainment Committee has also been very active, staging a number of unusual events including a boxing carnival, a large banquet and a series of interesting talks by prominent residents and members.

**Some Recent Activities of Omaha, Neb., Lodge**

Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, conducted a number of interesting events in its Home during the winter months. Among these was a celebration of its forty-first anniversary. Following a regular meeting, Esteemed Loyal Knight David A. Fitch reviewed the history of No. 39, after which there were a number of splendid entertainment features. Another celebration which has come to be an annual event is the Father and Son dinner. This year's was one of the most successful yet held, more than 200 being present. A number of brief talks, followed by selections by the Boys' Drum Corps of the First Presbyterian Church, Flag Drill by a group of Boy Scouts, boxing bouts and other features, rounded out the evening. At the same time that the fathers and sons were dining, wives of the members were giving a Mother and Daughter dinner, attended by 100, in the second-floor dining room.

**Niagara Falls Lodge to Build Fine New Home**

At a largely attended meeting of members in the Home of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, it was unanimously voted to accept the building committee's plans for a new Home to be erected on the present site. To cost approximately \$125,000, the building will be a three story structure of brick, stone and tile, with foundations to carry additional floors should they be required in the future. The new Home will be amply equipped with all the features of a



Part of the record "Charles H. Grakelow" class of candidates initiated recently by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85

first class club as well as with those of a Lodge—bowling alleys, billiard and recreation rooms, and so on.

### **Fine Antlers Lodge Sponsored By Glendale, Calif., Lodge**

With 110 applications for membership, the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, was instituted a short time ago in the Home of No. 1289. Antlers Lodge, No. 5, of Alhambra, came over in a body to perform the ceremony of institution, install the officers and initiate a large charter class. The young members of this new Lodge of the junior Order which Elks are sponsoring have already organized a number of active groups among themselves. They have their own orchestra, quartette, soloists, and entertainers, and promise to be one of the most interesting Lodges in their Order.

### **Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Does Heroic Work to Help Children**

During the recent drive against diphtheria conducted by the Middletown, N. Y., Board of Health, it was found necessary to transport 1,000 or more children once a week, for four weeks, to the State Armory, where the clinics were held. An appeal to the members of Middletown Lodge, No. 1097, brought an immediate response. The clinics were held Saturday mornings at 9 o'clock, and as luck would have it, each of these days was marked by exceedingly bad weather. Blizzards and ice storms made travel nearly impossible. Yet every child was safely taken to and from the Armory by a squad of cars operated by members of the Lodge. This work was under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler George E. Bowers who, with his committee of volunteers, drove through snow and rain to get the youngsters to the Armory on time.

Many of the doctors of the clinic's staff and the Board of Health which conducted the drive were also members of Middletown Lodge.

### **Elko, Nev., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home**

With Elks present from Utah, Idaho, California and other States, Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, recently dedicated its handsome new Home. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gordon M. Bettles, who was ably assisted by officers from Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85. Past Exalted Ruler of Elko Lodge, Harold P. Hale, delivered the dedicatory address, and short speeches by other distinguished members of the Order, and an excellent program of instrumental and vocal music were important parts of the exercises. Following the dedication there was an initiation of a large class of candidates and an evening of dancing.

The new Home erected at a cost of over

\$100,000, is one of the finest to be found in this section of the country. The ground floor is occupied by various stores and the Post Office. The second floor is devoted exclusively to the use of the members. On this floor is the handsome Lodge room. This room is beautifully done, and its high walls and ceiling give it superior acoustical properties. Specially constructed electrical devices will add to the beauty of the initiatory services and social affairs. On the third floor are nineteen comfortably furnished living rooms which will be rented to members of the Order.

### **Connecticut Past Exalted Rulers Meet in Home of Bridgeport Lodge**

Meeting in the Home of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Max Durschmidt, Derby Lodge, No. 571; Vice-President, Walter Murphy, Norwich Lodge, No. 430; Secretary Harry C. Brown, New Britain Lodge, No. 957; Treasurer, Louis Brock, Bridgeport Lodge, No. 36.

About 150 Past Exalted Rulers were present at the meeting and banquet and there were a number of addresses by distinguished members of the Order, including Hon. John F. Malley, formerly Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. J. Donovan; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John D. Shea; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Andrew J. Casey. Exalted Ruler Dr. T. F. Cummings acted as toastmaster at the banquet.

### **Intermountain Boxing Championships Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge**

The third annual A. A. U. Intermountain Boxing Tournament, conducted by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, was this year a greater success than ever. Forty amateurs took part in the various events, coming from all over the intermountain territory, and the way in which the Athletic Committee of the Lodge handled the bouts called forth the hearty congratulations of every one concerned. The winners of the events, held in the Lodge room, were presented with gold medals, while the runners-up received silver ones.

### **Beautiful New Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge is Completed**

The beautiful new \$75,000 Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, completed a short time ago, is scheduled for dedication on May 7, with Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow as the guest of honor. The building, commenced last November, is of Southern Colonial architecture, with white columns and trim offsetting the yellow stucco of the walls, and two stories in height. On either side of the

entrance are the ladies' rooms, while beyond is a spacious, beautifully furnished lounge. In the wing is a splendid auditorium, the largest in Morris County, equipped with a gallery and stage. The Lodge room is on the top floor, as are also the directors' room and secretary's office.

In the basement is the grill room, with a large hospitable fireplace, connecting on one side with a game room and on the other with a serving room and kitchen. Beyond these are four fine bowling alleys, and the billiard and pool room, with plenty of room for spectators as well as players. Exalted Ruler Daniel W. Carey has devoted many hours a day since last November to the business of constructing this beautiful Lodge Home, and to him and to the members of the building committee is due much credit for the unqualified success of the undertaking.

### **Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Entertains Prominent Theatre Stars**

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, famed throughout the region for its hospitality, recently outdid itself in the entertainment it gave to the members of the "Sunny" company, headed by the stars, Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. The occasion was in honor of Mr. Donahue, a member of the Lodge, and it began with a party at the Colonial Theatre, where over 700 seats were occupied by Elks and their ladies. After the show the entire party, including 125 members of the company, headed for Cambridge for the entertainment in the Home. This was a most delightful affair. There was a lunch for the members of the company with Miss Miller, Mr. Donahue and Mayor Quinn and his friends at the head table. Then followed a miniature minstrel show in the Lodge room which had been rehearsed for weeks for this occasion by the members of the company. After this there was dancing in the ballroom.

Mayor Quinn was honorary chairman of the committee in charge of the affair, and D. A. Buckley, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was chairman.

### **Porterville, Calif., Lodge Increases Its Membership Rapidly**

Porterville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1342, has initiated over 200 new members in the course of the past few months, thereby setting an enviable record for the Lodges within its district and elsewhere. The goal set by the Lodge is an increase of 300 by the end of the Lodge year, and there is every indication that this will be reached and, perhaps, exceeded.

### **Pennsylvania Central District Elks Association Meets**

The Central District Association of Pennsylvania, with a 100 per cent. membership, met recently at the Home of Greensburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 511. It was the largest meeting held so far

by this active organization. The principal speaker of the session was H. S. Dumbauld of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, and the meeting was attended by many distinguished members, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. K. F. Weaver and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. S. Fisher, M. F. Horne, Samuel P. Flenniken, Lyle L. Jones, J. C. Hunter, and A. D. Reefsnyder, Past President of the Association. Following the meeting the members enjoyed a sumptuous banquet.

The next meeting of the Association was scheduled for the first Sunday in March at the Home of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907.

**Pocatello, Ida., Lodge Members Own Beautiful Home**

Since moving into their new Home last year, the members of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, have enjoyed increasing prosperity and enlarged activities. The new Home, which was dedicated with a three-day program of exercises, is one of the finest structures in the city. It is a four-story building, 50 x 140 feet, and represents an investment of approximately \$100,000. The first, or basement floor, is used for club purposes and includes the secretary's office, barber shop, writing room, buffet, billiard room, the lounge, kitchen, and dining room. The second, or main floor, includes the Lodge room, library, ladies' parlor and cloak-rooms. A feature of this floor is the large ballroom at the rear, which is equipped with a stage and gallery. This ballroom is also used by community welfare associations of various kinds, and can, by raising three large doors, be added to the space of the Lodge room floor for the more prominent Lodge functions. The two upper floors contain thirty-six handsomely furnished living-rooms for use of visiting members.

Pocatello Lodge is rapidly growing into a clearing-house for all the charitable activities of the community. Its rooms are at the disposal of the American Legion and kindred organizations at all times and without charge. During the past Lodge year the membership has shown steady growth and is now nearing the 1,500 mark.

**Saturday Night Club Broadcasts Excellent Radio Program**

The Antlers Saturday Night Club of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, which meets once a week in the Home of the Lodge, broadcasts the entire evening's program of entertainment through station KOIN (310 meters). Excellent musical numbers and headline acts from leading theatres are some of the regular features. At eleven o'clock it is the custom of the Club to broadcast the Toast rendered by a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Many compliments from members all over the country have already been received. Tune in on KOIN any Saturday night between 10 P. M. and 1 A. M., Pacific Standard Time, if you wish to enjoy listening to a good program.

**Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Sponsors Active Boy Scout Troop**

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, is active in scouting and civic work. Taking part in the "Safety Week" program of the city, they were in the parade for which they were awarded a silver plaque. The Lodge allowed the boys the use of the Lodge room for their investiture ceremony when eight of them were advanced as Tenderfoot Scouts. The boys invited their parents to the program and lunch was provided for all by the Lodge.

Recently they made an appeal to the Lodge for good books to be used as the nucleus of a library at the city welfare farm. Two hundred and fifty volumes were secured as a result of their efforts.

Three members of Toledo Lodge are members of the Boy Scout Council of Toledo.

**Juneau, Alaska, Lodge to Open Bowling Alleys to Boys**

Among the plans being made by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, for the new bowling alleys which it expects to open next Fall, is one which will allow the boys of the town to use them. The proposal is to invite all Juneau boys

between the ages of 16 and 21 to bowl on the Lodge alleys on two Saturday afternoons a month, under the supervision of a competent instructor. The Lodge feels that this will both arouse interest in the game and at the same time provide wholesome amusement for the youngsters.

**Dispensation Granted for Institution Of New Lodge at Lake City, Fla.**

Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow recently granted dispensation for the institution of a new Lodge at Lake City, Fla. The number of the new Lodge will be No. 893, the same as that of the Lodge formerly existing in this city.

**District Deputy Williams Visits Springfield, Mass., Lodge**

A large and appreciative gathering of members was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry E. Williams when he paid his official visit to Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61. Mr. Williams's talk was in his usual straightforward manner, and was thoroughly enjoyed by his hearers. Among the other visitors who spoke were P. J. Garvey, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and Past Exalted Rulers of Holyoke, Westfield and Northampton Lodges. Reece J. Richards, Past Exalted Ruler of Northampton Lodge, No. 997, gave the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

**Madison, S. D., Lodge Plans For City's Golden Jubilee**

Plans for a big golden jubilee in 1930 which will eclipse any celebration ever staged in its city are already under discussion by Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442. The jubilee will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the City of Madison on its present site. The Lodge proposes to start in plenty of time to make the event worthy of the occasion it commemorates. Details of the celebration will include a huge birthday cake, requiring many sacks of flour and other ingredients, which will be topped with fifty large candles. The co-operation of all citizens, civic bodies of Madison, and every other local organization, will be invited so that the success of the celebration will be assured.

**College Students Guests of Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge**

Forty young women students of the State Teachers' College, the granddaughters, daughters or sisters of Elks, were recently guests of Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge, No. 450. Wives and daughters of the members acted as hostesses for the occasion. After a delightful dinner there were card games, dancing and other special musical features provided by the College Glee Club. This was the first time that Harrisonburg Lodge has entertained the students of the College, but the success of the evening will, in all likelihood, assure the affair being made an annual one on its social calendar.

**Past Exalted Rulers Meet in Home Of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge**

Past Exalted Rulers Night was recently observed by Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11. The presiding officer was Past Exalted Ruler William M. Hall who journeyed four hundred miles from Syracuse, N. Y., to be present. Mr. Hall related many incidents of his experience in the Order and cited interesting episodes of its history. The evening was a most delightful one in every way.

**Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge Sponsors Fast Basket-ball Team**

Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 362, has had a very successful basket-ball team playing under its auspices this season. At the time this was written, the members of the Lodge were planning to send the team to Kansas City, Mo., where they were to be entered in the National Tournament. Based on past performances, the team has a record that would be hard to equal by any other similar organization sponsored by an Elks Lodge.

**Donations of the Welfare Committee Of New York, N. Y., Lodge**

In a recent report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, the following donations were announced: to the Lodge's Hospital Bed Fund, \$2,500; Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, \$500; Charity Organization Society, \$500; Boy Scouts of America (New York City) \$250; Welfare Committee, New York County Association, American Legion, \$500; Institution for Crippled and Disabled Men, \$250.

**San Francisco, Calif., Lodge to Hold Series of Golf Tournaments**

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, is conducting a series of monthly golf tournaments for Elks at the Ingleside Public Links. Novices are as welcome as experienced players, and while the tourneys are arranged primarily for members of No. 3, any Elk is eligible to compete. Matches consist of 18 holes of medal play at handicap, and there are prizes for low net and low gross, and for the runners-up in each division, and for the best score turned in by the player with the maximum handicap.

**Dubuque, Iowa, Players are Congratulated on Performance**

Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge, No. 297, recently produced the play "Abraham Lincoln," the members acting in the leading rôles. The production was a great success and won praise on all sides. Perhaps the most interesting congratulation came from Miss Lillian Clark Cary, Past National President of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. We are glad to be able to quote a part of her letter written to Frank B. Hoffman, Secretary of the Lodge:



This well-trained boys' band plays under the direction of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425



The spacious new Home of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, which was recently dedicated, occupies a central corner of the city

"I want to express my appreciation for the manner in which the play 'Abraham Lincoln' was given by the members of the Order of Elks. I have seen the play many times, and often the participants were actors of ability. I have seen it for many years at the Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic, but I have never been as impressed and inspired as I was when I witnessed this play given in Dubuque at the Senior High School.

"I have spent several days as a guest in the home where Abraham Lincoln passed away, the property of Colonel O. H. Oldroyd, and I have seen the pictures of the members of the Cabinet and others and was amazed at the likeness of the characters presented in the play in Dubuque."

#### **Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Compiling Large Memorial Book**

The life stories of deceased members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, are to be permanently preserved in the Lodge Memorial which is now being prepared. A large, beautifully made book, of the finest and most enduring paper obtainable, bound in full leather, will contain the individual records. The committee in charge of the memorial is now assembling data on the members who have died since the institution of the Lodge, and is bringing up-to-date the needed information concerning those now on the Lodge rolls.

#### **Father of William E. Fitzsimmons Passes Away in Albany**

Members of the Order will be grieved to learn of the recent death of James J. Fitzsimmons, widely known citizen of Albany, N. Y., and the father of William E. Fitzsimmons, Past President of the New York State Elks Association. James J. Fitzsimmons, a member of Albany Lodge, No. 49, was prominent in its activities for many years. He also played an outstanding rôle in the business life of his community, and won for himself a host of friends throughout the East. The Order extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Fitzsimmons on the loss of his distinguished father.

#### **Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge Will Build Large New Home**

Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, is planning to erect a handsome five-story Home on property which it recently acquired. The lot owned by the Lodge is on Gay Street, corner of Hill Avenue, and has a frontage of 300 feet on Gay Street and 140 feet on Hill Avenue. A commanding view is to be had from this location of

the Tennessee River. This lot was purchased by the Lodge for \$100,000. The proposed Home will have a large auditorium, Lodge room, spacious lobbies, bowling alleys, gymnasium, swimming pool, and fifty living-rooms. Work on the new structure, which will cost close to \$250,000, will be started within a few months.

In connection with this proposal, Knoxville Lodge is conducting a selective membership campaign, which will increase its membership greatly.

#### **No Crippled Child in New Jersey Need Lack Medical Attention**

So splendidly organized is the crippled children work of the New Jersey State Elks Association that the committee in charge, under Chairman Joseph G. Buch, is able to report that at the present time not a crippled child in the whole State need be without the treatment it requires.

Among the recent accomplishments of this able and active committee was the perfecting of arrangements with the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, a New York organization, by which free vocational training, and artificial limbs and braces at cost, and on easy payments, will be supplied to the youngsters under the care of the Association.

#### **Longview, Wash., Lodge Aids Salvation Army Drive for Funds**

The members of Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, recently raised \$1,000 for the Salvation Army. Over 100 workers took part in the drive, and in three days the quota was easily passed. The Lodge officially turned this money over to the Salvation Army to be used as a charitable fund for relief of the needy in the city.

#### **Past Officers of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge Conduct Initiation**

Past Exalted Rulers of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131, filled the chairs at a recent meeting and initiated a class of candidates, exemplifying the ritualistic work in an excellent manner. After the initiation a buffet luncheon was served in the grill. There was also a program of orchestral music, and several dance and song numbers brought the evening to a close.

#### **Roswell, N. M., Lodge Honors Elk of Long Standing**

In 1898 J. R. Linn was initiated into Connersville, Ind., Lodge, No. 379, and although he moved two years later, to Carlsbad, N. M.,

now within the jurisdiction of Roswell Lodge No. 969, he has never transferred his affiliation. But because of his loyalty and devotion to the principles of the Order he was signally honored a short time ago by Roswell Lodge, on the occasion of its celebration of Past Exalted Rulers Night, when he was escorted by a special guard of Past Exalted Rulers to a seat next to the presiding officer. This is an honor which has never been accorded an untitled member of the Lodge, and Mr. Linn was deeply moved. This loyal Elk celebrated his 70th birthday on February 16, the anniversary of the founding of the Order, and is anxious to hear from other members of the same birth date with the idea of forming a club.

#### **Old-Timers of Jeannette, Pa., Lodge Hold Successful Meeting**

Past Exalted Rulers Night was fittingly observed by Jeannette, Pa., Lodge, No. 486. F. D. Eberhart, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was present, and twelve other Past Exalted Rulers joined him in making the evening a success. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Carr of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, was the guest of honor and delivered the principal address of the meeting.

#### **Clearfield, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-Seventh Anniversary**

Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, recently celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of its institution with a large banquet, which was very well attended. The guests of the evening included many of the past officers and charter members. Following the banquet the members and guests witnessed the burning of the remaining mortgage on the Home.

Clearfield Lodge is one of the prosperous and active organizations in the region and has a membership which plays an enthusiastic part in the life of the community.

#### **California State Elks Association Again Publishes Report**

The bound copies of the proceedings of the twelfth annual meeting of the California State Elks Association, held at Santa Monica last October, are, as is always the case with this Association's reports, fine examples of binding, printing and typographical arrangement. The illustrations of the winning teams and organizations, the officers, past officers and committee men, are particularly interesting. The report shows the excellent conditions existing

(Continued on page 67)

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To the Public: We pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

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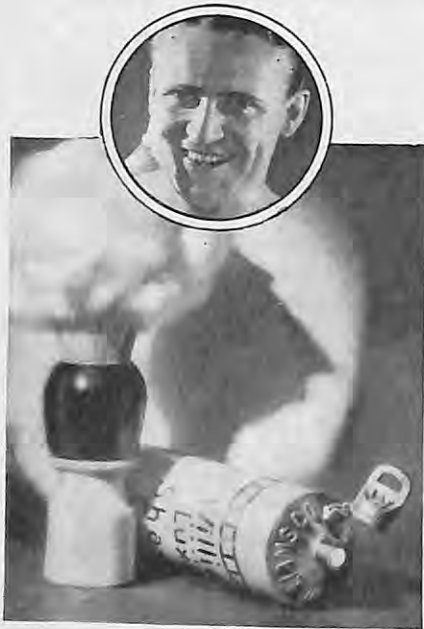
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ELKS 4-27

## Why Not Form a Glee Club?

(Continued from page 29)

the companies not only back the glee clubs, financially, providing pianos and evening dress, but will pay the expenses of their club to a contest or great festival.

These are just a few instances showing how music is making its way in industry. Where choruses have been established in industrial plants, the results have invariably been satisfactory not only to the performers but to the institutions.

What are American glee clubs singing? College songs predominated not so many years ago, but here is the common repertoire list sent out by the Associated Glee Clubs of America: "Hymn before Action," Baldwin; "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak; "Chorus of Camel Drivers," Caesar Franck; "Sweet and Low," Barnby; "Bedouin Song," Arthur Foote; "The Long Day Closes," Sir Arthur Sullivan; "The Hundred Pipers," Arthur Whiting; "Sylvia," Oley Speaks.

Such a list, which is "sure fire" with the public, would indicate that the glee club conductor is free from the horror of those days when he was told that he could catch the crowd if he had enough "funny stuff" on his program!

GLEE club competitions have been growing in favor in recent years. The competition and the mass chorus have both been found to be very popular with singers and the public. The competitions are always full of surprises. The most recent inter-club singing contest of the Associated Glee Clubs of America was won by the Concordia Society of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., made up of business and professional men of that town. The contest was close, less than thirty points out of a possible three hundred separating the first and last clubs.

With the idea of extending the influence of male singing through "more and better glee clubs," the Associated Glee Clubs of America was formed three years ago, with headquarters at 113 West 57th Street, New York. It has an imposing list of member clubs, some of them new and others representing long-existing organizations in various parts of the country. Many of these clubs are from industrial organizations and from the great fraternal societies. Others are composed of business and professional men. Persons interested in forming glee clubs are given all possible counsel and assistance.

It is the purpose of the Associated Glee Clubs of America not only to increase the number of glee clubs in this country but to stimulate interest through national organization, divided into districts. The northeastern district, now effectively organized, extends from Pittsburgh to Eastern Maine. One of the aims of the association is to bring about the teaching of more sight-reading of music in the public schools. Junior singing clubs will be organized, to carry the boys between graduation and the time they are ready for adult clubs. Mass concerts among the association clubs will be encouraged. Clubs will be aided in finding suitable conductors. District Competitions will be held, and it is planned to have the winners of these events meet in a great triennial competition in New York. Composition will be encouraged by a prize for the best song submitted during the inter-meet period. Nobody connected with the association, with the exception of a secretary, receives any pay for services performed.

Do boys of high school or grammar school age like to sing? For answer take the Kips Bay Club, on the East Side of New York. The Kips Bay boys come from the poorest class. There are over 2,500 of them, and all join in the club "sings" and raise the rafters with "O Sole Mio" and popular songs of the day. Out of this membership has been selected a chorus of forty of the best singers in the club. A Fifth Avenue woman, who is deeply interested in music, has advanced the funds for giving these boys the best instruction. There is a junior and a senior class, each having an experienced teacher. The boys have not only made wonderful progress in singing, but some are showing talent in musical composition. The beginning of a theme by a great composer will be written on the blackboard and then the boys will be required to finish it, each in his own way. Some of the results are truly astonishing through their

excellence. One or two of the boys have shown such talent in composition that they are being urged to take it up as their life work.

The Kips Bay chorus, with its well-trained voices, sings divinely. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, it would have to appear in public, and the patroness who had provided instruction bought neat suits for the boys, even to Eton collars and ties. The first public appearance was a competition at a hall on the East side, out of the Kips Bay district. The neighborhood boys gathered about the entrance. They had not heard the concert, but they were ready for sartorial criticism. The first boys to come out were from a private school in one of New York's more select localities. When they appeared in their neat suits they were greeted with calls of "Sissy" and "Dude," and challenges to combat.

The private school boys paid no attention to the derogatory remarks of the sidewalk contingent. The Kips Bay boys, just as neatly dressed and as demure looking as their up-town rivals, were next to appear. As they filed out they were greeted with the same remarks. But at the first cry of "Sissy," the Kips Bay boys forgot about their fine clothes. They sailed into the neighborhood boys and started a battle which has not been equaled on the East Side in many a long day. New hats went flying in the gutter, and boys in rags and boys in fine raiment rolled about the "sidewalks of New York." Eton collars and Windsor ties were torn off. The glee club made a wreck of its fine new clothing, but it won a sweeping victory before a cop put in an appearance—a victory which put new meaning into "A Hot Time" when next that classic was sung.

When one listens to a chorus of massed glee clubs he gets a thrill that comes through no other form of music. Eighty-three and the curtain rises, showing hundreds of men on the stage, seated row after row. Then come the notes of the opening number, perhaps to the accompaniment of two pianos and an organ. Such precision, modulation and interpretation—how are these things secured?

It is not a matter of inspiration "on the spot"—far from it. The general effect comes through hard work, not alone on the part of the individual clubs, but the various directors as well. And the director, who to-night conducts the great chorus for the first time, knows that his ideas of interpretation will be followed to the final wave of the baton. What magic has been worked that men thus singing together for the first time can so readily follow the ideas of the conductor? The answer is that the director many weeks ago sent out copies of the program music, carefully marked with his ideas of interpretation. Prior to the concert, an assistant director has visited each club and has led a rehearsal, with final instructions as to fine points to be watched. As a result, when the great chorus swings into its opening number it proves that a thousand men can sing a pianissimo as well as a forte and that no demand for flexibility need go unanswered.

AT a recent joint concert of the Associated Glee Clubs of America in New York, twelve hundred singers were conducted by Walter Damrosch. They had made a faithful study of scores which he had marked, and the results could not have been more impressive if he had rehearsed each club individually.

The larger the glee club the better for general effect. Numbers tend to smooth out the harsher voices. The rest is in training—and plenty of it. Non-attendance and lack of rehearsal are the bane of all clubs. The man who skips rehearsals but is always in the front row at the big concert, is likely to draw withering sarcasm from the conductor. Good results should be secured in ten or twelve rehearsals—provided the attendance runs ninety per cent. or better. In many of the better clubs, failure to attend rehearsals means dropping from the membership.

Glee club conductors are not inclined to soft speech when rehearsals are not going to suit them. Some conductors are noted for their asperities in rehearsal as well as for the results they achieve on the concert platform. At a

(Continued on page 46)



*Ex-Governor Tener of Pennsylvania*  
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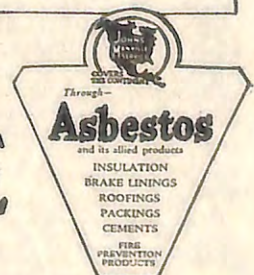
*Governor Tener writes:*

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Photographs show the re-roofing and finished roof on Governor Tener's seaside home at Salisbury Beach, Mass.

**JOHNS-MANVILLE**  
*Rigid Asbestos Shingles*



## Why Not Form a Glee Club?

(Continued from page 44)

club rehearsal in the New York district, the conductor stopped a song in the middle of a difficult passage. It was the final rehearsal before a concert and the conductor was "talking strong."

"Some of us haven't been attending rehearsals as we should," he remarked, "and the audience is going to suffer for our sins. Remember that to-morrow night the orchestra is going to go right on playing this music through, no matter if you don't know more than an occasional note of it. Just what is the matter over there?" (The question was addressed to the first tenor section.)

"It's hot," answered a frustrated tenor, mopping his brow.

"So is it hot in the other place," came the retort. "I can't regulate the heat, either here or there. And it may be warmer than this on the platform to-morrow night. Now we'll try again."

Everybody caught up the finale from "The Gondoliers" with the required verve. The difficult passage was taken without trouble, and the conductor's brow was smoothed of wrinkles, while over his face stole the satisfied expression of the driver who has urged a horse over a steep hill by the motive power of sharp language when soft words have failed.

In the matter of securing the best effects in chorus work, it has been found that men's voices should have little accompaniment—perhaps nothing but the piano—while women's voices sound best with an orchestral background. Women are doing much in chorus work. In the metropolitan district of New York there are many women's choruses of the first grade. The General Federation of Women's Clubs has been giving prominence to chorus work, with excellent results, in all parts of the country.

"What is there in it?" is often asked of the singer who goes through the grind of chorus rehearsals. No real glee club man expects pay for his services. He finds inspiration in the music and in his music-loving friends. In organizing junior glee clubs he helps keep boys off the streets and away from the associations that are crowding the courts with youthful criminals. He uplifts his fellow men in fraternity, factory and store as well as in the concert hall. He helps arouse public interest in better music, and thereby helps to make a better nation.

If these are not sufficient rewards, you'll never hear a glee club man say so.

## The Men Behind the Stars

(Continued from page 32)

the name of James J. Corbett was emblazoned among the aristocrats of the fistic world.

There isn't one fan in ten thousand who ever heard of Walter Watson, yet that now unknown son of Albion was a potent ghost in the New Orleans ring.

No man that ever lived can truthfully say that he developed John L. Sullivan, for John was a great fighter from boyhood. He needed no teaching, for he had been born to that rough trade of his, and nothing else under the sun.

William Muldoon—now eighty-two years old, and a member of the New York State Athletic Commission—has been credited with giving Sullivan his first opportunity of showing what he could do.

Nearly fifty years ago Muldoon was a famous wrestler, and was traveling about the country with his own variety show. The outfit was playing in Boston when Billy Madden, a sparring partner, asked Muldoon to give a kid named Sullivan a chance to box for him. The boss was skeptical, but Madden insisted that the youngster looked like a fighter and acted like one. Eventually Muldoon agreed.

John L.'s meteoric flight was written in the stars. Nothing could have prevented it, but don't forget that it was a shabby, fifteen-dollar-a-week sparring partner who first opened the gates for him.

**MAN O' WAR** would have been a great horse under any trainer. Nothing could have kept Bobby Jones from becoming a star on the links. Corbett would conceivably have attained success, no matter what his start. Princeton would gain a share of victories over its rivals, even though it had another handler of its physical destiny.

But neither horse, men nor team would, I think, have gone ahead so rapidly or scaled the peak in the same brilliant manner had not George Conway and Stewart Maiden and Walter Watson and Keene Fitzpatrick been on hand to play the rôles that fate had directed.

Fate?

Sometimes it seems as though Fate does play a hand in the direction of our athletic idols. Had some less kindly soul than Brother Paul in that Catholic Protectory in Baltimore had the handling of Babe Ruth, the great home-run hitter might never have reached the big leagues. Had Walter Watson not had a grudge to settle, Jim Corbett might not have dethroned the mighty John L. And national history would have been the weaker for their absences.

One of the greatest fighters in the history of pugilism was George Dixon. "Little Chocolate," of pathetic memory. George started his career in Boston with the right people behind him. Dr. A. P. Ordway, Dave Blanchard and Capt.

A. W. Cooke, all of them possessed of money and brains, were interested in him. Their first move was to engage Tom O'Rourke, who was then working as a carpenter, to train and tutor Dixon.

O'Rourke is known in these days as a promoter, chiefly of wrestling events, but it was his clever handling of Little Chocolate that helped carry that great little fighter to the heights. Tom was behind him when he won the American championship from Cal McCarthy; when he knocked out Nunc Wallace at the Pelican Club for the championship of England; when he stopped Abe Willis, the Australian title-holder, and when he stowed away Jack Skelly in that great fistic carnival at New Orleans.

In those days the recognized featherweight limit was 115 pounds. O'Rourke edged it up bit by bit until Dixon was fighting at 122 pounds two and three hours before ring-time. That saved the title for George, for he would have been too weak at the lighter poundage to have defended his championship for long.

There was one thing, though, that Tom O'Rourke couldn't do for Little Chocolate. That was to prevent him from dissipating. After a victory Dixon would get a pocketful of money and start buying champagne like a millionaire on a lark. He literally threw his earnings to the four winds.

If Tom had helped make him a champion, he could not keep him one in face of Dixon's habits. George went steadily down-hill, and was only a shadow of his former self when Terry McGovern slaughtered him in five rounds.

The little fellow drifted off to England, and it was there, shabby and hungry, that he was found by Jack McAuliffe and Big Tim Sullivan. They brought him back to the States after supplying him with clothes and money and a steamer ticket. But the tide had swept along. Dixon found that he was forgotten. It wasn't long afterward that he died.

His tragic ending has no place in this story, really, for this concerns not the champions, but the men behind them. Tom O'Rourke was the making of George Dixon, but when the little fellow began to unmake himself the trainer was done. He could not stop the avalanche.

Gene Tunney, the most suave and intellectual of our heavyweight champions, is managed by Billy Gibson, the veteran impressario of hooks and thumps. But Mr. Gibson's impression on Gene has been most casual and detached. He never has been the real power behind the throne.

Physically that power is vested in Lou Fink, the champion's trainer, a man who knows Gene's body better than Gene knows it himself. It is Fink who directs Tunney's efforts in training,

(Continued on page 48)



## Strop a NEW blade and give yourself a barber's shave

A barber gives you a good shave because he has a good razor and because he strops it each time before he uses it.



The barber strops his razor

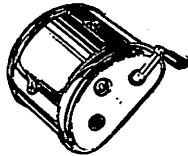
The stropping is very important. The best old-fashioned razor made wouldn't be worth a whoop unless it was stropped regularly.

Safety razor blades are made of no better steel than the old-fashioned razor. They need

stropping to make them the equal of the barber's razor.

That's easy with a Twinplex. The action is quick and automatic and the results certain. The cutting edge of a brand NEW blade when stropped is improved so much you'd hardly recognize it.

Mr. Goeth has tried it and knows: "Your stropper is the first thing I have found that takes the PULL out of a safety razor, makes a safety razor shave equally as well as a straight razor. I frequently find new blades which are unfit for shaving even one time, but the "Twinplex" overcomes this and gives me shaves as smooth as my barber can give." (Signed)



Arthur C. Goeth, San Antonio, Texas  
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## The Men Behind the Stars

(Continued from page 46)



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Showing craftsmanship, quality and richness—for the conservative dresser.

Jacquard patterns made in 4 self-blending colors.

Ask your retailer for HIRNER HOSE. If by chance he can't supply you, then tell him to write us.

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who maps out the campaign that will bring him to the fight in perfect condition. Once the battle starts Gene is on his own, and accepts advice from no man. Before the opening gong he is a vassal to the rules the little-known trainer lays down.

Even more important to the heavyweight champion of the world is "Old Bill" McCabe, stout and gray and unknown to the vast bulk of the sporting population. McCabe is Gene's constant companion. It is hard to imagine any two men more widely separated in manner of thought, but, perhaps because of this very difference, they are the closest of friends.

McCabe is the barrier between Tunney and the swarming crowd that always pesters a champion. He takes the avalanche of annoyances on his own broad shoulders; he keeps Gene in an equable and happy mood. Bill is an unknown so far as publicity goes, and asks nothing for himself. His job is peculiarly his own, and it is a labor of love.

To Fink and McCabe the champion is more than a little indebted for his present position. It was Harry Greb, though, I think, more than any one else, who developed in Tunney "the man of destiny" complex that was the biggest factor in Gene's climb to the top.

Greb, who died a few months ago, was middle-and light heavyweight champion of the world. He met Tunney for the first time in a fifteen-round fight at Madison Square Garden.

Gene was not in the best of shape, and Greb broke his nose with the very first punch of the fight. Throughout the rest of the struggle he kept concentrating his blows on the youngster's bleeding proboscis. Despite this Tunney carried on, and was still on his feet, though a beaten man, when the fifteenth round ended.

"I knew then that I would become a champion," Gene said. "If the great Greb couldn't stop me, then I knew no one could. I was as certain that night as I was when I stepped into the ring against Dempsey that I would win the highest prize that pugilism has to offer."

So, this was a triumvirate behind Gene Tunney—Fink and McCabe and Greb.

Perhaps the least recognized of all the men behind the champions is a real-estate dealer

named Levi. He was interested in tennis years ago, and was a fair sort of player, himself, though he never went as far as to get a national ranking. Mr. Levi, who lived in San Francisco, organized a sort of tennis club for some of the boys he knew—fitting them up with indoor courts in the basement of one of his buildings across the bay in Oakland.

He not only gave them the opportunity of playing there, but gave to them freely of his little store of knowledge of the game.

Who do you think developed from that little group?

Maurice McLoughlin, Billy Johnston, the Kinsey brothers, Willis Davis, Peck Griffin and R. Lindley Murray. McLoughlin, Johnston and Murray became national singles champions, and the Kinseys won the doubles.

No history of tennis could be written in which these names would not dominate a large section.

AS LONG as the game endures, McLoughlin, "the Red Comet," will be remembered for his wild and flaming play that swept the world of the court and racquet before him. No more quickly forgotten will be "Little Bill" Johnston "Little Bill," whose battles with Tilden are the classics of the game. And those marvelous doubles players, the Kinseys, and the rest of them.

What an inestimable benefit that unknown man conferred on the game he loved. And he is so little known that I'm not sure that I've spelt his name correctly.

So it goes through all the games. They say that there is a woman behind every soldier who goes to the front. It is just as true that behind every man who rises to a championship is an unknown helper.

Some are never heard of. Others receive the faint praise accorded them here. After all, it isn't vital that they should have it.

It is enough that Conway gave us Man o' War; that Maiden developed for our eager appreciation Bobby Jones, Alexa Stirling and Watts Gunn; that Hickey brought Paul Berlenbach from obscurity into the light.

The achievements of each is the acme of praise for the man behind him.

To add to it is painting the lily.

## The Irish of It

(Continued from page 13)

O'Connor had departed the Irish Terrier stood this way looking at nothing in particular.

A crowded house jammed into the Arena for the Lowery-Horgan battle, for the Irish Terrier was always an attraction with his wallop and his infectious personality. The bout offered a local celebrity a chance for a championship battle, and the word had gone out that Horgan was in the best of condition.

O'Connor sat impatiently in a ringside seat during the preliminary bouts, and only awakened when a wild shout from the fans drew his attention to a green-robed, red-headed figure shambling down the aisle. Horgan slumped into his corner with scarcely any acknowledgment of the thunderous reception; and O'Connor studied him, his black brows drawn together in perplexity.

Lowery came into the ring, a touch of gray about his temples, the marks of dissipation on his glove-battered face. He and Horgan came to the center of the ring and listened to the referee's instructions, and went back to their corners. The bell clanged and Horgan came out of his corner without his usual rush; the men clinched and mauled, and the fans sat back silently and waited patiently for the action to commence. But they waited in vain.

O'Connor slipped over to Horgan's corner and grasped Biff Sullivan, the manager he had appointed.

"What wrong with Horgan?" he demanded. Sullivan looked up through his small ratlike eyes, and pulled a pint bottle from his pocket. It contained an inch or two of amber fluid.

"Dis is what's der matter. I found it on him. Da big bum is plastered."

O'Connor slipped back to his seat, sick with disgust, and watched Horgan get pushed and

knocked about the ring for ten rounds. At the bout's conclusion O'Connor went to the dressing-room and found Horgan slumped in a chair, a towel over his shoulders.

"I'm through with you, David," he exclaimed, his voice choking. "It's not so much I mind your ingratitude to me, but what you've done to Brenda after my telling you to fight for her."

Horgan raised his bruised countenance, and although his eyes showed only through purple swellings, they burned with intensity.

"Oim sorry ye think me ungrateful; maybe some day ye'll think different. As for my foight-in' for Brenda, there's two meanin's to that. Some men foight for a woman and some foight to possess her."

Now many of the subtleties of his race escaped O'Connor. Horgan's answer puzzled him, and while the expression, some men fight for a woman and some fight to possess her, lingered in his mind, he was not in a mood to press for explanation. Instead he stalked from the odoriferous dressing-room, leaving Horgan slumped on his chair with his elbows on his knees and his head in his huge, bruised hands. And all who looked into the room and saw him there thought he was mourning his defeat in the ring and his lost opportunity for a championship bout—and knew nothing of Brenda Costello.

O'Connor and Brenda saw nothing of Horgan but were much in each other's company; and yet the wealthy contractor never put into words that which was uppermost in his mind, biding his time until certain that the beautiful girl had forgotten Horgan. And then one warm spring night when nature allied with him he sensed with palpitating heart by the manner in which the girl looked up to him with those shaded eyes,

(Continued on page 50)



## Here the splendor of a palace gives the welcome of a home!

**W**ITH such a blend of magnificence and friendliness the new Elks Temple in Los Angeles greets the visitor.

Its exterior has the grandeur of an old world cathedral. Within, one treads over deep cushioned rugs, passing from one beautiful room to another as though discovering a new wonder of the world and a friendly home, all in one.

The rugs and carpets are by Bigelow-Hartford. The luxurious depth of the fabrics, the rich coloring and dignity of the patterns, form a striking background for the elegant and home-like interiors.

You may have wondered where you could buy such rugs for your own home. Call at your dealer's and ask to see his collection of Bigelow-Hartford rugs: "Hartford-Saxony," Servians, Wiltons, and Axminsters.

You will find them in new and beautiful patterns created for modern home decoration, and a variety of fabrics at prices to fit your purse—all with the style and enduring beauty typical of rugs by Bigelow-Hartford.

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*A splendid example of the magnificence and friendliness of the Los Angeles Elks Temple is this detail of the Lounge Room in which 'Hartford-Saxony' Carpet (Pattern No. 1831, Color No. 24) forms a striking background.*



# Bigelow-Hartford

## RUGS & CARPETS

WEAVERS SINCE 1825



## The Irish of It

(Continued from page 48)



Foot-  
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The Shoe that's Different

SOME men still cling to the notion that ultra smartness in shoes is achieved at the expense of comfort.

It is true that no hint of the comfort of Foot-Joy Shoes is shown in the smart exterior. It's in the foundation. The shoe is designed to enable a man to walk in comfort all day on the concrete, tile and marble floors of this cement age of ours, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, be able to say "I wouldn't know I had feet".

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and by the pressure of her hand on his arm, that she never cared more for him than at this moment; and when it came time to say good-night at her door he detained her, holding her close to him, and tall as she was her head barely came to his shoulder, so that the soft lucency of the moon bathed her face as she tilted it toward him, her eyes limpid pools and the red lips parted slightly.

"There's something I've been wanting to say to you, Brenda," he exclaimed in a voice that quavered. "Something I would have asked of you long ago only I meant to be fair to David." And at this mistake of mentioning another name Brenda stiffened and drew back slightly.

"Shure, why should you be considering him?" she demanded bitterly and with averted gaze. "It's none he had for you—or me."

"I'm sure of that," declared O'Connor conscientiously, "for I told him how he could win you—and see how he acted. I told him I had nothing but material things to offer you that could not prove my love, but that he could prove his by overcoming his weaknesses—by fighting for you. I told him that, meaning to be fair with him. Look what he made of himself."

"And what did he say?" asked the girl, looking off into the night where like fireflies the lights of distant autos played along the bridge that spanned the Neponset.

"SOMETHING about his way of proving love," answered O'Connor, drawing his brows together in reflection. "As if his drunken appearance against Lowery could prove anything but his worthlessness. And after that bout when I called him for not fighting for you, he says, 'some men fight for a woman and some fight to possess her.' I don't know what he meant by that."

"Oh, but I do," cried Brenda quickly with a quavering birdlike note. "Oh, don't you see, now? He was fighting for me and not to possess me. He made me despise him so I would see how much more wonderful you are than he is. But—he is wonderful—throwing away his chance to be champion; making every one turn against him—even you, and he serving you so—all for me."

With eyes wet and hand to her lips she turned toward the door. O'Connor put out his arms futilely.

"Brenda, there's something I must ask you—"

"Not to-night—please."

O'Connor was left staring at the closed door and his empty hands, and at that moment looked every minute of his age.

David Horgan glanced up from the edge of his bed as the door opened, and a shade of annoyance brushed his features as he recognized O'Connor.

"Is it more advice you're comin' to me with?" he demanded a bit truculently.

"It's more advice," admitted O'Connor somewhat wearily as he dropped into one of the chairs of the cheaply furnished lodging-room. Then he leaned forward and looked at Horgan directly where Horgan sat with his legs crossed, without coat and the collar removed from his shirt.

"I told you to fight fair, and you're not doin' that," declared O'Connor. "You're making it so that neither of us can win her, for if I can't win her myself, you can't give her to me. You're not foolin' her at all in tryin' to make her despise you and thinkin' to do her a favor by carryin' on so."

"Oi moight have known she'd see through my scheme," mused Horgan; and then he looked up to O'Connor. "Well, what do ye want me to do about it?"

"What I told you before, fight fair for her. It's not my happiness nor yours that's to be considered, but only hers. She must make her choice with a free mind. If it's me she takes, she must do so without any lingerin' doubts or regrets caused by you; and if it's you that's meant to bring her happiness, then you must make yourself worthy of her."

"You mane Oi must go back to knockin' men out in the ring," declared Horgan with bitterness. "What a foine way to be winnin' a woman loike herself."

Now every fan, likewise a commission or two, knew that Mitchell still held his light-heavy title because with senile shrewdness he had

been able to run out of matches with all worthwhile contenders. The most formidable were Turner and Golitz. Mitchell had nothing on Turner when it came to cleverness and all-around intelligence; but Golitz appealed more to the fans because of his aggressiveness—disdaining cleverness while he kept forcing the fight with dynamite packed in each glove. But Golitz, anxious for money, made the mistake of signing with a local promoter for three fights with opponents unnamed. The first two appearances increased his knockout list, but the third man provided for him was the Irish Terrier.

Golitz attempted to crawl, not from fear, but because the fistic world knew of Horgan's punching ability, and should Horgan count with it Golitz would lose the profitable bout with Turner for the right to battle Mitchell. But the champion insisted that Golitz go through with the bout.

The fans jammed the ball park one night of the full moon to witness the fight no man expected to go the distance. Golitz came first into the ring, tall and stoop-shouldered, his brows battered flat so as to give his eyes an oriental cast that added to his awe-inspiring appearance. Horgan came into the ring with no pouch about his belt and stepping lightly and acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd confidently.

On the bell they rushed for each other; and the fans leaped yelling to their feet to remain so for the rest of the bout. Neither man gave an inch save when knocked back. Toe to toe they stood ripping punches at one another; and the end of the round found them streaked with glove marks and bathed in perspiration, each having assimilated as much punishment as most fighters take in the full distance.

For six rounds they stayed in the same park, but not in the same ring, since four times they went through the ropes locked in unfriendly embrace. While screaming fans stood on their chairs and howled, and a pop-eyed referee shrieked and pulled and pushed and a perspiring timekeeper played a tattoo on his bell and the resin-powdered ring danced to the pounding feet the two fighting fools slammed toe to toe, red from their trunks to their soaking hair and raining perspiration; but while Golitz had one style, the Irish Terrier had a dozen, and he shifted neater than a taxi-driver in a jam. In the seventh his gloves flew like parts of a broken watch, and Golitz reeled to the ropes. A crashing left paged the sand man, and then a right traveling inches but timed better than New Year bills caressed Golitz's chin and knocked him colder than Greenland in January.

THE whole world knew about the Irish Terrier now. Biff Sullivan started hurling challenges at Mitchell, but the champion was anxious to reap the benefit of some moving pictures and insisted that Turner and Horgan fight it out for the right to go into a title bout.

As usual, O'Connor had a ring-side seat the night of the Turner-Horgan battle. A long wait followed the semi-final and left the fans uneasy. Then Turner came into the ring first, which was unusual for him. Turner knew all the tricks of the trade; a smart ringster and even smarter business man. Bell boys said he was closer than two coats of paint. He was tall and slender with an abnormal reach. He had an intelligent face, with active dark eyes. Every movement suggested confidence, so much so that it amounted almost to conceit, and this impression contributed largely to his rather general unpopularity. He sat waiting for Horgan, and the growing impatience of the fans burst into sullen murmurs.

Then O'Connor and others saw Horgan coming down the aisle. O'Connor noted first that he was without his manager. Then he saw that Horgan could barely lift his legs over the ropes and as the fighter flopped onto his stool, O'Connor got a look at his face and saw he was drunk—stupidly drunk. O'Connor attempted to rise from his seat, but sank back helpless and nauseated, while about him the murmuring swelled to a roar. He saw Milligan, the referee, and McCorbey, the promoter, arguing vigorously, and knew that the promoter pleaded for his investment—and somehow the bout started.

(Continued on page 52)



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**COLLEGIAN**  
**TWO-PANTS**  
**SUITS?**

**T**ODAY, life sparkles with activity. Every day it's hustle, bustle, get up and go. Important engagements every hour. New acquaintances. A full, rich life which demands that you keep looking your best.

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*A Machine for Every Purpose*

*Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions.*

## The Irish of It

*(Continued from page 50)*

To O'Connor's surprise, Horgan, sluggish and helpless as he was, tried hard to fight, but his blows were without force, and Turner disregarded them while he rained a deluge of leather upon him. The swaying, tottering Horgan appeared to be fighting in a trance, eyes staring fixedly and hands pushing out ineffectually while infuriated thousands jeered in derision.

Turner had few knockouts to his credit, and now he sought to put away a man who had never taken the count, but slug as viciously as he might at the helpless putty that tottered in front of him he could not push it over; and Horgan stayed on his feet for four rounds or until the disgusted referee stopped the fight.

Only a cordon of police saved Horgan from being mobbed. As for O'Connor, he was too disgusted to go near Horgan.

AND now David Horgan had finished himself; his most ardent admirers looked upon him as a betrayer; the newspapers printed their epigrams to the Irish Terrier. It appeared he had no friend left him, not even Brenda Costello to believe in him.

There had been a time when Terence O'Connor refrained from asking the young Irish girl to be his wife because of the lingering thoughts he assumed she retained of David Horgan. There existed no such inhibitions now. Feeling as she did about Horgan, it seemed to O'Connor that he but had to ask the girl; but he did not ask. It was his turn to become plagued with thoughts of the missing Horgan. Once when Brenda spoke bitterly of him, he admonished her gently.

"Remember, Brenda, no one has had his story."

She looked at him in surprise and a bit hurt too. She knew that he knew that he had won, and that he had but to claim the fruits of victory.

"If there was any story," she said, "we would have had it."

"I remember his promises to me."

"Promises?" she repeated with gentle scorn. "What are they to him. You're judging him by yourself."

O'Connor kept his gaze averted. "We must be fair with him."

"And why should you be considering him—now?" While she admired the justness of O'Connor, she thought he should be selfish in the present instance. But O'Connor was consistent.

He sought out Horgan; looking for him in many of his haunts without finding trace of him, until after nearly a week he ran across the man in a graveolent pool-room. The marks of dissipation were upon him, and the scent of bad liquor came from his clothes as O'Connor backed him into a murky corner.

"An' what do you want?" cried Horgan in what was almost a snarl as he clutched a cue stick. "Must ye be forever after me. Why can't ye let me go my own way? Ye're not my keeper."

"I want your story of the night you fought Turner," persisted O'Connor as he crowded Horgan.

A flicker of fear shot into Horgan's eyes, and he looked about him for escape, but the big bulk of the giant contractor blocked him.

"You were there," snapped Horgan. "Ye had your eyesight. What more do ye want?"

"The truth from you."

"Ye wouldn't believe it," answered Horgan with a bitter laugh.

"I want it," insisted O'Connor.

"Well, then, I was framed; an' well he knew the one he was framin'—that Turner—with my reputation. The afternoon of the foight I get a letter from Tom Kehane—how in the name of Heaven they dug up his name, Oi don't know—and in it, Tom, that Oi haven't seen since he went out to Arizony with consumption, says he's down on Charles Street, an' could I help him, an' me with my pockets full.

"Well, Oi'm no sooner inside than Oi get a crack over the skull that knocks me cowl. Whin Oi wak up there stood a bottle of whisky by my head, an' they must have bathed me in the stuff by the smell of my clothes. My watch was gone, but it was dark out—an' then Oi remembered the foight. Somehow Oi got to the,

Arena. Sullivan wouldn't let me go on, but Oi put him to sleep with a punch—an' Oi guess you know the rest. The next day whin Oi read the papers Oi knew there was no one would belave such a cock-an'-bull story, comin' from me."

"There's one that would," stated O'Connor; and Horgan looked at him sharply.

"Ye mane—herself?"

"O'Connor shook his head sadly.

"No. She was very much disappointed in you."

Horgan drooped and a bitter smile played over him.

"There was one you said would be belavin' me. Who's that?"

"Me."

Horgan closed his eyes and his throat, unrestricted by collar or tie, worked convulsively.

"Oh, no, not that. Can't Oi ever make ye disgusted with me? You that's so wonderful, an' me that's no good at all. Ye've done iv'ry-thing for me, an Oi've been ungrateful. Oi've disappointed ye, Oi've kept ye from marryin' the most wonderful woman in the world—an' still ye keep afther me. Oi'm not worth that at all."

But O'Connor was not listening; instead he was thinking intensely.

"There's another who would believe your story—Mitchell."

"The champion?"

"Yes. He'd do anything that would stall off a match with Turner. Will you fight Turner again?"

"Will Oi foight 'im? Oi'll kill 'im!"

And so O'Connor caused Horgan's alibi to be flashed before the public, demanding a return bout with Turner on the strength of it—and all who read laughed. There wasn't a promoter who would handle the bout, a paper that would speak seriously of it, or a commission that would permit it—that is at first. O'Connor was a powerful and determined man, and never more so than now. Mitchell proclaimed his indignation toward Turner; the boxing commissions relented; the newspapers weakened and finally a promoter gambled.

Again O'Connor sat at a ringside seat when the unwilling Turner climbed into the ring; his eyes shifting uneasily and his conceit vacationing for the night.

Horgan came into the ring, the fire of anger burning on his face. He moved restlessly about the ring like a caged animal until released by the bell, and then he ripped across the ring hurling himself through the air at Turner. The veteran sought to keep him off with his long arms, but the Irish Terrier was a murderous creature to-night. There was no stopping those flailing arms at all; and the mystery of it all was that Turner stayed up. He made no attempt to fight back; but held and prayed that Horgan would tire himself out. As round followed round Horgan refused to tire, and it appeared the only way he could lose would be on a foul.

The crafty Turner sought to bring about such an issue. In the sixth round he dropped to the floor, while the wild-eyed Horgan danced nervously about him. Turner made a feint to rise and then dropped back to the floor, hoping that Horgan would hit him and thus commit a foul. Horgan might have done so had not the referee flung him aside. And as the white-shirted official continued the count, Turner rose.

Horgan pounced on him, crashing him into the ropes where he rained his heavy fists upon him. Turner sagged and attempted to slip along the ropes, but as he shifted, Horgan brought over a right that caught Turner behind the ear and sprawled him for the full count.

THERE is not much justice in the world after all. Here was the Irish Terrier, his past escapades forgotten, suddenly thrust into world-wide prominence, while O'Connor, to whom Horgan owed his success, and who was really a great man, was appreciated only by his associates.

And when O'Connor finally asked Brenda to marry him, her eyes filled up.

"Why didn't you ask me before. You're a great man, Terence, the grandest I or any woman ever knew; but you made David that famous now that he'll be needing me more than you do."

And so here was David Horgan, the rogue, winning Brenda Costello after all, and the great O'Connor losing her—which is not the way things should have worked out at all—but then, that's the Irish of it.



*Thousands have responded to my appeal to try Lincolns, and experience real riding comfort in a motor car.*

*Naturally, I am highly gratified, but I know that number would be millions if all car-owners realized the pleasure and comfort to be had from Lincolns.*

*I personally guarantee every set that goes out from the factory.*

*E. Y. "Head of the Business"*

**LINCOLN PRODUCTS COMPANY**  
2649 N. Kildare Avenue Chicago, Illinois  
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**LINCOLN  
BALLOON  
SHOCK ABSORBERS**

**For All Cars—\$15 to \$40 Per Set of Four**

# Calm Thinking

**A** LOVED one passes on. The anguish of soul is almost unbearable. It is unthinkable that one with such a burden should consider practical matters and yet what may transpire in future years justifies calm study in those dark hours.

The funeral approaches. Is it to be merely an occasion of respect? A display of emotion?

Or is it to be the laying away of all that is mortal of that loved one in a resting place amply protected against the ruthless elements?

That people are today thinking seriously of such matters is proved by the remarkably growing demand for the protection afforded by the Clark Grave Vault.

Merely by asking for the Clark Grave Vault you may be certain you are providing positive and permanent protection.

This is the famous vault (sold at a very reasonable cost) that is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. It has never failed. Being made of 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Iron, with a plating of pure cadmium (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) it offers the greatest resistance to rust that is known to science.

Also, because it is made of metal, it is not porous.

Leading funeral directors will gladly supply the Clark Grave Vault because they know it is absolutely dependable.

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all*

**THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio**

*Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.*



**CLARK GRAVE VAULT**

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

## Yes, Parking!

(Continued from page 14)

shown recently was built for the purpose of making money. Its only elevator is a small passenger car that is operated by pressure on a button numbered to correspond with the floor at which the passenger wishes to alight. If any one cares to raise the point now as to whether this type of garage can make money for its owners I have only one reply to make: This one was built by one of New York's shrewdest buyers of real estate, one who is nationally credited with insight and understanding of the trends of American economic currents.

The garage in question is six stories high and the cars that are stored on the sixth floor are taken up there as they would be taken up any other fifteen per cent. grade—they go up under their own power. This is easily possible because of an absurdly simple structural arrangement. The floors are staggered. One section of the building is half a story higher than the other, with the result that the connecting ramps rise only half a story at a time on an easy slope, instead of the sharp incline that would be necessary if those ramps connected even floors. One of the vital qualities of those short ramps is the reduced amount of space they occupy, which means, where real estate values are high, the difference between a profitable undertaking and a disastrous one. More cars can be stored in garages with staggered floors connected by short ramps than can be stored in a building of similar size in which the rises are achieved by elevators. This means more revenue and less expenditure. Fewer employees are necessary.

**T**HERE are about one hundred of these staggered floor garages in cities all over the United States and many more are being planned. There are six in Detroit, several of them adjuncts of business establishments with large delivery systems. There are three in St. Louis, one with a capacity of 1,250 cars. San Francisco has one with a 2,000 car capacity. Los Angeles has four, the largest with a 600 car capacity.

The garage I visited is in uptown New York. Men and women living up in Westchester County, New York, or even farther out in the suburbs, may drive that far into the city without encountering any serious congestion. From that point on to Wall Street they may ride speedily in the subway, and the transition from automobile to subway does not cost more than ten minutes time. Motorists who continue on down town are subject to tedious delays and then have to confront the problem of finding a place in which to hide an automobile.

"Get in that light cylinder," invited one of the attendants, "and I'll show you through the building."

I got in, somewhat timorously, and we started up. It was a fresh experience. I had never before inspected the interior of a building, from the first floor to the roof, in an automobile. I retain an impression of brilliant white walls, of row upon row of ranked cars, but the ascent was so easy that our rate of twelve miles an hour seemed almost slow. Admittedly I rode with an extraordinarily skilled driver. The average motorist mounts those twelve ramps to the sixth floor in second gear, but there are many steeper slopes to be encountered in an ordinary day's driving.

We got to the top floor in half a minute. Up there is a club room for chauffeurs, equipped with comfortable chairs, a radio, magazines and toilet facilities, but the important thing from my angle was a single, clear impression gained as I rode that this was not so much a garage as it was a section of Fifth Avenue coiled inside of a building, and the great bays on each of the staggered floors were as harbors for the hundreds of idle cars that, but for this arrangement, might have been clogging the smoothly flowing traffic of that great thoroughfare of retail shops.

This type of garage is being operated successfully when built to a height of eight stories. Some are contemplated that will be ten stories high, but just how high the economic ceiling of these buildings is makes a problem for financiers as well as engineers. The parking garage of the future for the big cities may, conceivably, be as tall as some of the skyscrapers from which they receive their patronage.

The cost of a seven-story garage of this type,

with a capacity of 750 cars, is said to have been \$1,180,000 in a large city in which the cost of the plot of 21,400 square feet of land was nearly half that sum, \$535,000.

The owner is making a profit that seems to satisfy him on this schedule of charges: fifty cents a day for transients; \$1.50 for overnight transients; and \$18 a month for customers who lease space by the year. The rental of ground floor stores, the sale of accessories, of gas and oil and other services all contribute to the profitable operation of the building. More than \$50,000 is earned by the business through the washing of nearly 25,000 cars a year. But in spite of this profit growing out of shrewd management the building is essentially an establishment for the rental of parking space, and on that basis alone its sponsor contends he is making money.

The department store represents but one of many kinds of institutions in our economic structure that are being literally forced into the garage business in order to survive. In explaining his decision to provide parking facilities for his customers one discerning department store merchant of a large middle western city recently said:

"If I attempted to sell frocks and umbrellas out at the curbing in front of my store because I lacked room inside my building every merchant in town would object, and properly. As I see it, however, when my customers' cars are parked in the street near my store while those customers are trying on corsets or overcoats, or while they are listening to radio sets, the space taken up by their cars is space used by me to make a sale. That is why I determined that it was part of my job to find a place for my customers' cars just as I provide a place for them to check their umbrellas on a rainy day. It won't be long, I believe, until all big stores in congested districts have some kind of a supplemental building for housing parked cars, a building that will be a privately owned street, rising floor by floor above the traffic streams at the surface."

Department stores are not the only institutions concerned, though. In Detroit the men behind a huge office building project concluded that the best way to compete for tenants was to erect a garage as a twin structure behind their skyscraper, the twin to be connected with the office building at every floor level. Business men were invited to consider the advantage of driving up to their floor, whether it be the sixth or the tenth, parking their automobiles, and then strolling into their offices a few steps down the corridor. How that plan is going to work out it remains for time to reveal.

A national chain of public garages to be established in the hearts of the office building districts of American cities is the aim of a recently incorporated organization in the Middle West. This plan is the outgrowth of a business which has been the successful operator of three downtown garages in a certain city. There is no doubt that the success of such an enterprise would rest on management. Providing indoor parking space for automobiles is a highly specialized business, requiring a special type of building, a specialized experience and a distinctive organization.

Nearly every big hotel in the country must operate a garage nowadays or else work in close harmony with the management of a garage in its vicinity. More and more American hotels are being forced to adapt themselves to a clientele that desires a service much like that which used to be given in Europe to coaching parties. The hotels in the heart of Chicago or St. Louis are just as much concerned nowadays to find a place for the automobiles of their customers as they ever were to find a place for them to leave their trunks.

Because they have to maintain larger garages than they need for their average number of bed-and-board customers they are compelled to sell some of their garage space to local folks, just as they are obliged to sell their dining-room service to them, in order to maintain a decent standard for registered guests.

The automobile tourist is a precious asset to all hotel men. His wants have to be catered to and the first of those wants is a place to put his car. He wants to know about that before he registers.

For several years I had been accustomed to go to a certain hotel down in Virginia. It was an



old-fashioned place, but the food was grand. The waiters were all carefully matched as to color, a kind of saddle brown and the least efficient one among them could make a quite timid soul feel like a belted earl. The oysters, brought daily from Norfolk, were enough to keep the dining room of that old hostelry crowded. Most of my stays there were at the end of train journeys, but a few years ago I drove into the city, religiously avoiding many opportunities to eat until I could reach that old hotel. I knew exactly what I wanted, too, and had sold the menu enthusiastically to the other members of my party.

We arrived about seven o'clock in the evening and bell boys wrestled with each other for the privilege of getting some of the baggage out of the car.

"Leave it all in the car, except these two pieces," I ordered.

"Better not leave it, Boss," advised the porter. "Somebody'll likely snatch some of it."

"They won't steal it out of the car when it's in the hotel garage, will they?" I argued.

"But the hotel doesn't have a garage, Captain."

"Well, what about the garage the hotel recommends?"

"Colonel, they recommend a garage, but they don't guarantee baggage. Better take your things inside!"

Well, by the time we had sorted out the myriads of articles that had to be carried into the hotel, the suitcases, the robes, the raincoats, the electric torch, the road maps and the rest of our impedimenta, supervised its removal to our quarters, and then after I had gone to a strange garage, and finally returned, it was long after eight o'clock. The waiter, without waiting for a complaint, volunteered the information that the cooks were a little less interested in their job after eight than they were before.

THE next time I went to that city I drove to a hotel which advertised along the roads leading into the city, "Garage under same management."

Parking garages are being built now in connection with many large apartment houses, and at least one big athletic club in the Middle West has been forced to build a garage adjoining the club building in order to provide parking accommodations for members' cars which may no longer be left to clog traffic in the near-by streets.

There is one other kind of business that is just now being brought face to face with the problem of caring for its customers' cars and that is the theatrical business. The theatre of the future, some New York architects believe, will be built as a part of a big parking garage.

Trolley lines, which suffer more, probably, than any single business from traffic congestion, have for some time past been striving to reduce that congestion by fighting curb-stone parking. The result for a while was a kind of propaganda frontier along which traction interests and retail merchants hurled insults and more deadly things at each other.

In one large city between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghenies there was a department store owner who used all the powers at his command, and he was really powerful, to prevent any restrictions being placed on parking.

"The right to park," he would say in the tone and manner of a Patrick Henry, "is inalienable. The state licenses a driver and it taxes his car. Parking is as much a right as driving. What is the use of driving if you can't stop anywhere? Besides none of us would be able to afford automobiles if we could not sell our goods, and I can't sell enough to survive unless my customers' cars drive up to my store."

"But, listen," pleaded one of the traction company executives, "most of those cars parked around your store are not the cars of customers."

"Oh, yes they are," insisted the merchant.

The store operated by that merchant occupies an entire block. A few mornings after his last outburst of opposition to any parking regulations he came to his store—and he always came early—and found that there was not sufficient room to park his own car unless he blocked his doorway or stopped beside a fire hydrant. Twice his chauffeur circled the block while the merchant reviewed an almost unbroken line of battered old cars, decrepit flivvers, automobiles that had been expensive, and powerful, in 1914;

(Continued on page 56)

# IF YOU'RE A SKEPTIC

## This is just what YOU want



THE difference between making claims and making converts is the *real difference* in INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. It is a difference you can FEEL . . . the instant you lather . . . before your razor touches. The difference is not a scent—It's a sensation!

INGRAM'S is more than a shaving cream. It's lather and lotion in one. It cools and soothes the torn skin of one shave and leaves it in good shape for the next.

Nearly a million men had cool shaves with INGRAM'S in 1926.

Nearly a million men got rid of notions about tender skins.

And now . . . if you're a skeptic—



187,776 jars in 1925  
619,512 jars in 1926  
Going even better now

### DO THIS

Write us for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your usual shaving preparation—lather the other side with the *unusual*... INGRAM'S. Then shave. It will be the coolest,

smoothest shave you ever had. You'll spread INGRAM lather with a smile . . . and spread the news among your friends that you've found a shaving cream at last that's really DIFFERENT.

Write us today for your 7 free cool shaves. Your skin will thank you.

Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar only costs fifty cents.

## Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave

## Yes, Parking!

(Continued from page 55)

used cars; badly used cars, and a few new and expensive ones.

The merchant was furious. It was too early, he knew, for this parking to represent a normal situation. His clerks were just taking the dust covers off the counters, and besides, only a few cars were parked at the curb lines opposite to the rectangle enclosing his block.

"It's a conspiracy," he shouted into the telephone receiver a little later as he roared a complaint to the Chief of Police, and he was right, for it was a conspiracy. All of those cars belonged to employees of the street railway company, from the highest salaried engineer down to the shop mechanics. In that solid line of ranked cars were the vehicles of motormen and conductors, of electricians and various others owing a pay-roll loyalty to the company. They had been invited to park their cars around that retail establishment by their bosses. Each of the lesser employees was given an hour's extra pay at overtime rates in return for the use of his car.

After three days of this nuisance the merchant capitulated and agreed that some kind of parking regulations might be helpful to business. In that particular city to-day one hour of curbstone parking is allowed in side streets, but in the main arteries of traffic in which street cars run all parking is forbidden.

In Philadelphia, and in some other cities, the traction companies have provided parking areas on the outskirts of the communities and offer a free ride into the city for all suburban motorists who rent parking space from them.

One of the vice-presidents of the New York Railways Company undertook recently to set forth the ideas of the street-car men on the subject of the relation to traffic congestion of curbstone parking.

"There are 400,000 passenger automobiles registered in Greater New York," he said, "to say nothing of the New Jersey, Long Island and Westchester suburban owners of cars. If parked bumper to bumper they would occupy a street reaching from City Hall, New York, to Omaha, Nebraska. But, lacking such a street, most of them seem to be trying to find parking space south of Fifty-ninth Street.

"Surface cars and busses carry forty per cent. of the total number of passengers carried on all transportation lines in Greater New York. Two out of every five residents in New York City are subjected to unnecessary inconveniences, delay and annoyance in order that a few thousand owners of automobiles may enjoy the privilege of storing their cars on the public thoroughfares—on the property of the public whose progress to and from their homes is thus retarded."

THERE would be traffic congestion, of course, even if there was no parking. What has been done with Chicago's loop district serves to prove that sometimes the street cars are nearly as much to blame for congestion as the average automobile driver thinks they are. In this case, that downtown gridiron of streets was a square mile of nightmare for any who had occasion to ride through it or rather creep through it for the rate of progress was about three miles an hour. One of the obvious things to do in order to speed up traffic was to forbid left-hand turns. All traffic has to stop every time any automobile driver makes a left-hand turn, but traffic is delayed even longer when a street car makes a left-hand turn.

It would have been futile for Chicago's Chief of Police to prohibit automobiles from making left-hand turns unless the order could be applied to all vehicles—and it was questionable whether the city had the power to apply such an order to the street-car lines since this in effect would have been an order to reroute their lines in the loop.

Finally, however, the city and the Chicago surface lines got together. Through-routing of the street-car lines resulted in the elimination of eighty per cent. of the left-hand turns in the loop area; of thirty-five per cent. of the right-hand turns and also the abandonment of two stub-end terminals in the central business district. Various other improvements were agreed upon and put into effect. These changes immediately facili-

tated traffic movement in the downtown region to such a degree that the speed of street cars was increased by twenty-five per cent. This meant, of course, that the carrying capacity of the cars was increased by that much and that journeys by street car were shortened.

The change made it reasonable to apply a rule against left-hand turns for all vehicles and then Chicago was ready to use a coordinated, automatic signal system, an arrangement of traffic lights that increased by fifty per cent. the street capacity of the Chicago loop. At every crossing the signal standards of this system are placed as near the intersection of curb lines and property lines as possible. This position seems to give a maximum of visibility for all concerned.

The synchronized signal system had to be designed so as to admit and release traffic along the North and South streets part of the time, and then to hold it while East and West traffic was permitted to flow. Flow, by the way, is an excellent word to describe the manner in which loop traffic moves under the new system. Drivers have learned that if they can "catch up with the green light" they can flow along swiftly and safely without making a stop in that loop region in which formerly they had to travel more slowly than they could walk.

That system has done several things; it has released traffic officers from routine signal waving and whistle blowing so that they can spend their time in promoting safety and preventing ordinance violations (chiefly overtime parking); it has given greater speed to the traffic streams, it has given drivers and pedestrians greater confidence because of the clearer indications of right of way; and finally by doing these three things it has achieved a fourth which was the real aim of those who fostered the new method: it has increased the capacity of the streets.

One of the most valuable aspects of the improvement in Chicago traffic is the clear lesson it offers for other cities, a lesson that shows that traffic congestion can be relieved only when it is treated by all concerned as a problem of management, of street management, which means the elimination of waste.

The head of a New York trucking company gave me a fresh slant on parking a few weeks ago. His business is engaged in hauling freight from railroad terminals and docks to the myriads of business addresses in the cubicles of midtown Manhattan. Excessive delay in the delivery of freight means that highly skilled, and therefore expensive, hands must sit idle until the cloth or the buttons, or the feathers, or the skins of wild animals for which they may be waiting, are delivered.

We were standing in Thirty-sixth Street between Seventh and Sixth Avenues.

"There is one of my trucks, now," said this man and pointed to a huge motor van in the single lane of slowly moving traffic. Cars were parked bumper to bumper along the curb lines on both sides of the street. It was a one-way street.

"Where you going, Charlie?" yelled the trucking company executive.

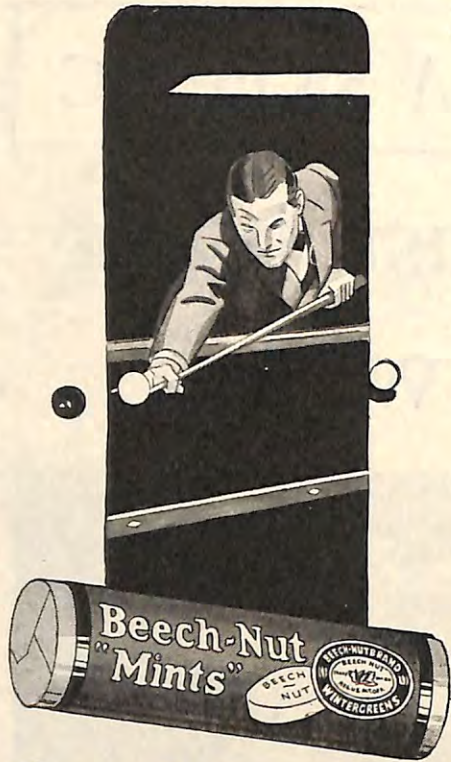
"Around the block," replied the driver, and then after a burst of profanity, "it's my sixth trip around. I can't get into the curb in front of number —."

The ponderous vehicle was piled with huge rolls of corrugated card board such as is used for packing.

"Six times around the block," repeated the truckman for my benefit. "Don't you suppose that is reflected in my costs? Don't you suppose I could reduce my charges considerably if I could eliminate this waste of time from the delivery operations of my trucks? You are seeing part of that two billion being lost, the two billion that the government says we waste through traffic congestion.

"It isn't my loss any more than yours. I have to know what it costs me to deliver a truck load of merchandise and those costs necessarily include the time consumed in finding a hole at the curb line. You pay for it when you buy—when ever you buy anything. Naturally the waste is being shoved along to the ultimate consumer."

We looked then at those automobiles that were holding the curb line. Most of them were light



## Good Goods in Small Packages

YOU will find Beech-Nut Mints for sale wherever fine candies are sold. And rightly so. For although the little packages of Beech-Nut Mints cost only 5c they couldn't be better—nor more delicious—at any price.

The flavors of Beech-Nut Mints are peppermint, wintergreen and spearmint. These are genuine flavors, cool and fresh and pleasing. You can buy these exceptional Mints at the cigar-stand in your club. They are positive proofs that good goods are often done up in small packages.

# Beech-Nut Mints

April, 1927

cars and more than half of them were unattended. Beyond question they were serving their owners in a valuable way, but the value of that service would not have been reduced if the cars had been parked in some extension of that street coiled inside of a building, a modern parking garage with short and easily inclined ramps.

There is complete agreement among men who have studied the traffic problem that widening the streets of congested areas would solve the problem for a while, but street widening is almost prohibitively expensive. The police authority of most cities suffering from serious congestion are convinced, after experiments, that when curbside parking is eliminated it results for all practical purposes in widening the streets twelve feet or more. It adds a new lane for vehicles, however slowly moving, on either side of the street.

Out in Cleveland last summer an effort was made to discover just how seriously the business of retail stores and banks would be injured by any rigorous curtailment of curbside parking.

**T**HE Retail Merchants' Board, a branch of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, met with executives of the Cleveland Railroad and agreed upon a plan for conducting a poll for the purpose of finding out how shoppers reached their stores.

A pink ballot was prepared which had four perforated corners. One corner read: "I came downtown in a motor coach;" another, "I came downtown in a street car;" another, "I came downtown in a private automobile;" and the fourth, "I walked down-town." That poll was conducted on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of a July week, those days being the favorite shopping days of most women for some inscrutable reason.

Eighty young women acted as election clerks and were posted in the entrances of twenty-two stores. This survey was preceded by a vast amount of newspaper publicity so that when the ballots finally were offered to shoppers most of the women had an understanding of the purpose. The tally showed that about ten per cent. of the women had traveled down-town in busses; 64 per cent. in street cars; nearly 22 per cent. in private automobiles; and that not quite four per cent. had walked down-town.

Thereafter Cleveland proceeded logically on its course of finding sane and sound solutions of its traffic congestion problem. At least its merchants know that 78 per cent. of their customers would not be discommoded by a "no parking" order.

The problem is never going to be an easy one to answer. The Department of Commerce, after a study of traffic conditions in American cities, reported that traffic congestion was forcing decentralization of the shopping districts in some cities. With merchants recognizing more and more a tendency of shoppers to avoid the heavy traffic areas, the government bulletin showed that branch stores are being established in less congested districts. In one large city two important department stores have already bought sites in a residential center for the location of branch stores.

Unquestionably humanity is going to make increasing use of automobiles. Where we now use 20,000,000, another decade may see us riding about in 40,000,000. Those 40,000,000 can't be kept moving all the time. To be of service they must be halted from time to time, and a freer use of the modern parking garage is the logical answer to the parking question. With enough ramp garages even the most seriously congested cities shall be able to say, "Yes, Parking."

## Shadow River

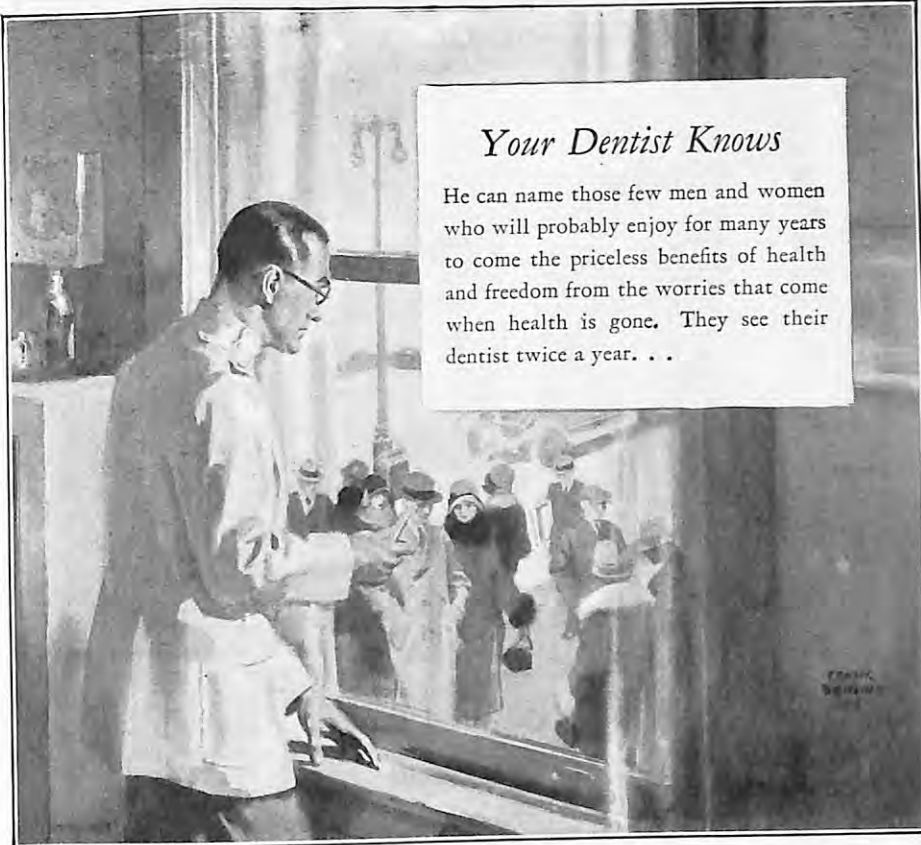
(Continued from page 26)

elephant, and their environs, in the hope of picking up the easily distinguishable traces of Londelengi.

"We can save time if we are towed up by the *Ruby*. It is only a day of travel that way, and it is six days with paddlers," Djoli told him. "The *Ruby* will pass here to-morrow."

For a moment Davy was surprised, and then he remembered the native method of relaying news by drum signals from village to village along the rivers. Evidently they had got news of the *Ruby*.

(Continued on page 58)



### Your Dentist Knows

He can name those few men and women who will probably enjoy for many years to come the priceless benefits of health and freedom from the worries that come when health is gone. They see their dentist twice a year. . .

## Pyorrhea still claims 4 out of 5

Pyorrhea is on a rampage. Although its warning signs are plain and science has provided protection against this common enemy, it reaps a heavy harvest.

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(Continued from page 57)

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"The Ruby has a white captain; what's his name?"

"Monsieur Verbeke," Djoli answered.

Davy nodded. "I guess he'll take us. I hope he has some mail. In the meantime we'll take a last look at the bath to-night. Have them ready to leave right after dinner."

The moon was high and bright when they climbed out of the pirogue onto the log. It wasn't even necessary for Davy to pull up the ivory night sight on his Express. The moon would not set until about one o'clock; the slight breeze was coming from the forest and they could not be scented—it was an ideal night.

The pirogue went back to the village. Davy and Djoli bent some of the roots over to make seats and settled down to their vigil.

An hour passed. Night moths and mosquitoes came. The moon sank lower.

It was about eleven when Djoli spoke to him. "There is a hippo up around the bend, coming down this way. Do you want the meat?"

Davy jumped as though Djoli had said "Londelengi." "Where?" he demanded.

"I hear him," Djoli said. "He isn't in sight yet. . . . It is only a hippo."

"You don't think we'd better shoot, then? It would scare the elephants?" Davy felt a little chagrined at his first excitement, but even now he was shaking with eagerness.

"It doesn't matter, Mondele. The wind is changing and blowing from the river now. They won't come out."

"All right," said Davy, "but where is the hippo?"

"Don't you hear him now? He is just going under."

Davy made out a noise, something like the last gulp of a hit bottle as it sinks under water. A minute later there was a snort, an unusually loud snort, as though a dozen hogs had snorted at once. It came from up-stream.

The hippo rose to the surface and snorted again. Then Djoli pointed out the head, looking like a big log of wood floating down with the current. The animal was out near the end of the tree, and was coming in toward the bar. Davy made a valiant effort to control himself. He could hear the beating of his own heart so plainly that he was sure Djoli could as well. Djoli was still sitting where he had been when he first made the announcement about the hippo, and only turned his head to one side casually to watch it. The hippo heaved himself ponderously out of the deep water and started to wade across the bar, the water reaching part of the way up his belly. He seemed enormous, a huge black mass, four times as big as any hippo Davy had seen in parks and circuses. Djoli passed Davy the Mauser. "This will do it, Mondele," he said, lowering his voice a little.

Davy was sure the hippo had heard, but he kept on as before, headed for the river grass. "His brain is very small," said Djoli. "Do you see the little ear? If you hit just in front of that you will go into it because it is a solid point cartridge. If you can't see the ear you can shoot for the heart, but he may get back in the deep water even if you hit it." Davy looked down the barrel and found he could see the sights almost as well as in the daytime. He put the bead just in front of the hippo's ear and fired. There was a thunderous bellow and the hippo whirled and tumbled forward in the water, toward the shot. A second later a chorus of shouts from the village reached their ears.

"Meat," said Djoli. They sat down again and Davy lighted a cigarette. "The boys will drag him over here and tie him to the tree," Djoli went on. "He will swell up a lot overnight and might float away if they didn't."

The canoe came up filled with paddlers singing at the tops of their voices.

III

Davy slept the next morning until the Ruby whistled for the little village two miles below Isambo. Everything was packed and in the balcinière except the cot and bath tent. Davy hurried through his toilet and was standing on the beach when the Ruby came in.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Verbeke," he called to the white man on the bridge.

April, 1927

"Ah, bon jour, Monsieur Zones. Are you going up river?"

"Have you room enough for my men and equipment as far as Bokungu?"

"Absolument."

"Good. And would you like to buy a little hippo meat for your crew?"

"Mais, certainement! Toujours."

"If you can stop at the bath above we'll cut him up. I killed him last night. I want to give some of the meat to the villagers here as a matabische for helping me out the last few days. Have you any mail for me?"

"A letter from Monsieur Franck. He said it was important."

Davy went aboard, put Franck's letter in his pocket, and the *Ruby* shoved away. When they arrived at the bath there were no less than fifty canoes, all filled with men, women and children, clustered around the dead animal. Davy had decided not to try to save the skin of this first hippo, so the cutting began without formalities. All the meat was to be brought out to the *Ruby's* barge and distributed there when the cutting was finished.

THERE was much excitement as well as several casualties resulting from fights and cut hands, but the job was finally done. Davy apportioned a hind leg, a few ribs, and some of the much-desired intestines, to the chief of Isambo, and left the rest for Djoli to sell to the men and the *Ruby's* boys. The steamer got under weigh at once and Davy settled down contentedly to read his letter. He had already guessed at the tenor of its contents. Franck in an expansive mood—urging him on. It doesn't pay, however, to guess, even about a letter from a friend, in the Congo. That part of the world is not made along logical lines. Davy read this:

"Mon cher Davy,

"The *Ruby* leaves in a few hours. It is one o'clock in the morning now. Something of great importance came up to-night and I hate to do it but I have to tell you and I have to get it to you as soon as possible so that you will know where we stand. I had another letter written and ready to mail to you but I won't send it now. There was nothing in it and it would only confuse things.

"Listen, Davy, we are up against a very hard proposition, harder by a long way than we knew when you left. A baleinière pulled in here late this afternoon and Gerard was in it. He came right up to the café and found me alone, sitting at my desk. He shook hands very cordially, too cordially, and said, 'M. Franck, I have made a three weeks' trip to see you for half an hour.' It sounded just like LeKeuche talking.

"He said, 'You are a Belgian, we are all countrymen, so I will avoid the preliminaries. I suppose you know that our mutual friend Monsieur LeKeuche accidentally overheard part of what you were saying to the American that night?'

"I laughed at him when he said 'accidentally overheard part of it,' but he went right on without changing his voice or his face, just like he had learned it all beforehand.

"He said, 'Monsieur Franck, we are going to get Londelengi, the big elephant. M. LeKeuche feels that information brought in by a black man is really public property and that no unfairness has been done just because the black man happened to work for you at one time. It is only a black man after all and it may be that we are wasting our time uselessly. We four are countrymen and have been friends for years. And M. LeKeuche doesn't feel satisfied as long as he fears you are under the misapprehension that an injustice has been done by us. Voyez-vous he is inclined to overlook the unfortunate incident that happened in your rooms and wishes me to invite you into our company, to take an inactive part, but to receive ten per cent. of the profits derived from Londelengi.'

"Believe me, Davy, I was so surprised I nearly fell over on the floor. I couldn't even speak for a second, and Gerard went right ahead with his speech.

"There is no doubt that if Londelengi exists we will get him, M. Franck. For of course we have the backing of Monsieur le Substitut, you know—Monsieur Van Loo, who is at home on leave at the moment.'

"Then my heart kind of froze up, Davy. I don't want to discourage you, and I want to say

(Continued on page 60)



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# Shadow River

(Continued from page 59)

that we are far from beaten, but there's a real fight ahead of us now. I have known Van Loo for years. He is the worst type of Belgian there is—flattering, overbearing, crooked. He is a fat, unhealthy-looking little serpent that came out here at first as an Agent Territoriale. But he has an uncle who is fairly high in Brussels, so he rose fast in the colony. He went up through all the Administrateur grades in one term, and his second term he was in the office of the Governor of the Equator-District. He went home on leave a few months ago and was elected to the office of Substitut du Procureur du Roi of the Equator. That means he is what you would call a Prosecuting Attorney, for the whole of this District. It's a job with a lot of power to it, and he'll use it, no fear about that.

"When Gerard mentioned his name I remembered that I used to see him in here with LeKeuche all the time. 'We wrote to him,' Gerard said, 'as soon as we had made our plans, and now we have a long cable from him that was relayed through in the State code.' He pulled a pink sheet out of his pocket and handed it to me. There it was, a cable from Van Loo to LeKeuche, all in code with the translation written underneath. As near as I can remember it said something about enthusiastic cooperation, and that they must get this great specimen for their country's sake, for Belgium. He said that he had already provisionally sold it to the Museum at Antwerp, and that he was writing to all the State men throughout the Equator, telling them to give these three every possible assistance. That he would do all he could from that end and that he would soon be in the Congo again. He said a letter would follow.

"I said to Gerard that I presumed the letter would explain how much Van Loo was to get out of it, and he put on his best shocked expression. 'It is for Belgium,' he said. I said that in that case Van Loo must have told all the State men the details, because it wouldn't matter to him who killed Londelengi. But he had his answer ready. 'He wants us to have the honor,' he said. I didn't answer and he went on to say that I would get my ten per cent, anyway, and that they were ready to put it in writing. All they wanted from me was Djoli. What do you know about that? They want me to get rid of you and take Djoli and turn him over to them.

"I didn't know what to say so as not to make him suspicious, and I asked him how long he was going to be here, because I wanted to think it over. He said he was going up on the Ruby as far as the Lomela, and that I'd have to decide at once. You can find out from Verbeke where he got off. Now, Davy, I don't know what these people can do but I know they can do a lot. They can almost tie us up if they want to. I don't want to give you a lot of things to worry about if they are not going to happen, but you have to be very careful. I thought it would be best to gain what time we could, so I told Gerard I would do it. I told him to tear up the contract, and that I trusted them as my own brothers. But I said I couldn't get away so soon, and that I would have to write you a letter and recall you to Coquilhatville. Then I said I would send Djoli up to them. I'm pretty sure he didn't believe me altogether because he wouldn't tell me where they would be. He said to send Djoli to Moma by the second boat after this one, and that there would be somebody there to meet him. So we have a little time anyway. As soon as that boat gets to Moma and Djoli doesn't step off, the battle begins.

"There you are. So work fast. WORK FAST! . . ."

Davy looked up from the letter, sadly—and he saw a white man standing in the door of the Ruby's cabin. It was not Verbeke—it was Gerard.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Zones," Gerard said, coming toward him. "Comment allez vous?"

"Quite well, thank you. M. Verbeke didn't tell me you were on board."

"No? I suppose he thought you knew. My baleinière is tied up just by yours alongside the barge there."

"I didn't notice it. Where have you been? I thought you were up river somewhere."

"I noticed you seemed surprised to see me."

"No, it wasn't that. I have just received a letter from M. Franck which brings bad news."

"Really? Mes condolences. I just saw Franck a few days ago. He didn't tell you I was to be on board?"

"No, he didn't."

"Strange, I hope the news you received is not too bad."

Davy returned Gerard's stare. "He wants me to come back to Coquilhatville," he lied steadily.

There was silence. Presently Gerard extended his hand and Davy was forced to take it. "I'm sorry," Gerard said.

THEN Verbeke came back from the bridge and the three started chatting about the hippo. Davy went to the rail and tossed his letter in the river. The three sat down and whiled away the forenoon, and then had lunch together. After the siesta Verbeke went to the bridge, to Davy's disappointment, and he and Gerard were alone again. Gerard wasted no time returning to the subject.

"It's too bad you didn't read that letter before you got on board this morning."

"Yes," said Davy.

"You are going to Bokungu, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"There will be another boat going down in about two weeks. I was just thinking—I am a little short of boys and you won't need all yours now. I could take a few off your hands if you like."

"I'm afraid I'll have to take them all back. That's what Franck said—with full personnel and equipment."

"I feel sure he wouldn't mind if he knew who they were for. To tell you the truth we are sort of partners, Franck and I. Come to remember, I believe I told him I was getting off at the mouth of the Lomela, but I changed my mind. Otherwise he would have mentioned it. I know it will be all right with Franck if I take some boys and one or two capitas."

"I would hate to do it without his permission, since he is financing me," Davy said. "Furthermore, I do want to get a buffalo before I go back. I am going in to the plain behind Bokungu and I'll need all my boys."

"But that plain is a long way from the river. You can't get in and back in time for the boat."

"No, my capita has been there and says it takes three days each way. I'll make the boat all right."

Gerard started to speak, then hesitated. "Well, you tell Franck you saw me and that we are anxiously awaiting a few men from him. Will you tell him that? I'd be much obliged. He said something about sending us men when I was down there."

Davy agreed, and Gerard soon went into the cabin for another nap. Davy drew a long breath and expelled it slowly through his teeth.

He did not see Gerard again until he stood on the beach, watching the Ruby pull away. Then he only saw him for a moment. Gerard put his head out of the cabin door and called to some one. A native appeared on the upper deck and entered the cabin. It was Bopio.

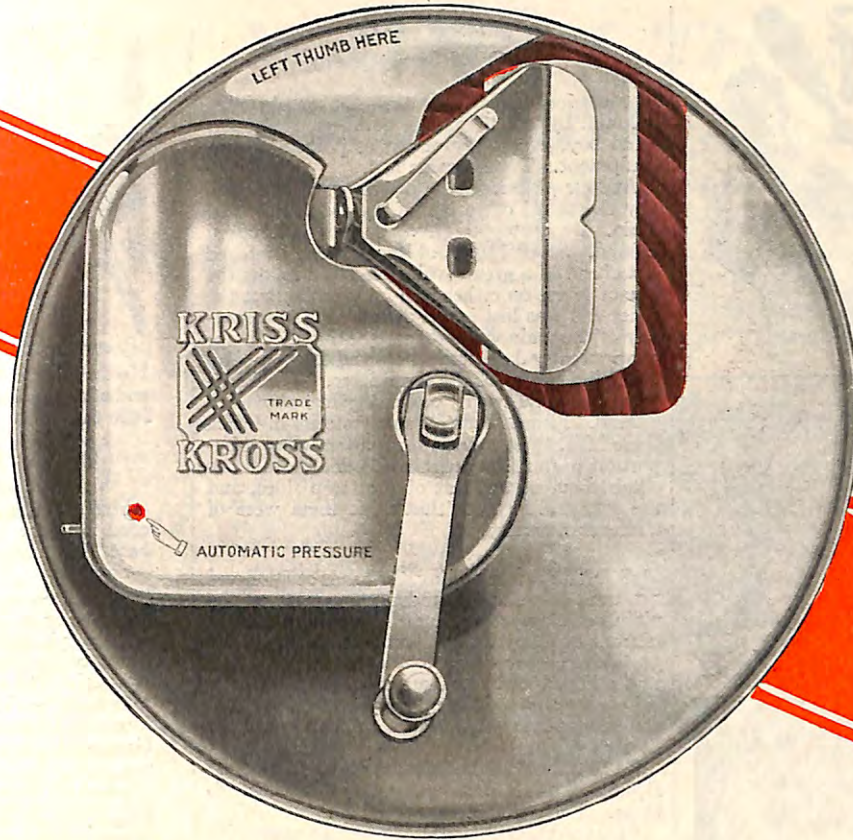
Two light, white-wood poles, three inches in diameter and twelve feet long; a seat of woven kikery bark slung steamer-chair-fashion between them; a tiny roof of palm leaves—a tipoy. There are many types of tipoys constructed by the Africans more easily to transport their white masters through their lands, but this one Tumba built for Davy at Bokungu, and for three days he sat in it and moved into the jungle toward the plain. They made up the safari with all the men he had except one boy, who remained at Bokungu to bring in the mail from the next steamer. Djoli walked a half hour ahead with two of the villagers to scout for game; the tipoy with its

(Continued on page 62)

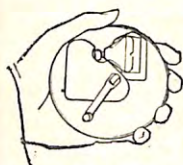
### CHAPTER IV

DAVY'S eyes widened. For a brief moment astonishment blanked his mind. Then anger flamed up within him and the fat figure in the doorway lost its focus. He wanted to spring from where he sat, one leap would make it, and tear in with his fists.

But reason began to work at the same time. So, instead, he rose with a smile, and bowed.



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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 60)

four carriers came next; then the gun-bearers, followed by all the others, paddlers, cook, personal boy, everybody acting as porters for the equipment. Tumba came last.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day the safari came out of the forest onto the plain. Davy stepped from his tipoy and looked around. Several miles of brown grass stretched out ahead in a great oval. He could follow the line of forest on either side for a while, but the other end was lost in the distance. The monotony of the plain was broken by straggly clumps of apparently dying trees here and there, and by the rising towers of the termitières, the tall ant-hills that stood twenty and thirty feet above the ground. Franck had told many stories in which these hills, these havens for hunters, played important parts. Elephants and buffalo could not climb them on account of the steep sides, and the fat, grubby ants that built them were of a harmless variety.

AS DAVY stood looking, the heads of Djoli and the two villagers suddenly appeared on the plain, seemingly springing from nowhere directly in front of his eyes a hundred yards away. The grass out there was up to their arms; they had just stepped out from an even deeper patch. Where Davy stood the grass was only shin deep; the saucer-like edge of the plain had been deceiving.

"A big herd of buffalo are here, Mondele," Djoli said as he came up. "We didn't disturb them. There is one very fine bull."

"Do you think they'll still be here to-morrow?" "If the wind doesn't blow hard enough to take the smoke from our fires out to them."

"There is a good place to put our camp here. Isn't there any water?"

"There is a stream that cuts into the plain up here on the right. Elephants have made a clearing there, but they don't come on this side of the plain any more."

"We will go and pitch our camp, then. We may be here for some time. How long will it take to cover this territory properly?"

"It takes three days to walk around the plain. It is very long. In one place on the other side, where this stream flows, we ought to go on back for a day or two. There are two other directions off this plain that the hunters should go. I don't know how long it will take. Perhaps two weeks."

"Is it all good elephant territory?" "I don't think there are many here this time of year, but I don't know. It is only that we might see the big one, or his traces."

When the tent was ready, Davy called Djoli inside to consult the map with him. "There is nothing on the south side of the Tchuapa until we get past Bondo. That's a long way. I wish we could trek across to that point without walking all the way back to the river."

Djoli shook his head. "There's too much water in between. It would be faster the other way."

"Don't you think we could find Bassengis with canoes who could paddle us across?"

"It would be quicker the other way, Mondele."

"The point is that we have no time to lose. We ought to finish up here and get up river as soon as possible. We are only doing this as a precaution, so as to be sure Londelengi hasn't come this way. In the meantime he is probably within a hundred miles of where you saw him. Or he may even be down in the Sankuru, where LeKeuche is."

"I don't think he is in the Sankuru, Mondele. I don't think he is near where I saw him. I think we will run across his trail somewhere near Bondo. It is new country for him; he will not leave for the Sankuru right away."

"In any case," said Davy, "we are pressed for time. There are reasons. In a few weeks' time the Bula Matadi will all be against me. Monsieur LeKeuche and the others are friends of the Bula Matadi. They think you are coming to Moma to work for them. In three weeks, when you don't appear in Moma, the trouble will begin. Monsieur Franck has said so."

Djoli looked down at Davy sitting on his cot, and over his face came a peculiar expression. It was the same expression of curiosity and surprise he had had when Davy announced that he



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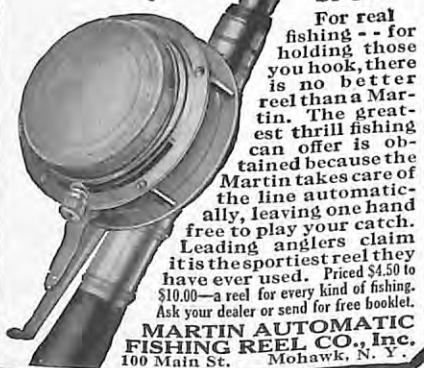
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would walk with the hunters all day. Djoli said: "They don't think I am coming to Moma, Mondele."

"What?"

"Monsieur Gerard knows I am not coming to Moma."

Davy rose. "I don't understand you," he said.

"One of the barreurs," Djoli said quietly, "the chief helmsman of the *Ruby*, speaks French. He said that Monsieur Gerard gave money to Monsieur Verbeke to let him open your letter from Monsieur Franck."

"What?"

"That is what he told me, Mondele."

"Well, why in the name of God didn't you tell me? What are you hired for anyway? Don't you want to help us get Londelengi?" Davy turned away angrily. "You're an idiot," he said.

Djoli's face remained exactly the same. He neither looked hurt nor angry. "That part was the white man's palaver," he said. "The white man works here." He touched his temple. "I have been taught that the white man wants to settle his palavers without the black man."

"I guess I don't understand the minds of the black men," Davy said. Djoli continued as though he hadn't heard. His voice was as low and calm as ever and his expression was unchanged, but Davy saw an odd light glowing deep in his eyes—a flare of fanaticism. Davy had never glimpsed the native heart before, and never did again.

"He is mine," Djoli said. "I want him more than Monsieur Franck, or you, or the other white men. I don't want him to sell; the white men can make their francs from him when he is dead. I want him because he is mine. He belongs to me and we belong to each other. It is so from the time of the fathers of our fathers . . . I don't want to live after he is killed."

Davy sat down again. He was anxious to say something, or do something, but his brain refused to function. He felt as though he had had a kind of revelation. It was all absurd, of course; he realized that—but his own hopes and plans seemed momentarily rather petty nevertheless. He lighted a cigarette and sat smoking in silence so that it was Djoli who at length brought things back to an every-day basis. "If you like, Mondele, I will start at daylight with the party going the greatest distance. And I will send Tumba and his hunters around the plain. They will be back in three days, unless they find the trail before. If they do that they will send a runner to me and one back to you, so that we can all take the trail together. My journey will take a week or perhaps eight days. I think we will know whether he is here or has been here, after that."

"All right, Djoli. You call me before you get away. If you see the buffalo herd to-morrow, circle around so as not to stir them up. And don't forget, Djoli, we have to hurry. Tell Tumba."

DJOLI left and Davy bolted his dinner. He began to wish Franck had dwelt a little on the possible moves of the three Belgians. He could take no specific precautions as it was now. Franck had counted on a three weeks' respite in any case, and instead, whatever weapons his opponents had were certainly being put in use at once.

Madibanga opened the tent flap and said that the chicken he had just eaten was the last one. And there were no ducks left, and no eggs, in fact there was no fresh food at all. They would have to open tins from now on. What should he open for to-morrow?

"Why isn't there any fresh food?" asked Davy. "I told you to let me know before we left Bojungi if you couldn't get enough. What did you do with the money I gave you?"

Madibanga produced a few francs and put them on the table. "I bought all they wanted to sell," he said, and then in a melancholy voice gave an account of the money spent.

"How about the boys? Have they brought plenty of manioc?"

"All the manioc is finished."

"What are they going to do?"

"They don't know. They say it's always this way when they come back from the rivers. Nothing to eat."

"It's their own fault. They should have brought more. You go and call Djoli."

(Continued on page 64)

# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by any one of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by

this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work-sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 600,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

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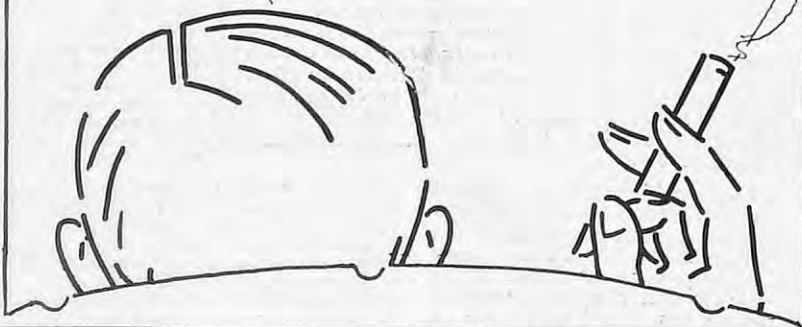
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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 63)

Djoli came, and explained that the men had brought all the food they could carry in addition to their loads. But there was game on the plain—buffalo, and several kinds of antelope. And monkeys in the forest. Bolenge could shoot a shotgun and go for monkeys and birds.

"Who is Bolenge?"

"He is the capita of the paddlers, the helmsman of the baleinière."

"What are you and Tumba going to do for chop?"

"Tumba and his men have enough manioc for three days, Mondele. And they have their spears; they may get an antelope. My hunters and I pass through a village two days from here. We will get supplies there."

"All right. You appoint Bolenge capita until Tumba gets back. Tell him I don't want any palavers among the boys. I'll kill some meat to-morrow."

Davy walked on the plain for several hours in the sun the next day, but he killed no buffalo or anything else. Bolenge had been in the forest since dawn, with Davy's shotgun, and he too came back empty-handed. The next day they repeated the performance with the same result. That night two of the boys deserted. Davy called one of his Swahili gunbearers and handed him the Savage .22 and four days' supply of tinned tuna fish. "You catch those boys," he said, "and bring them back here. You have a white man's gun and if you don't come back I'll send the Bula Matadi after you." The gunbearer slipped away in the darkness on the trail to Bokungu.

There was no singing in camp that night. The men sat mumbling in front of the fires. Davy distributed some more fish. It was like feeding dogs.

THE next afternoon the other gunbearer came down out of a high tree, from which he had been watching the plain through Davy's field glasses. He said there were buffalo on the plain. He and Davy and one other boy started at once. The wind was wrong and they had to make a wide detour, but after an hour's walk Davy located the herd from an anthill. Eager as he was to make a kill as soon as possible his attention was nevertheless diverted for a minute by the size of these animals. They were nothing like the American bison, but more like over-sized bulls, with enormous horns that seemed to grow from their foreheads straight out to the sides and then turn abruptly up in sharp points. They were grazing quietly along through an open space between two patches of tall grass, appearing as though out of nothing, much as Djoli had done the first day on the plain, and then disappearing into the grass again.

Davy drew his head out of sight, full of the delightful suppressed tingle of excitement that comes only in hunting. "It's too far," he whispered to the bearers. "There's another anthill up there closer."

"We must go carefully, Mondele. They are very smart. They will attack if they see the grass moving and we could not get back to this hill."

"I am going alone," Davy said. "Three would be too many to get on top of the other hill and would make too much motion in the grass." The boy with the Springfield handed him the arm, but he chose the Mauser. He wouldn't need a long-range rifle and the Mauser was much larger and would be sure to kill if he hit. They were much bigger animals than he had expected.

He sneaked through the grass, part of the time on all fours; going forward foot by foot in the direction of the other hill, he reached it and climbed slowly up to safety. For a few moments he sat down near the top to catch his breath, and then looked over toward the buffalo. What he saw gave him a shock. Instead of the half dozen or ten animals he expected to see, he saw a large open space a mile long nearly covered with them. There were roughly two hundred buffalo gathered there, some feeding, others wandering about pushing against each other, others simply staring. Davy looked over the herd, and from the other end of the open space he saw a pair of horns advancing through the others, horns twice the size of any he had seen. It must be the big bull Djoli had mentioned. Presently he could

see the magnificent head and shoulders, standing out above the others. The beast was coming through the herd, disturbing the rest. Then he turned and came out in the open to graze. The nearest animal was fair sized, but he made a rather bad target because he was facing the rifle. A head shot, with all those horns on the forehead was too risky. Suddenly, for no visible reason, every animal in the herd threw up its head in alarm. A flock of peculiar black and white birds that Davy had never seen before shot overhead, screaming. The beast nearest Davy began to move his head from side to side as a horse does when driving away flies. The whole herd was restless and apparently about to bolt. Only the big bull stood perfectly motionless, looking straight toward the anthill. The flock of birds wheeled at the other end of the open space and started back. The animals at that end began to move in a body for the nearest forest. Davy looked down his sights. It wasn't a good target, but it was the best he had. He steadied the bead on the left side of the nearest buffalo's breast and waited until the big swinging head moved again to the right. Then he closed his right hand.

THAT night there was noise in camp, and ten fires were burning. Over each fire was a network of interwoven green boughs and on the boughs lay the chunks of meat. About nine o'clock Bolenge came in with two big black monkeys and a guinea fowl. At midnight the gunbearer arrived with the two deserters, all three laden with bunches of green bananas. They brought interesting information as well. They made a plea for leniency on the ground that they had been lured away.

"Bunk," Davy said.  
 "No, Mondele, a man came into camp late one night and woke us up. He used to work for you. He offered us food if we came."  
 "Bopio!"  
 "Yes, Mondele, his name is Bopio."  
 Davy swore. "I'm going to catch that man."  
 "He has gone across the river. He said we would get no food with you because he had been here with some Bassengis before you came, and they frightened the game."  
 Davy made no further comment at this news. He privately decided that he would take a shot at Bopio wherever and whenever their paths crossed again.

The deserters were docked a week's pay, each received ten chicotte lashes from Bolenge, and were given meat only to satisfy their hunger and not enough for an orgy. Early the next morning Tumba returned. His party had run into some wild manioc and brought back armloads of the roots, enough food for a week. The fast was over.

"Ye adjali te, Mondele," Tumba replied to Davy's question. "He isn't here, and there are no traces of him."

"Did you see any elephants?"  
 "Yes, there are elephants. One good one with tusks of thirty, perhaps forty kilos."

"Did you see any buffalo?"  
 "There are lots of traces."

"I saw the big bull of the herd yesterday. Do you think they will come back to-day after being shot into?"

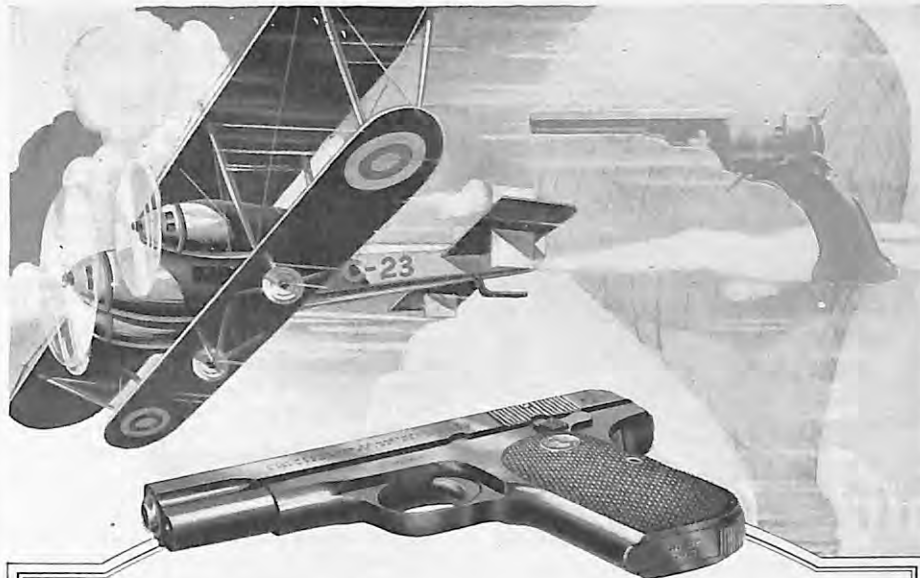
"They may feed in another part of the plain."  
 "I will go out for the big one to-day. I want to take the head and hide for mounting. Send one of the hunters into a tree with the glasses and I'll start after breakfast."

No one saw the herd or any part of it that day, or for several days to come. Apparently the buffalo had moved to another place. But the general hunting on the plain was excellent. Davy killed a waterbuck a quarter of a mile from camp one morning, and another day, just at sundown, he scared up a drove of blue dika antelope.

Davy went back to camp in good spirits, but they were not to last. The boy he had left at Bokungu was standing in front of his tent with a letter from Franck. This is what it said:

"Mon cher Davy,  
 "Please write me at once and tell me how many elephants you have shot. I am very much in the dark here and don't know what to say to people. Everybody who comes in is talking about your wonderful luck, and asking me a lot of questions because they think I ought to know the details if anybody does. So far I have just told the truth and said it was all news to me,

(Continued on page 66)



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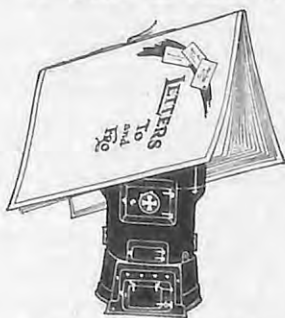
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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 65)

and that I hadn't had a letter from you for over three weeks.

"I know it can't all be true because the story had been growing right here under my very nose. The first I heard of it was ten days ago when some Isambo niggers came down here to peddle copal. They said you had killed three elephants in one night and that two of them were females, with tusks under the weight allowed by the law. Now they have it that you ran into a big herd and lost your head and shot down everything you could see—some big bulls, a cow, and several small elephants with no ivory at all. Two or three have asked me if you had sent the ivory down for sale, and whether or not the Commissaire would issue you another permit so soon.

"Personally, I never heard of any such so-called luck in all my experience here, but I suppose I have a lot to learn still. I tell everybody that you must have shot in self-defense and that surely the ivory will be turned in to the State sooner or later and that then your permit will be valid again. That's the best I can do without information from you.

"I'm not going to censure you, mon ami. I know what a temptation it is when you first see them. I guess you just couldn't resist cutting loose at them. But I certainly hope you can hold off from now on because our whole plan is in danger if you can't. You will have to have another permit right away or they will expel you from the Congo and fine you too, as they did to that English poacher Bowden, that I told you about. I haven't got the money to spare, but I will make the application and you must send down your ivory right away so that I can sell it and send the money to the Commissaire. And please write me the details, like a good fellow.

"I am sending you a case of tinned stuff, assorted. You'll find it on the beach waiting for you when you get back to the river. I suppose you are in the interior somewhere now, possibly at Bokungu. I'll have the captain drop this letter wherever you went in. He can make inquiries as he goes along.

"Our friend Van Loo is getting a lot of publicity now. He is coming back like a victorious general returning from a war. He is going to get married out here and they tell great stories of his fiancée. They say she is very beautiful and an Englishwoman. I don't know how he ever got her. I don't see how any woman could look at that big mouth of his without crying. They say she is coming out ahead of him, but she is coming around by the east coast on an English boat and will come in through Johannesburg, then up through Rhodesia and Tanganika and on to Stanleyville. She will come down the river from there and meet Van Loo at Boma when his boat arrives. The story is that she wants to see the country first to find out whether she likes it or not. If she does they will be married. It's causing quite a sensation. They say Van Loo will be Governor-General of the Congo some day. I hope I'm dead when he is.

"Good luck to you, boy. Do your damndest and do it quickly. All the dogs in Van Loo's kennels will be turned loose on you in a week or so now. Try not to shoot any more elephants and remember that your friend Franck is with you all the time.

"Votre ami très dévoué.

Franck."

THERE was a good variety of wild game for dinner that night, but Davy ate only one fried banana. All the blood from his stomach appeared to have gone to his brain. At eleven o'clock he called Tumba and handed him a thick envelope addressed to Monsieur Franck, La Lanterne Café, Coquilhatville, Equateur, Congo Belge.

"Pick out a good boy," he ordered, "and start him for Bokungu with this letter. He is to leave now, not to-morrow morning. Do you understand?"

Then Davy went to bed. He was called at five-thirty, and Esoko was standing beside his cot when he opened his eyes. "What do you want?"

"Tumba asks if he may come in the tent."

"All right."

Tumba slipped under the flap and walked up to the bed. He said the buffalo were not more than a half-mile from camp.

"Is the big bull there?"

"We can't see yet, Mondele. We will know when the sun comes up if I look through the glasses."

"Take them; they are on those cases there. I'll get dressed."

Two hours later he, Tumba, and one other boy were creeping along the plain by inches. The grass where they were was only a foot deep. In front of them was an anthill, for which they were heading. Two hundred yards to the left of the hill was a lone tree, white and dead, but apparently quite strong enough to bear a body and not too big to climb.

They reached the anthill in thirty minutes, and Davy found the big bull was among the group farthest away.

He swore. "Look here, Tumba. You and this boy stay on the anthill. I'm going to crawl up closer and get that animal."

"You will be killed then, Mondele." The cool tone of voice in which Tumba delivered this took some of the starch out of Davy.

"Why are you so sure of that?"

"The birds will see you and come over. They will stampede the buffalo, who will come this way because the forest is nearer on this side."

"What birds?"

"There are black and white birds who warn the buffalo. They almost always do."

"I have seen them," Davy said, "but I didn't know that."

"They will come soon now anyway," Tumba said.

The bull was straying out in the open, five hundred yards away. Davy looked at him through the telescope sights of his Springfield. He knew then that he could hit the bull, but he knew also that it would only be luck if he touched a vital spot. The bull was standing with his right side toward the hill. However, it was his last chance and he decided to take it. He set his sight elevation at five hundred and adjusted the Beauford windage scale to compensate for the slight breeze. He searched in his pocket and selected a Lugaloy bullet with a soft copper point. The shrieking of the birds sounded from overhead just as he pulled the trigger.

The herd thundered toward them half way across the opening, then swerved and entered the grass on the other side of the tall tree. The big bull was last, and he disappeared at a full gallop. Then they noticed that something of the herd was left. It was a little calf, only two feet high, an awkward little animal, all legs, and exactly like the calf of a domestic cow.

Davy was in a rage. He threw his gun to his shoulder, and then hesitated. The calf was running around in circles. An idea struck him, and he started down from the anthill toward the calf. Tumba cried out, "Tika, Mondele," which is a warning to wait, but Davy was going to catch the calf. He was going to send it to Franck to show him the nearest he had come to killing an elephant. He even planned the note he would attach to its leg; it would be very sarcastic, saying "keep this until it grows up, then if it doesn't produce any ivory send it to Van Loo with my compliments." It was to be an immensely clever thing.

Tumba called again, but the danger was over now because you could still hear the pounding of the hoofs in the distance. Davy ran along, carrying his Springfield, and the calf had straightened out now and was heading for the grass where its mother had disappeared with the herd. They sped on, past the tree and further. Davy was gaining, and laughing.

Then the big bull came out of the tall grass.

He didn't step out and look around. When Davy first saw him he was coming, bellowing, at a full gallop. Davy stopped as though he had been shot. He turned and ran like the wind. Then he remembered the rifle in his hand. Davy stopped again, but the bull didn't stop. Davy brought the gun to his shoulder, and then he cursed the telescope sight from its maker to its present state. He couldn't focus it. It was not for this kind of work and he knew it. He would have given ten years of his life for the Mauser, lying useless in Tumba's hands. Then Davy got what every hunter gets at least once in his life—what every hunter gets at least once in his life—it is called "buck fever." His rifle began to shake like a reed. He pulled the trigger at ran-

# Ever Take An Internal Bath?

By T. A. Ballantyne

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to duplicate my experience now.

To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge. So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below, and, in return, got a booklet named "Why We Should Bathe Internally."

## What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  $\Omega$ . The enema cleanses but a third of this "hor eshoe"—or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleans it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does.

## Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are a generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of those poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing.

## Immediate Benefits

Taken before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—re-made. That is not my experience alone—but that of 1,000,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health!

## Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally," by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 338, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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dom and then turned to run again. The bull was not so very far away, not far at all, but the anthill was a hundred yards away. He dropped his rifle and sped for the tree. A shout came up from the boys, some word he didn't know or couldn't remember. Why couldn't they speak English? What did they mean? "Bafumba, Mondele, BAFUMBA!"

He reached the tree two seconds before the buffalo, and he scrambled up to safety. He looked down at the big bull standing bellowing below. He looked into the bloodshot, wicked little eyes, and at the tremendous spread of horns with their needle points. Then he saw a red trickle from the beast's shoulder and knew his first shot had hit. . . .

And then—he felt a little sting on his cheek—then he felt a hundred stings on every exposed part of him. He remembered now; bafumba, the driver ants, the red army ants, who can pick a dead elephant clean in forty-eight hours, the ants that go for your eyes.

He was suddenly covered, crawling alive. He screamed from the pain, the bull bellowed angrily at the foot of the tree, and his Mauser lay useless in Tumba's ignorant hands.

(To be continued)

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

throughout the Lodges of the State, and the greatly increased activities of the association under the presidency of John J. Lermen. President Miffin G. Potts has retained "Protect Your Forests" as the slogan on the cover. The movement for the preservation of the forests of the State was inaugurated by his predecessor in office, Mr. Lermen, Past Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and is one of the most important outside activities of the California association.

## Millville, N. J., Lodge Continues Fine Work Among Crippled Children

Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 508, continues its widespread and active work among the crippled children of its jurisdiction, and its plans for the coming months are extensive. So well known has the Crippled Children's Committee of this Lodge become that in a single day, a short time ago, five requests for assistance were received. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov has personally congratulated Chairman Eugene Gallaher upon the work his able committee is doing.

## The Campaign to "Save Old Ironsides" is Still Active

The National Committee of the "Save Old Ironsides Fund," of which Rear-Admiral Philip Andrews, U. S. N., is Chairman, is selling at 25 cents apiece, beautiful lithographed reproductions in full color of the official painting of "Old Ironsides," by Gordon Grant, as one means of adding to the fund for the restoration of the famous old frigate. Copies of these reproductions, suitable for framing, may be had from the Committee, whose address is Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass. The Committee is contemplating the issuance of blue-print plans of the ship, from which any one interested in building models can make a correct scale model. These plans will be available at \$5 a set, provided enough persons express an intention to buy to ensure the success of the venture. The money received from the sale of the reproductions and the model plans will go directly into the "Save Old Ironsides Fund."

## Mother Lodge to Conduct Large Indoor Track and Field Meet

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, has undertaken an Indoor Track and Field Meet for the public high school and private preparatory school students of Greater New York. The Committee on Social and Community Welfare Work has engaged the armory of the 22nd Engineer Corps at 168th Street and Broadway, New York City, for Saturday evening, April 2. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov will be present to fire the gun for the first race.

(Continued on page 69)

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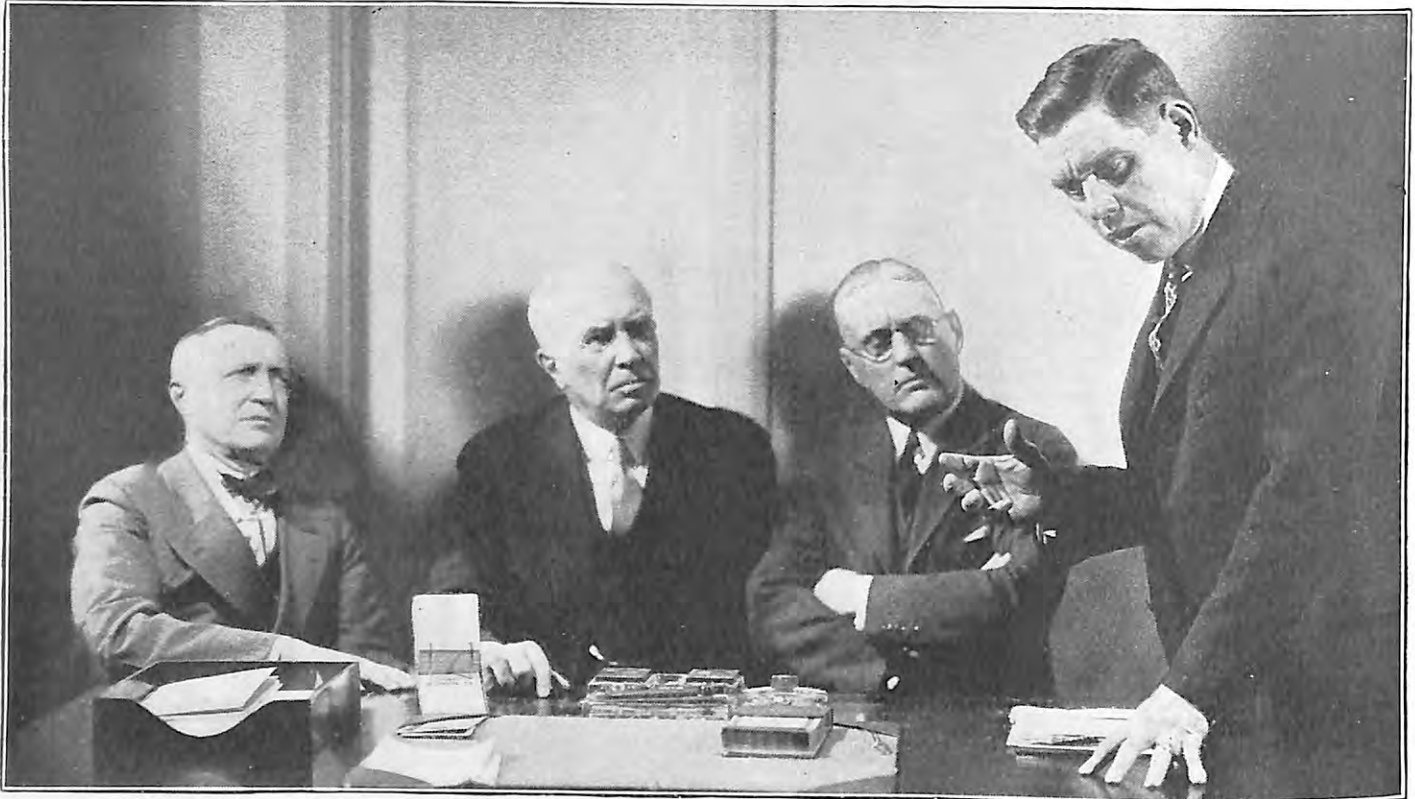
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# Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

**S**UDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity,

my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

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There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, win

salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-

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- 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

April, 1927

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

### Past Officers of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge Hold Interesting Meeting

Visiting members from Lodges in Lafayette, South Bend and Goshen attended the Past Exalted Rulers' Night recently observed by Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425. An excellent musical program was provided during the course of the evening, and there were also brief addresses by the past officers, the meeting ending with a delightful supper.

Elkhart Lodge is active in many fields of social and welfare work. The Boys' Band, which it sponsors, is one of the liveliest and best trained organizations of its kind in the State. Concerts by the youngsters are receiving high praise throughout the community.

### Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-Second Birthday

Observance of the twenty-second anniversary of the institution of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, was marked recently by the holding of the housewarming at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Giles and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Thumm were the guests of honor. The meeting was held in the newly renovated quarters, and it was the first time that many of the members had visited the Home since the painters and decorators completed their work. Many visitors from neighboring Lodges were also present to enjoy the musical program, the impromptu speeches and the supper which were some of the features of the evening.

### Anacortes, Wash., Lodge Conducts Salvation Army Drive

The members of Anacortes, Wash., Lodge, No. 1204, for the fifth consecutive year, were successful in conducting the annual home-service drive of the Salvation Army, raising over \$2,000 for distribution by the Army in Anacortes.

The Elks invited the Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, and also many other organizations, including women's organizations, to take part. A large banquet launching the drive was then held at which all the representatives were present in the dining-room of Anacortes Lodge. Three days' time saw the drive successfully completed and the Army safely financed for another year.

### Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge Host To District Deputy King

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Willard F. King was recently the guest of honor at the Home of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131. Dinner, served in the grill-room, was followed by a meeting of the members in the Lodge room at which a class of candidates was initiated and addresses were made by Mr. King and several others. After the meeting a theatre party had been arranged for the members and their ladies.

The District Deputy in his address praised the officers and drill team for their splendid rendition of the ritual, and also the outside charity and community welfare activities of the Lodge.

### Huge Throng at Charity Ball Of Fall River, Mass., Lodge

More than 2,000 men and women, including many of the most widely known persons in the city and state, crowded the Morgan Street Casino on the occasion of Fall River, Mass., Lodge, No. 118's annual charity ball. Gov. Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts led the grand march, followed by Mayor W. Harry Monks, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh T. McNeil, Exalted Ruler Harold J. T. Hughes, Judge Edward F. Hanify, Representative William F. Thomas, with their ladies, and by many other notables. The march itself had been preceded by a concert and entertainment, and the dancing which followed was interspersed with a number of specialty features.

The ball was one of the most successful social (Continued on page 70)

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Note exclusive features.  
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beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3½ 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!

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

events of Fall River's winter season and was equally gratifying from a financial standpoint, a very substantial sum being realized for the charity fund of the Lodge.

### Somerville, Mass., Lodge Organizes Band of Fifty Pieces

Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, has recently organized a band composed of about fifty pieces which is rehearsing weekly under a competent instructor. The enthusiasm already shown assures the success of the band and its growth to 100 members within the next few months.

The recent Charity Bazaar conducted by the Lodge netted \$2,000, which will be used to purchase and erect a life-size bronze elk. This will be a memorial to the departed members and will be placed on the lawn of the Home grounds.

### Minstrel Show of Frostburg, Md., Lodge Raises Large Sum for Charity

The three performances in the Lyric Theatre of the elaborate minstrel show and revue of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, were played to capacity houses. Never before had Frostburg seen such a splendid home-talent show, and the response was enthusiastic in the extreme. A large sum was realized and turned over to the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge, which is doing excellent work among the handicapped youngsters of its jurisdiction. Co-operating recently with various clubs and county organizations it arranged for a clinic at which Dr. G. E. Bennett, the famous orthopedic surgeon of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, examined seventy-one patients of all ages. For thirty-five of these hospital treatment was prescribed, and the Elks are assisting those who are unable to bear the necessary expenses.

### Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Enjoying Steady Growth

The past year has seen a most gratifying advance in the activities and membership of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. New classes have been initiated at frequent intervals, and the attendance at Lodge sessions has been larger than ever before.

Recently a large number of members went to New York by special train for the testimonial dinner to Police Commissioner Charles Wynne, who is a member of No. 842.

### Paterson, N. J., Lodge Raises Large Sum for Crippled Children

An attendance of 6,500 persons and net receipts of \$16,000, to be used in crippled children work, made the radio concert and dance held a short time ago by Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, the greatest single benefit performance ever given in the city. Every seat in the huge armory was taken, as was every available foot of standing room. Outstanding stars of Radio Station WEAJ provided concert and dance music of the finest kind, and the huge crowd enjoyed itself thoroughly. John Pomfret, Jr., was general chairman of the Lodge committee in charge of the affair, and much credit is due him and the sub-committee chairmen and members for the splendid success achieved.

### Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge Produces Fine Minstrel Revue

The most elaborately staged home-talent show ever put on in the city, and one which far surpassed any previous effort, was the recent minstrel revue produced by Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge, No. 450. Playing two nights to capacity audiences, the show was the means of adding a large sum to the charity fund of the Lodge.

### Death Claims "Con" Gavin, Member Of Raton, N. M., Lodge

The recent death of Cornelius John Gavin was a cause of deep sorrow among his many friends throughout the Order. "Con" Gavin, one of the organizers of Raton Lodge, No. 865,



Page Mr. Peanut

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April, 1927

was well known in the Southwest, and was a familiar and active figure at many Grand Lodge Conventions. He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New Mexico for two terms, 1902-1903 and 1903-1904. Previous to the institution of Raton Lodge he was Exalted Ruler of Las Vegas, New Mexico, Lodge, No. 408. Mr. Gavin was born in Massachusetts, December 5, 1859, and died at Raton, January 20, 1927.

**New Lodge at Lake Worth, Fla., Is Instituted**

More than 600 Elks from all parts of the country took part recently in the institution of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee of St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, who conducted the ceremony, was assisted by the officers of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352. The event was a gala one, for which the whole town was decorated. A parade headed by the West Palm Beach municipal band opened the exercises while an airplane bearing Alvin E. Gillette, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Colee flew over the marchers, bombarding them with flowers. Following the institution there was a large banquet at which Mr. Colee and other distinguished visitors were the guests of honor.

Lake Worth Lodge began its career with close to 200 members. J. A. Rostan and Harold Forrest were elected Exalted Ruler and Secretary respectively.

**Los Angeles Lodge of Antlers Celebrates First Anniversary**

Los Angeles Lodge, No. 11, of the Order of Antlers, the junior organization sponsored by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, celebrated its first anniversary with a splendid program in the Home of its big brothers. Dedicating the evening to their fathers and mothers, the youngsters arranged a special entertainment for their benefit, in addition to the dancing. The occasion was entirely successful, and one more evidence of the organizing ability of these progressive youngsters.

**Work of the Crippled Children's Committee of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge**

A report from the Crippled Children's Committee of Cohoes, N. Y., No. 1317, shows that there are 77 cases listed within the jurisdiction of the Lodge, of which 25 can probably be permanently cured.

Thanks to Cohoes Lodge three children are now in hospitals undergoing treatment. Four sets of braces have recently been purchased and a number repaired, and special shoes and medicines and other supplies furnished to needy children. Cohoes Lodge has, for a number of years, been extremely active in this branch of welfare work and has accomplished much good in its community.

**Butte and Anaconda Members Visit Helena, Mont., Lodge**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Archie McTaggart paid his official visit to Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193, he was accompanied by twenty-five members of Anaconda Lodge, No. 239, and 150 from Butte Lodge, No. 240. The Anaconda delegation included a string band, while Butte sent its orchestra and drum and bugle corps. Reaching Helena the visitors formed in marching order and, headed by the musicians, paraded to the Home of No. 193, where a banquet and entertainment were enjoyed after the Lodge session. It was a delightful occasion and one of the most successful parties in which Montana Elks have indulged for a long time.

**Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge Initiates "Charles H. Grakelow Class"**

Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge, No. 1026, made a gala occasion of the initiation of its "Charles H. Grakelow Class," the largest in its history. Opening in the afternoon with a street parade in which the candidates, members and visiting Elks from many surrounding Lodges took part, (Continued on page 72)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

the program included an elaborate banquet and a capacity attendance at the Lodge session. Among the prominent Elks present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. A. Lobban.

### Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge Holds Milk-Fund Bouts

Thirty rounds of fast boxing comprised the milk-fund bouts put on by Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, a short time ago. Staged in the auditorium in the Home of No. 341, the affair drew a large crowd and the entertainment provided was of a high order. A considerable sum was realized for the milk fund.

### Oroville, Calif., Lodge Greets Grand Exalted Ruler

When Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov visited Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently, among the Lodges of the State that greeted him on that occasion was Oroville Lodge, No. 1484. It was represented by a very large delegation, each member wearing a badge and ribbon with the slogan "Know Your Order Better." In addition to being present in large numbers, the members presented Mr. Grakelov with a beautiful gold nugget shaped like an elk's tooth. This unique token had been in the community ever since the days of 1849.

### Tri-State Convention to be Held at Daytona Beach, Fla., April 24-26

The tri-state convention of the State Elks Associations of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida will be held April 24-26 at Daytona Beach, Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, acting as host to the visitors. Elaborate preparations have been under way for some time and a definite program was recently announced. Though the official opening will not take place until Sunday, April 24, special events have been arranged for all those who arrive on Saturday, April 23. A trap shoot, dancing, and a general reception are on the program for this day. A ritualistic contest, band contest, a large parade, a trap shoot for the ladies, a golf tournament, and many other interesting events are scheduled during the convention. A considerable sum has been appropriated for suitable prizes in each of the competitions. Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelov and many other distinguished members of the Order have been invited to take part in the convention, which, from every present indication, will be one of the best attended and most interesting meetings ever participated in by the Lodges of the South.

### Rahway, N. J., Lodge Holds Another Successful Clinic

One of the most successful operative clinics yet held under the auspices of the Crippled Children's Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, took place a short time ago when Dr. Frederick H. Albee operated on six youngsters.

Rahway Lodge does excellent work among the unfortunate children of its jurisdiction, and already more than 100 of these have benefited by the clinics and operations performed.

### West Virginia Association Establishes Hospital for Crippled Children

Realizing a long-cherished dream, the West Virginia State Elks Association has established a hospital for crippled children in Martinsburg. The institution, which the Association confidently hopes to make one of the finest hospitals in America, consists at present of the fourth floor of the King's Daughters Hospital, which has been set aside, without charge to the Association, for the exclusive care of children suffering from deformities, who are recommended for treatment by an Elks Lodge.

The location of the hospital is a particularly happy one, both because of the local advantages in the way of climate and the services of the skilled staff of the King's Daughters Hospital,

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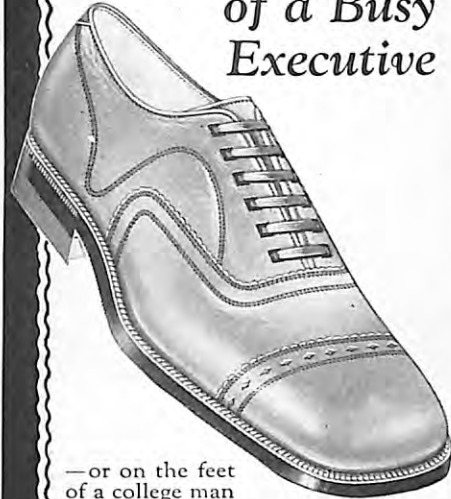
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Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778, which now contributes all of its net income from the annual Lodge dues of its members to charitable activities, has equipped, and will permanently maintain, a private room, in the new hospital for the use of little patients whose treatment may require isolation. Wheeling Lodge, No. 28, has authorized the equipment and maintenance of a similar room and it is expected that many other Lodges of the State will do likewise. Martinsburg Lodge also offers its services as an agency through which information concerning this new enterprise may be secured, and through which any contributions toward its equipment and maintenance can be made.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

A special entertainment marked a recent meeting of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, when more than eighty candidates were initiated.

Onconta, N. Y., Lodge will celebrate its 13th birthday on April 28.

Haverhill, Mass., Lodge will hold a carnival in its Home from April 23 to 30, inclusive.

New Haven, Conn., has instituted a series of Neighborhood Nights that promise to rival in popularity the Nationality Nights of the past.

The House Committee of Nutley, N. J., Lodge presented recently to the membership three sets of tentative plans for a Home.

Nashua, N. H., Lodge will celebrate “Patriots’ Day” on April 19 by the initiation of a special class and the installation of new officers by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Landers.

La Junta, Colo., followed the initiation of a large class by a banquet in its Home at which more than 500 members and their ladies were served at table by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers.

Members of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge recently visited Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, instructing a large class of candidates for their host.

Eureka, Calif., Lodge is now rehearsing the large cast which will take part in the show to be produced in the State Theatre on April 19 and 20.

An unusual family gathering took place at a recent meeting of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, when Aaron Basch, Past Exalted Ruler, assisted in the initiation of his five brothers.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge has taken up with the Mothers’ Club of Public School No. 14 plans for providing better playgrounds.

On the first of this month, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, gave a minstrel show and dance for the benefit of the Bronx Eye and Ear Infirmary.

With the appointment of another San Francisco high-school student to the University of California, San Francisco Lodge is now sending three young men through the universities of the State on its Scholarship Fund.

Meeting in the Home of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, a large group of members proceeded to the Oritani Theatre to participate in a testimonial to the surviving members of the James B. McPherson Post, G.A.R.

Newton, Mass., Lodge will hold its “May Festival” on April 29 and 30 at the State Armory in West Newton.

The final report of the Charity Ball Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge shows net proceeds of \$15,500.64.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge is considering the formation of a Lodge of Antlers among the boys of its jurisdiction.

Manila, P. I., Lodge contributed a substantial sum to the local Boy Scout Troop.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge put on its second annual show for its crippled children’s fund.

April 4, 5 and 6 will see performances in the Palace Theatre of the minstrel show of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge.

Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge entertained a Tri-State Trapshoot in which 12 five-man teams took part.

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## Principles of Industrial Financing

By Paul Tomlinson

**T**IME was when industrial securities were always viewed with more or less suspicion by the American investing public. That time, in so far as the more important industrial enterprises are concerned, has passed. The fact of the matter is that many of our industrial concerns are so firmly established, and have become so important a part of the economic life of the country, that valid doubt as to the fitness of the securities issued by these concerns as investments has been entirely dissipated.

In the early days of industrial financing,—and industrial concerns need capital just as much as other prospering businesses,—it was usual to supply the money needed by means of a sale of common stock and common stock only. This is the least complicated form of corporate financing there is, but it was employed of necessity because only those who were willing to take chances would invest in industrial securities, investments in that class of business not being considered stable enough to attract the purchaser of conservative investments. It is still recognized that in competitive industrial enterprises there are certain inherent risks which make essential the most careful scrutiny of industrial investments. On the other hand, there is a growing number of intelligent and conservative investors who believe that *proved* industrial stocks offer a very satisfactory means of diversifying their investment holdings, and this attitude makes sound and logical industrial financing a somewhat easier task than it used to be.

There are no hard and fast rules to apply in the testing of industrial security issues. Investment bankers, whose function is, briefly, to gather together the savings of individuals and supply them to business, have, however, out of their experience and study formulated certain broad principles which they agree among themselves should be observed in the issuance of industrial securities. Now the investment banker must not only have a wide knowledge of industry and commerce, but must assume great responsibilities in his dual capacity of capital raiser and security seller, and it might be interesting to the readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to consider what safeguards the investment banker regards as necessary in order to make industrial securities suitable for investment purposes. In previous articles it has been mentioned that only by offering sound securities to its clients can an investment banking house build up and establish its business on a permanent foundation. This being the case, it is fair to assume that the investment banker will properly safeguard the securities he offers for sale. What these safeguards are is our present concern.

If industrial financing is accomplished other than by the sale of common stocks, this implies preferred stocks, bonds of many kinds, and debentures of various sorts. In the case of bonds and notes it is almost a basic principle with investment bankers that the security for such loans should be the corporation's current assets primarily, with fixed assets,—such as plant and real estate,—a secondary considera-

tion. The reason for this attitude is the feeling that the risk inherent in fixed property used for industrial purposes belongs to the common stockholder. This rule, of course, like all rules, is subject to exceptions, as for instance a case where fixed assets have independent value, or are comprised of natural resources, or where a corporation dominates its field with an earning record that removes all doubts as to its ability to meet interest charges on its obligations regularly, and to pay the face value of these obligations when they mature. At the same time the history of industrial financing during recent years has rather clearly demonstrated that the principle of making current assets the real security is correct.

Current assets, as every one knows, are comprised of such items as cash, accounts receivable, notes receivable, and inventories. When it is stated that a bond or note issue is essentially a loan against current assets it is not intended to imply that there is any specific lien against such property. That would be impracticable. Neither is it intended to convey the idea that a mortgage on the corporation's fixed assets is unimportant. There are certain devices known as protective covenants which are incorporated in the trust deed which are designed to preserve the security for a loan and to make this security readily available to the holders of the corporation's obligations in case of trouble. Such a covenant, for example, would provide for the borrowing corporation's keeping a certain ratio of debts to assets during the life of the loan. The real function of these covenants, however, is to have them provide certain checks and warnings to the management in the maintenance of conservative and properly fixed ratios between debts and assets, and a proper balance between current and fixed assets. It has happened in the past that the establishment of a *definite* ratio has in some cases proved too drastic and has defeated the very purpose it was designed to accomplish.

**T**HE covenants which are used to-day are generally speaking of three different classes. The first are called publicity covenants and require the borrowing corporation to keep its bankers and security holders regularly informed of what it is doing and how it is getting along, by means of announcements, balance sheets, and earnings statements. It is not too much to say that many companies might have been saved from bankruptcy if their bankers had been kept fully informed as to their operations, and the importance of these publicity covenants can scarcely be over-emphasized. Other covenants of the same general sort are those requiring approved accounting methods, and provision for adequate reserve. Sometimes these covenants provide for representation by the bankers on the board of directors.

Then there are covenants requiring the setting aside of a certain percentage of earnings each year as a sinking fund. Investment bankers usually feel very strongly that in the investment



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## Roxy Theatre

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field no debts should be incurred without provision for actual repayment at some future date. What this amounts to is that in most cases expansion of a company's business is either provided for out of earnings, or by the sale of additional common stock. There are covenants restricting the amount of dividends which may be paid, for discretion in the matter of dividends is certainly wise financial policy. All businesses have good years and bad years; patently it would not be prudent to distribute all the earnings in good years, and not establish surplus funds to carry the enterprise over the inevitable slack times, or to enable the directors to draw on these funds for dividends in slack times.

There are covenants designed for the maintenance of a proper balance between fixed and current assets, the purpose of these covenants being to make available to the security holder the assets that are the real security for the loan, the only danger being, as we have already pointed out, that the ratio in these covenants may be made too drastic.

So far as real security for the holders of a corporation's obligations is concerned there is, however, nothing quite so important as earnings. Current assets, fixed assets, devices to protect these assets, all are to be emphasized, but earnings provide the real security, and the ability to forecast earnings wisely is the acid test of an investment banker's skill. He must have a complete knowledge of the industry whose securities he is to originate, and this knowledge implies to a rather marked degree his ability to predict its future. And nothing has quite so much to do with a corporation's earnings as its management, a factor that practically no investor is in a position to appraise. The decision as to whether the management is good or bad, therefore, rests almost entirely with the investment banker. In big business, as it is conducted today, competition, both domestic and foreign, is unusually keen, and the management must have knowledge, not only of its own business but of the industry generally, be intelligently optimistic, be able to anticipate the future trend of its business, be able to promote and maintain morale among its employees, and be well and accurately versed in matters of finance. Further, management is of necessity a changing element, and there should never be too much reliance placed upon one individual, who inevitably must some day surrender his place to a successor. Business management and administration is, in other words, a profession that calls for the best brains there are, and the fact that such large salaries are paid the heads of some of our big corporations shows that in order to get the best it is necessary to provide considerable financial compensation. When people argue that no man is worth what some of these men are paid the answer is that if they were not worth that much money they would not receive it. The law of supply and demand applies to the salaries paid business executives as aptly as it does to the price of raw cotton, and it is doubtless true as some one has said, that the only trouble with business in the United States is that there is a scarcity of executives worth \$100,000 a year.

What this all means to say is that the investment banker has a real task on his hands to assure himself that a corporation seeking capital from the public is the kind of a corporation whose securities he can offer to his clients in good faith. A big investment house with the right kind of securities to offer has little difficulty in effecting sales. Frequently we read in the newspapers of an issue of bonds, or an issue of stock, of some business enterprise offered for sale on a certain day and over-subscribed perhaps several times before that day is two hours old. People who as a result of such occurrences think that a banker's life is spent on a bed of roses fail to take into account the days, weeks, or months of work he, and his lawyers, and the borrowing corporation's officials, and their lawyers, and who knows how many other people, have spent in preparation. There are endless difficulties to be surmounted in almost every loan of any size. Is the security all that it should be? Is the return to the public sufficiently attractive to make them buy, and not too large to cause the borrowing corporation embarrassment? Is the trust mortgage legally and fairly drawn? Have the federal laws, and the laws of the various States concerned all been complied with? Is the time right for the offering of such a loan to the public? Is the marketing

(Continued on page 76)

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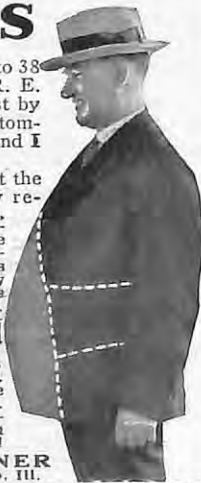
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## Principles of Industrial Financing

(Continued from page 75)

machinery all oiled and ready to operate smoothly? Are the bonds, or the stock certificates printed, checked, and ready for delivery to purchasers? There are a thousand and one details in connection with a big present-day loan, and all of them are important. Investment banking,—the originating and marketing of securities—is one of the most complicated and intricate of businesses.

Investment banking also is a business requiring the fulfillment of certain principles, some of which have been touched upon in the foregoing paragraphs. The investment banker not only has great responsibilities, but a duty rests on his shoulders to conduct his business in such a way that fair and just consideration is had for the interests of industry on the one hand, and the investing public on the other. He has a duty to society in other words, and if he performs it well he merits hearty approval. As for the public, it must largely depend upon the word of an investment banker for knowledge of the investments it buys, for certainly it is itself equipped neither to gain all the facts nor to act upon them even if they were available. In other words, it can not be emphasized too strongly or too often that the public, the ordinary layman investor that is, should buy securities only from investment houses of proved and established reputation.

### Investment Literature

"How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 Edition). Describes plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

Bennett, Bolster & Coghill, 7 Wall Street, New York City, will send on request a circular dealing with their offering on Roxy's Theatre.

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## Adventures in Biography

(Continued from page 21)

merchant," as he liked to be called, one may fancy that the drop will be too much—that one's interest will not survive, yet, lacking all the flame of the history that we have just reluctantly left, there is no doubt but that the career of this patriotic, benevolent and most successful man is also one full of inspiration.

After reading the two fat and amazingly well-written volumes that form this biography, we take off our new spring hat not only to the memory of the late Mr. John Wanamaker, but most emphatically to Mr. Gibbons. He undertook a stupendous piece of work, for obviously he was inundated with data and files and records, none of which, really, bear the soul-stirring ring, the flare of "all for this or that and the world well lost," of romantic adventure. They constitute two volumes of good, plain, hard-working effort and tireless adherence to sterling plans and hopes; two volumes of unselfish labor in organizing the Bethany Church and Sunday School and the now world-famous Wanamaker stores. On the face of it, it would seem that two volumes would be too much. The marvel is that they are not. The honors, we claim, lie between Wanamaker and his Boswell.

### Once a Clown Always a Clown

By DeWolf Hopper. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.)

THE fascination of the stage emanates from this history of one of our foremost comedians. Here is to be found the lure, the enthralling something that calls many men and women to the profession of the footlights and keeps them there in the face of endless discouragements and heartaches.

"The writer must work indefinitely to win a public and then his laurels are apt to be too much like a kiss by telephone. The painter and the sculptor commonly leave their rewards to be collected by their heirs. But the response to the actor is immediate, direct, ungrudging, complete." Such is DeWolf Hopper's view of the strange power that the theatre holds over its children, and in his book of reminiscences there is ample proof indeed that he himself was inspired to much good work by that same "ungrudging response" that he speaks of.

"Once a Clown Always a Clown" is the record of a career that began many years ago when Hopper was twenty and which continues to this day when he is—well, he's at an age now when he is invited to attend young men's meetings and tell them how he has managed to keep so young and do so much work. A keen, hearty

story, if ever there was one, filled to the brim with such stuff as real hearts are made of and human drama wrought.

Hopper, of course, knows and has known every one worth knowing in his profession. His anecdotes about them are lively.

Joseph Choate, one of the greatest lawyers of the past generation, was a friend of Hopper's family and made up his mind that the young DeWolf (then known as Willie) must study law, but instead, he became the man who made "Wang" famous, who has given us many of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and who, judging from this volume, must be about as good an after-dinner story-teller as the nation can produce.

Read for yourself such incidents as his singing in a saloon out in Leadville when that mining town was enjoying its "fierce youth." The only song he and his boyish companion both knew was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." How would that sailor's dirge go down with the gamblers! Tears flowed, roulette wheels were stopped. The glory of those few emotional minutes spread about the camps. In other saloons the next day, Hopper and his chum had all they wanted "free." Such is fame!

A likable, kindly and jolly book—good for steady or snatch reading.

### H. R. H.

By F. E. Verney. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York.

BACK once more to royalty—and this time we turn gladly to the story of the Prince of Wales as written by Major Verney, a member of the Prince's suite on many of his tours, a man who, from the vantage ground of "friend," has seen some side-lights of the gallant young heir to the British throne not always visible to other eyes.

Major Verney claims that H. R. H. "is a great ambassador. He is a terrific force in the Empire. He is the tradition and the sentiment of our race. He is the object of more universal interest than has ever been attracted by any other personality of modern times. And above all, he is an unassuming British officer; the comrade of the Great War."

It would seem, therefore, that inherent interest and romance could not fail to be part of any picture of the Prince, or of any narrative concerning him and his work. For work he does, this young man destined to wear the crown of the greatest empire on earth. It is, (Continued on page 78)



# “You Didn’t Say a Single Word All Evening”

“HOW could I? I didn’t even know what they were talking about.”

“Well, Ralph, I wouldn’t brag about that.”

“But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . .”

“Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you’d know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!”

“I never felt so uncomfortable in my life,” he said ruefully. “Couldn’t even follow the drift of things. What was all the discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?”

“Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn’t contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening’s discussion.”

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. “You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?”

## Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands—This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband’s praise.

But, instead of answering his question, she smiled enigmatically.

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. “You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner dear!” he said.

“Just for that,” she beamed, “I’m going to tell you why I was able to join

in the conversation tonight—and you were not.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” he said, man-like. “You get more time to read than I do.”

“Is that so!” she retorted. “I don’t get the chance to read a good book from one month to the next. But I’ve solved that problem. I have a copy of Elbert Hubbard’s Scrap Book.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s a whole library condensed into one fascinating scrap book. It contains only the best thoughts of the best minds of the last four thousand years—the ‘high lights,’ you know.”

“That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it.”

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## Adventures in Biography

(Continued from page 76)

according to Verney, no cinch to be born to the job that awaits the Prince. His training began at so early a date that he himself has no record of it. His destiny has been cut out for him, as much as any destiny can be, but "on the side" he manages to gather some unforeseen adventures. He craves excitement and hazards like any other active young creature of his "composition," and yet Major Verney shows us how stringent are the walls built against any freedom that might interfere with his safety.

When he was a scrap of a boy he once told his grandfather, King Edward, that he wanted to be a policeman when he should have gained the necessary size, and the King agreed that the idea was a sound one. It is as a most royal policeman indeed that Wales will one day come to regulate the "traffic" of his country.

As you may imagine, Verney's book is full of charming anecdotes, for almost everywhere he goes a story seems to spring up from the foot-prints of this beloved young man. He possesses a tact and an engaging quality which are disarming—if disarming were necessary. But over all the wide-flung dominions of Britain, there appears to be no dissenting voice when it comes to standing with lifted glasses and hearts and saying "To the Prince!"

Here, in the land that his rather stupid forefathers lost some time back, his appeal is strictly a romantic one. The glamor that surrounds a young prince clings to Wales with a more than usual scintillation. His good looks, his democratic bearing, his vividness, all brought out so clearly in this interesting volume, make him a tremendously popular figure. During his last visit to these shores millions of his truly affectionate fans followed faithfully the record of his every movement.

To the dark and sometime savage peoples of many of the distant countries that England governs, Wales is "The Great Son of the Great White King Over the Seas." To us, here, he is a charming young man headed for a position of grave importance—a young man friendly toward us, simple and courageous and very much alive—like some nice youth of our own land. It is, therefore, not only as a sort of fairy tale that this story of the Major's will appeal most, as a vigorous, honest portrait of a fellow creature doing big things with his life.

### Tar, a Midwest Childhood

By Sherwood Anderson. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

IT IS difficult to believe that Sherwood Anderson ever read the "Elsie Books," but if we are to understand that "Tar," the story of the childhood of a boy in what Sinclair Lewis characterizes as the "Midwest," is the story more or less of Anderson's own early days, then such is the horrible literary secret that he exposes. Tar's sister reads parts at least, out of the Elsie Books to the youngster, and Tar survives. Gloriously, we would say.

Finding it difficult to write of his early years in the first person, Anderson has recourse to the creation of a fictitious youngster upon whom he hangs the real story of his childhood, and we have as a result, a knife-fine study, as sensitive and quivering a picture of a little blundering boy as has ever come to us.

A brown, earthy feeling pervades the book, so close to realities does it cling; and the fingers of Tar are groping, fumbling fingers, searching for "life" and finding the answer in strange places.

Here is the heart of childhood unveiled by one who is a master of psychology. A real piece of literature, curiously native to our own land.

### The Life of Eugene Field

By Slasson Thompson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE history of a gentle literary man, a quiet humorist, a modest writing fellow is naturally foreordained to be a browsy sort of affair.

To most of us Eugene Field will always be known chiefly as the author of "Little Boy Blue," which, as you know, has made millions dab their eyes. So great was and is the fame of this little poem that John McCormack, the

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popular tenor, paid \$2,400 not so long ago for the original manuscript.

And Field was a columnist too. He conducted a department of satiric, personal and timely paragraphs in the *Chicago Daily News* from 1883 to 1895. Viewed in the light of the two-edged columns that have grown to be part of our daily reading in this era, we have to admit that Field seems somewhat dim.

Beside his literary work, Field was a clever cartoonist, a great lover of books, a hoarder of rich and tender friendships with many of the leading men of his own time, and who were most often found in the field of art and letters where he himself gained so enviable a position. All the facts of the career of this much-loved and much-quoted poet are faithfully recorded by Mr. Thompson, yet we feel that the book must be met with a very willing spirit on the part of the reader. Frankly, it needed some biographical flash of lightning, a round of dynamite or just a good little dose of strychnine. But if such were not available among the material that the author collected, what could he do! It remains a gentle, rambling book, designed for book lovers. Likewise, it is a good volume to take to bed if you are suffering from insomnia.

**The Elks-Antler**

(Continued from page 37)

Lodge. In this period he wrote a ritual which, in 1883, became the Funeral Ritual of the Order and was so used for many years. He was responsible for the writing and revision of many other rituals and for the revision of the Constitution and Statutes.

Through an accident in 1892 Mr. Moreland lost his sight. Unable longer to follow his profession, he cast about courageously for some other means of livelihood. Editing and publishing *The Elks-Antler* proved an almost ideal occupation, for it enabled him to do much good in the interest of the Order to which he had always been so devoted. Mr. Moreland died, November 17, 1915, mourned by thousands who knew him as a true Elk and a staunch friend.

**Song Sung by John Kearns**

By MacKinlay Kantor

*THE surgeons said that I could not live,  
But I gladly gave them the lie;  
So they carried me under a yellow tent  
And waited for me to die.*

*Major Sherman stood by my bed . . .  
How the oak leaves shone on his collar!  
He guarded my legs from the hungry knives,  
Though the holes were large as a dollar.*

*Five gaunt months. Then I rose and walked;  
Oh, the autumn winds blew through me!  
My parents said that a stranger came—  
And only old Shepherd knew me.*

*I limped on those wounds for sixty years  
In the calm of my grocery store,  
And judges and slaves and tattered saints  
Passed through the wide green door;*

*These were my gifts: a sun-lit seat,  
And a haunted drum-skin lay  
Played by the sweet Grand Army men  
On the thirtieth day of May.*

*My grandchild loves my shuffling step  
And the empty sleeve of me;  
I love the badge which sings my pride  
In the Thirteenth Infantry.*

*I know I will find a bird-swept park  
Where the goldenrod still burgeons. . . .  
I'll walk through blue battalion ranks  
On wounds that laughed at the surgeons!*

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It gives its readers Magnetic Personalities—*almost instantly!*  
—Will you read it five days FREE?

**T**HE moment you begin to read you will feel conscious of a new power surging within you! The very first few pages are a revelation! No wonder people who see this book simply *must* get copies for themselves!

For this singular book wields a strange influence over its readers. It awakens, inspires, reveals! It shows a *new* way—a marvelously *easy* way to popularity and greater achievement—the *instantaneous* way to release the force of personal magnetism.

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For many years, the secret was confined to a small group—those who could pay \$100 or more for each volume of Shaftesbury's teachings. But now the whole amazing secret of Instantaneous Personal Magnetism has been gathered into one great volume, priced to be within *easy reach of all!*

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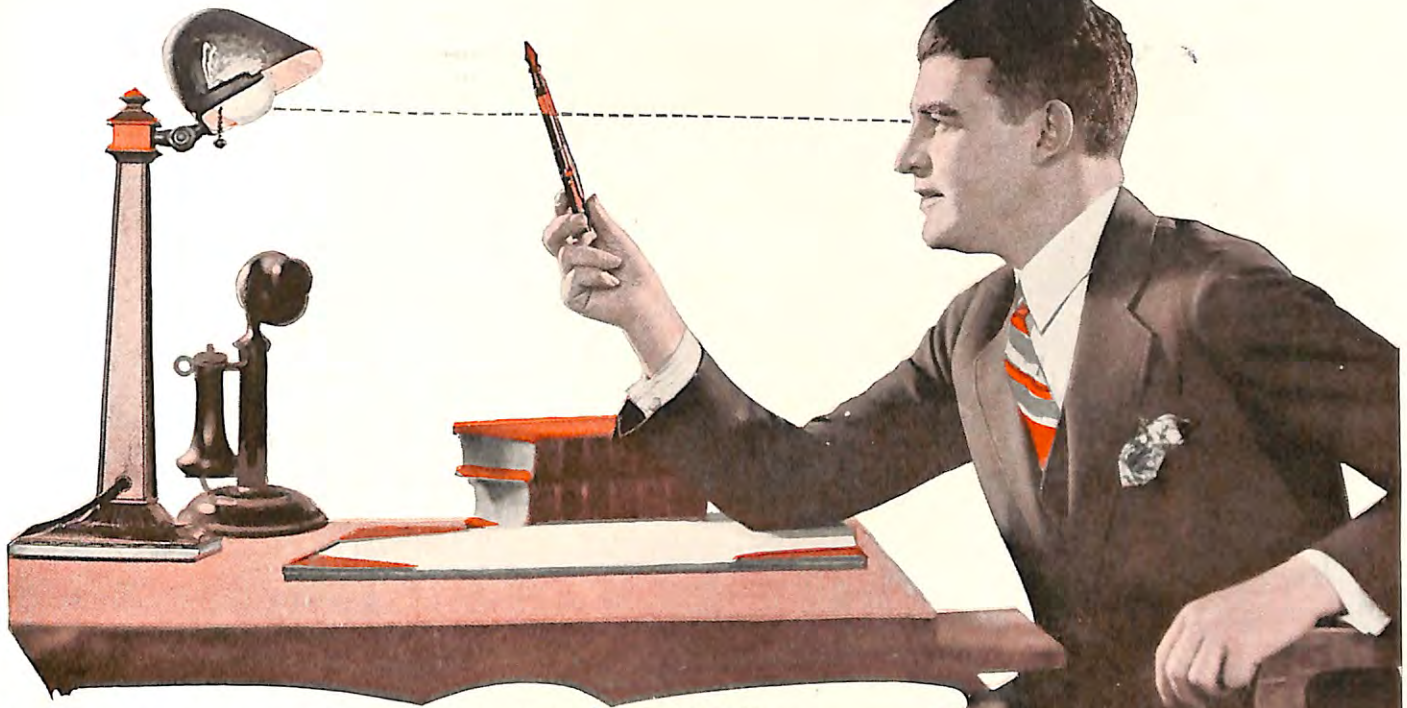
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